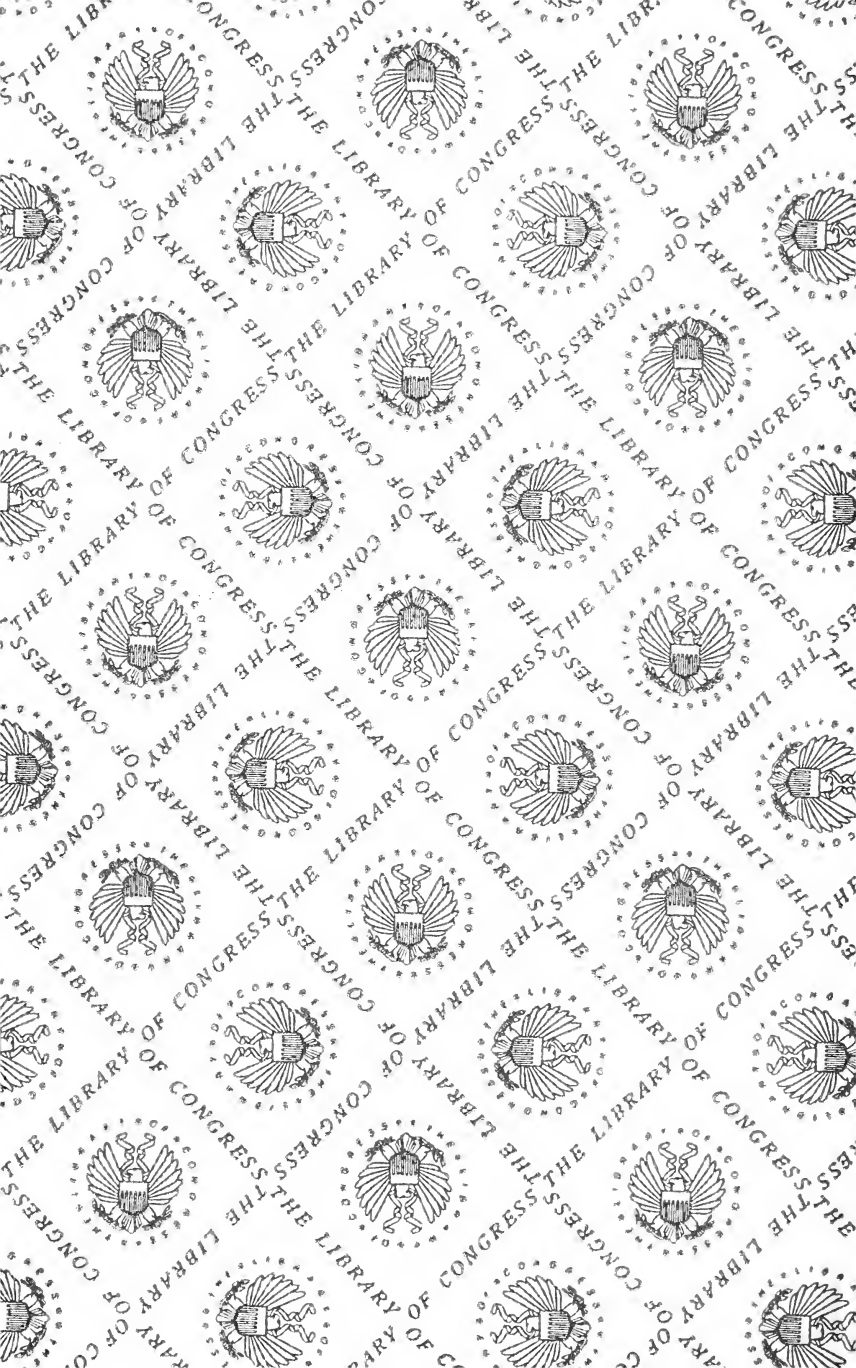
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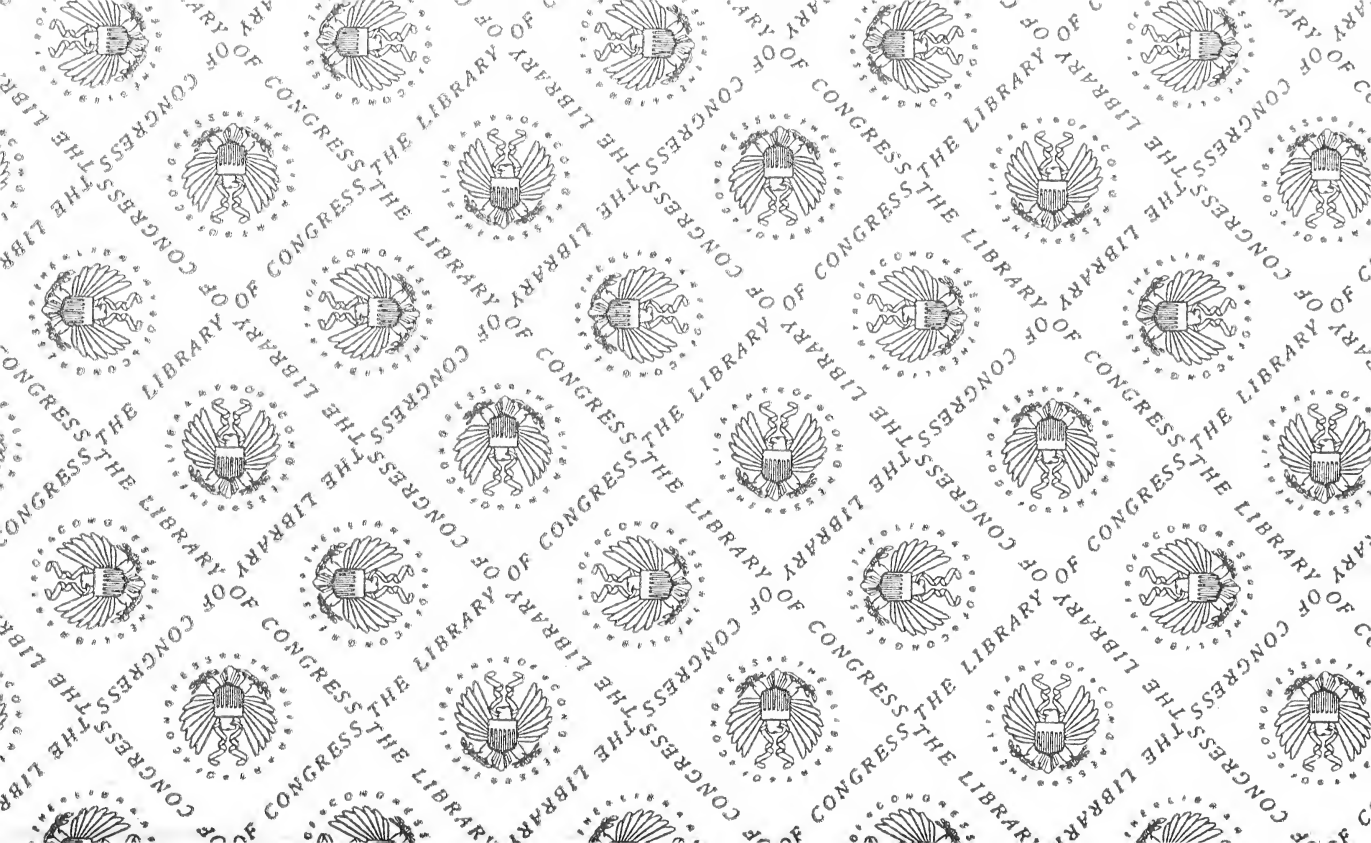
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REPRESENTATIVE COLLEGE ORATIONS

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REPRESENTATIVE

COLLEGE ORATIONS

EDITED BY

EDWIN DuBOIS SHURTER

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF PUBLIC SPEAKING IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

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FOREWORD

The "Specimen College Orations," contained in an appendix to the editor's "The Rhetoric of Oratory," suggested the publication, in a separate volume, of a larger collection of representative college orations. The sixty-three orations in the present volume will furnish a better opportunity for comparison and a far greater variety of illustrative matter than was possible in the volume first referred to.

Although collections of college orations representing certain sections or organizations have been published from time to time, the present volume is the first to cover the whole field of American college oratory. It would be impossible, of course, to include in a single volume orations from all the colleges, or even from all that are doing good work along oratorical lines; nevertheless, the orations herein contained are, it is believed, fairly representative of our colleges, both individually and collectively.

While this book is intended primarily to furnish selective material for critical analysis by students in the colleges and higher schools, as a companion volume to "The Rhetoric of Oratory," it will also be of interest to the general reader, as indicative of what college students of to-day are thinking and talking about. And, too, many of the orations represent such thoroughness in research and preparation as to give them the stamp of authority: they are therefore worth reading in and for themselves, aside from their use by students of oratorical composition.

I wish to take this opportunity of acknowledging my indebtedness to many teachers of oratory, who so kindly

aided me in securing copies of the orations. Indeed, without such coöperation the material for this volume could hardly have been collated.

E. D. S.

The University of Texas,
September, 1909.

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REPRESENTATIVE COLLEGE ORATIONS

THE SPOKEN WORD

ERNEST B. WATSON

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

(Awarded first place in the Barge Gold Medal Contest of 1902)

THOSE who would outstrip even these breathless times in their flight, say that oratory is a lost art; even its wonderful fascination is locked in that mysterious and impenetrable storehouse of the past; that we can see the stately figure of the orator only in marble, and his words only on the printed page. Can it be that the marvels of science, of advanced thought, and of the ever increasing diversity of modern life have so soon cast aside the orator, the servant who in all time has stood as the grandest champion of human thought and progress?

Glance for a moment at the record of his stewardship. Great is the honor of memory paid to the armies of Greece that fell at Chæronea in that hopeless struggle against Macedon. But the soul of the noble fight was the soul of Demosthenes. It was by speech that Brutus, holding aloft the knife fresh from Lucretia's slaughter, fired all Rome to rise and dislodge the tyrant Tarquin. The spoken word of the blind Claudius defeated in debate the messenger from Pyrrhus and saved the treasures of Rome for future generations. These men, with Cicero, greatest of them all, will stand in history's iron memory, side by side with Sulla, Marius, and Cæsar.

When the turbulent humanity of the Middle Ages at last came to consciousness, it was by the word of Peter

the Hermit, whose wonderful personality led where Richard of the Lion Heart followed, in pursuit of a vision, perhaps, but a vision that led onward in the world's growth.

Wherever moral progress, freedom of thought, and human liberty are cherished, the names of Savonarola, of Luther, of Calvin, and of Knox will be remembered.

Go forward another stride. Could there have been a Napoleon without a Mirabeau and a Robespierre, or a Wellington without the policies forged in the eloquence of Chatham, Burke, and Sheridan?

Even to-day, while enjoying the privilege of this college and this the greatest of nations, we know that both of these priceless heritages were saved intact for us by lips of eloquence.

But now we are brought to a sudden stand, and asked to believe that history has by a whim closed the record of this power, great among the greatest of the ages; that the spoken word must yield to the word of artificial communication. It is a fact that men are more than ever jealous of truth, that personal opinion based on careful research is replacing the unintelligent and emotional public opinion of old. But do these welcome changes belittle the services of the orator? Has he indeed posed in the world's great crises as a perverter of truth and a misleader of men? Was Demosthenes a fraud, Cicero a quack, Pitt a cheat, and Webster a mere demagogue and sophist? The truth, rather, lifts the orator to higher planes of eloquence, and to-day he uses the truth as known in the minds of his hearers as Brutus used the knife from Lucretia's side, or Antony the "poor dumb mouths" of Cæsar's wounds. Well may we believe that oratory will in the future use higher fulcrums than those upon which it has ever yet rested its magic levers, — the fulcrums of scientific truth and popular intelligence.

Why the great orator is no longer with us, is a question often propounded. I would rather ask, are we quite sure that he is not? Nature ever keeps her great workmen for great crises. The world's orators have risen and fallen on the surging tide of events. Our ship is now between two great waves of political agitation. While the wild crest of disunion is faintly disappearing, there comes, bearing quickly and heavily upon us, the portentous waves of imperialism and financial strife, through the stormy billows of which our ship may yet be guided by the helm of eloquence.

In Congress to-day are men, young and old, whose words are eagerly heard and applauded. Scarcely more electric in its thrill or powerful in its shock on the senses of the American people was the horrible disaster in Havana harbor, than were the words "at the command of silent lips" which in the Senate laid bare the atrocities of Spain.

What even to-day can replace the spoken word, enforced by the sympathy of the human voice and the flashes of the living intellect? To know its grandest power, we turn naturally to the scene in the history of oratory which is nearest our hearts. What power of pen could have created the spell that held Webster's hearers hour after hour, as he poured the fire of his logic before the Supreme Court at Washington? Imagine, if you can, how Chief Justice Marshall, Justice Washington, and the other dignitaries pressed forward to catch every syllable, how after the last argument had left his lips and a few fond words expressing his feeling for the college, he recovered his composure, and fixing his keen eyes on the Chief Justice, uttered in that deep tone with which he sometimes thrilled an audience, these well-known words:

"I know not how others may feel, but as for myself, when I see my alma mater surrounded like Cæsar in the senate house by those who are reiterating stab upon

stab, I would not for this right hand have her turn to me and say, *et tu quoque mi fili* — and thou too, my son."

Take from this utterance your conception of the voice and presence of Webster, the grandeur of the occasion, the directness of the scene, and ask yourself if the remnant, wonderful though its diction, could approach the power of the spoken word.

As long as the human heart loves the sound of the human voice, as long as the supreme pleasure of life is to look into the face that betrays a soul in sympathy with our own, so long as personality asserts its charm, so long will the spoken word endure as the highest grandeur of verbal expression.

It is said that the boy Napoleon played with a cannon, that the young Luther delighted in a Latin Bible, Pascal in his Euclid, Webster in the Constitution of the United States printed upon a handkerchief. Perhaps, could we recognize him, there may be some one somewhere to-day with a voice of eloquence, turning in his childish hands the instrument to the greatest achievement of the twentieth century.

THE OPTIMISM OF CHRISTIANITY

FRED VESTON STANLEY

BOWDOIN COLLEGE

(An oration delivered at the Commencement Day Exercises of Bowdoin College, 1909)

THE vital force of a religion is very largely in proportion to its optimism. A careful study of Christianity discovers that in it there is a strong and victorious energy which upholds human life and civilization, which constantly aspires to new tasks, which believes in the reality of the good and the true, which undertakes the solution of the dark and difficult problems of life, which gives to all life a meaning, and endeavors to shape it toward an infinite goal. This optimistic spirit belongs to Christianity in an incomparable way. One of the most marked contrasts between the civilization on which Christianity has put its stamp and the civilization of Greece and Rome, which Christianity displaced, or the civilization of much of the Orient to-day, is the hope and energy which uphold the one and the hopelessness and inactivity which largely prevail in the others.

The Greeks and Romans looked back longingly to the greatness of former days and dwelt upon their past glory. Hesiod sang of the time when the gods reigned among men, when life was simple and pure, when there was no need of law courts or officers, when men did by nature that which was right. The Epicureans said, "The gods care not; let us enjoy life"; the Stoics taught a calm resignation, but gave no hope; Plato dreamed of an ideal republic,

but declared that it was impossible of realization because human conditions were so evil; and Sophocles cried despairingly, "Not to be born is past all prizing best." Later Ovid sang of the golden age, which was succeeded by the age of silver; then came the age of bronze, and finally the cruel iron age, in which evil ruled and men suffered. Horace complained that the age of the parents, worse than that of the grandparents, had produced a worthless race, soon to give to the world a yet more vicious offspring; and Virgil declared that everything fast tends to degeneracy.

Morbid brooding and pessimism characterize the Indian civilization. The disciples of Buddha speak wistfully of a departed glory. With them existence is misery. Their highest hope is the hope of extinction. In Brahmanism, the golden age of quiescence and ecstasy lies in the past; the history of the human race is one of degeneracy; the measure of personal character is success in escaping activity. Confucianism likewise fashions itself forever on the models of the past. It finds in existence no exalted aim, in humanity no progress toward a goal, only an unceasing round that all may be as to-day.

Christianity alone carries the vigor of its youth, and through the strife and change of the centuries still sings its song of hope. It looks upon existence as a great good. Its purpose is to make each age better than the preceding age, — every great moral achievement a prophecy of something more divine. Its end is the kingdom of God when his will will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

This spirit of Christian optimism is not a superficial way of looking at the realities of life. It does not overlook the dark side of nature nor the problems and sorrows of humanity. It does not deny the existence of sin and evil. Christ taught that evil is a terrible reality. He experienced all that the evil ingenuity of men could devise,

in the way of hatred, scorn, revilings, and persecution even unto death; and yet his gospel is a gospel of hope. The secret of this may be found in his sublime and unconquerable faith in God, the loving Father, and in the powers and possibilities of men whom he called his brethren. The things which naturally would lead men to pessimism — poverty, sickness, disappointment, failure, the apparent triumph of evil forces, even death itself — were thrust into the background by his faith in the goodness of God. He saw in all men, even the lowest and most degraded, possible sons of God, and he believed that, back of the sinful habits, wrong desires, and depraved wills, there was a basis of good to which he could appeal and by which he could lift them toward the moral excellencies which he himself possessed.

This faith in God and in man he has been able to impart to his followers. It has led them to see that life is not a funeral procession but a victorious march; has made them feel that God and all the powers of the universe are on the side of all who seek the righteous life. When they join him in service for the coming of his kingdom, they trust to his power to win their cause and reward their labor. They become intensely in earnest in personal devotion, strong and helpful in service for others, joyous supporters of the great causes of the race.

The voice of hope sounding in the words of Christ was the dominant note of the Apostle Paul; it burst forth in the hymns and testimonies of the early martyrs; it broke the spell of the Dark Ages and ushered in the Reformation; it was heard amid the ranks of the Puritans fighting for liberty on the plains of England; it sustained the Pilgrims as they set their faces toward the unknown perils of the new world. Upheld by it Bunyan, in prison, sent his immortal Pilgrim on his journey to the Eternal City, William Carey went out to India on his lone mis-

sionary enterprise, and Stevenson preached the gospel of cheerfulness from an eternal sick-bed. It breathes its inspiration into Handel's "Resurrection Chorus" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam." It is echoed back by "dusky tribes on distant shores who have learned to sing the faith of all the Christian ages." It rings out its cheering message to-day from a thousand Christian colleges and from four hundred thousand Christian pulpits. It resounds through the life of the modern world and will not be silenced.

The Christian hope has enabled multitudes of men and women to face death without terror. The sceptic says that death is the dark chasm which lies at the end of all paths. "Death," says the book of Genesis, "is a punishment." "Death," says science, "is no punishment, but a law of nature." "Death," says Christianity, "is nothing save the gate through which one passes into the immortal life. Life is the law of nature and death is a natural means to more life and better. Death is the lower fact and life is the higher." Christian belief finds in the resurrection of Jesus its clearest assurance of a life beyond the grave. Harnack, the great German critic, says, "Whatever may have happened at the grave of Christ, and in the matter of appearances, one thing is certain: this grave was the birthplace of the indestructible belief that death is vanquished and there is a life eternal." On the conviction that Jesus lives, his followers still base their hopes in an Eternal City. In the confidence that he has gone to prepare a place for them, their hearts echo back the unwavering words of Browning:—

"O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!
See the Christ stand!"

It is true that at times the followers of Christ have thought so much of another world in which the undeserved sufferings of this world should be compensated and good and evil dispensed more justly, that they have relaxed their efforts for the betterment of human society, comforting themselves with the thought that they were here only for a little while and would have a better time hereafter. Jesus Christ never did this. He spoke of the life eternal, but he also told men to look forward to a better social order on this earth, bade them pray for its coming, and do their utmost to lighten the miseries of the world, assuring them that only by striving to fulfil the active duties of love toward their neighbors could they attain happiness here and blessedness hereafter. Modern Christianity is largely permeated with the spirit of brotherhood and social service. It earnestly denies the charge of other worldliness. It teaches that ignorance, poverty, crime, vice, and wretchedness are not the necessary accompaniments of human existence, but that life and the conditions of life are susceptible of continuous advance. It clothes with importance the life that now is, making it one with eternity. It sees in the Sermon on the Mount the ideal interpretation of the life of man and, fortified by the glorious achievements of the past, works in confident hope that better and still better may yet be accomplished for the liberating of man from every bond that holds him. Ideals rule the world; and the Christian ideal is the prophecy of what shall be when man and events have hastened toward that

> "one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves."

THE COLLEGE AND THE PRESS

Hans von Kaltenborn

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

(An address delivered at the Commencement Exercises of Harvard University, 1909)

Not long ago, the present ruler of Italy, when he was told about a particularly brilliant piece of newspaper work, cried out: "If I could not be a king, I would be a journalist!" But I wonder whether such enthusiasm for the journalist's career could be carried away by any young man who spends four years in one of our large Eastern colleges? Throughout his college course educated men have impressed upon him the venality and utter worthlessness of the American press. The undergraduate in Harvard College learns from his professors that newspapers are hopelessly inaccurate in their reports, and that their English is beneath contempt. If the *New York Evening Post* or the *Boston Transcript* is praised, it is only that the sins of the *New York American* or the *Boston Herald* may stand forth in bolder contrast.

This criticism of newspapers combines very naturally with adverse comment on the work of newspaper making. In college circles journalism is thought of as a possible stepping-stone to literature or to political life, a means to an end, and not as a career that presents good opportunities in and for itself. The very fact that reporters and editors often become great statesmen seems to cast some discredit on those who fail to rise. The professors of literature point out that the best fiction of the nineteenth century was written by such newspaper men as Thackeray,

Dickens, Barrie, and Kipling, who forsook their calling to undertake literary work. One of our composition teachers here at Harvard concludes his class-room each year with a little advice to his young friends with regard to journalism. The gist of it is that newspaper work, like some medicines, is beneficial only when the dose is small.

How different from all this are the stimuli which drive men into other occupations. Technical courses of preparation are provided for them even in the college, and there are graduate schools for the preachers, miners, foresters, engineers, and within the past year we have even established one for the bankers and brokers. Leading representatives of the medical profession, of the diplomatic service, of various kinds of business, are summoned to the college to picture the advantages of their work. Only a few weeks ago our president emeritus delivered from this platform an address which inspired every teacher that heard it with a greater love for his work, and turned more than one college man to look upon teaching as a possible career.

Thus the undergraduate is urged into such overcrowded professions as law and medicine, because they are approved by his teachers and associates, because special efforts are made to interest him in them, and because there are professional schools to lead him from the blooming paths of college theory into the dusty highway of accepted business practice. He is turned away from journalism, which, with the growing number of magazines and daily papers, is a field of expanding opportunities, because he does not wish to do a kind of work so generally condemned, because no one makes any special effort to rouse his interest in journalism, and because he must enter the newspaper office fresh from college, where he has acquired a haphazard mixture of culture and information, but no technical preparation for his work.

As the result of this difference, journalism has lost and is still losing the services of many able college graduates, whose tastes and talents incline them to write for the press, but who have been made to believe that success in newspaper work involves the sacrifice of self-respect.

The newspapers, on their part, have become suspicious of the college man. Even to-day the great majority of editors are not college men. They are graduates of the remorseless school of experience, and have little respect for the bachelor's degree. The office boys whom they have trained never assume knowledge where they have none; the college man likes to think that he knows what he should know, but since his training has been general and not technical he often makes foolish mistakes. To be sure, the exceptional man who has a passion for journalism overcomes all handicaps. Skilfully and unobtrusively he learns to apply his college training where it counts, and soon the world sees a Dana, a Lamont, or a Hapgood, — to mention only three Harvard men, — who has made his way to the top. And in the offices where these men have worked, the staff is more patient with the young college graduate. There they have found out that when college men have once learned the rudiments of the business their work excels that of the former office boys. But in general, the editor still distrusts the college man just as the college man distrusts him.

But in looking back into newspaper history, in remembering Garrison and his *Liberator*, Greeley and his *Tribune*, Godkin and his *Post*, we must also remember that the conditions under which these men worked no longer obtain. We can no more go back to one-man newspapers than we can return to one-man burden-bearing or to one-man storekeeping.

Editors like Franklin and Garrison might well say, as Luther said to Reuchlin, "Nihil timeo, quia nihil habeo."

The modern newspaper, if it is to go on, must consider the capitalists who founded the enterprise, the unions that control its mechanical departments, the advertisers who supply the major part of its income, and the readers, who contribute little money, but who read advertisements. All these interests have a right to be considered, and the newspaper, if it is to continue, must pay some attention to their varying demands. It need not truckle, it need not barter its independence, but so long as the newspaper is a private and unendowed enterprise it must show a decent respect for the opinions of those portions of mankind that own it, or make it, or buy it.

The college man should not turn his back upon all newspapers because he thinks some are sensational or grossly commercial. Let him work on one that is fairly good, and do his best to make it better.

In our large Eastern colleges we need greater toleration for the press, more generous recognition of the difficulties by which it is beset. If these colleges will adopt a more reasonable attitude, if they will encourage young men to look towards journalism by recognizing that profession in their courses of study, the army of newspaper workers will enroll more well-equipped recruits, more men whom we can trust with the responsible task of guiding the King of America — Public Opinion!

THE PATRIOTISM OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

Frank Brown

KNOX COLLEGE

(Awarded first place in thought and composition in the Interstate Oratorical Contest of 1902)

The needs of a nation are mysteriously met. A great work for the world is to be done: the man for the hour is at hand. A war for liberty and humanity is to be undertaken: the commander is ready. An urgent call for patriotism arises: the patriot is provided. In the political turmoil of the ante-bellum days, how great the demand for men! Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, old in their country's service, had passed away. Fiercer grew the strife of sections, less the hopes of compromise; more surely impended the clash of arms. During the decade preceding the war there stood forth one conspicuous figure, — Stephen A. Douglas, senior senator from Illinois. About him the storms of political strife raged in fury. In the turbulence and anxiety of those times, his grasp upon public questions, his convincing eloquence, his conservative statesmanship, his high patriotism, rendered his country invaluable service.

For a number of years slavery agitation in Congress had been a constant menace to our country's peace. Douglas sought to put this agitation out of the control of Congress into the hands of the people. Under his leadership the Kansas-Nebraska Bill became a law. Its fundamental principle, Popular Sovereignty, allowed the people of each territory to choose between slavery

and freedom. The measure pleased neither North nor South. On its author fell the merciless censure of the nation. No man in public life ever faced opprobrium more bitter. Douglas himself said that he could travel from Boston to Chicago by the light of his burning effigies. This man courted the plaudits of the people; few have been so sensitive to popular approval. Yet under this galling condemnation he never faltered. He believed the peace of the country — nay more, the perpetuity of the Union — depended upon Popular Sovereignty, and to that conviction he steadfastly clung. When the Buchanan Administration, backed by a solid South, attempted to run counter to the policy of "non-intervention," tried to fasten upon Kansas the Lecompton Pro-slavery Constitution — a constitution notoriously adverse to the will of her citizens — then was Douglas put to the test.

The leader of his party, its logical candidate for president, Douglas knew that the ambition of his life was all but in his grasp. Estrangement from his party meant defeat. President Buchanan made this sinister threat, "No Democrat ever broke with a Democratic administration without being crushed." The prince in politics now became a king in statecraft. He defied the Administration and the South, set himself against the Lecompton outrage, and dealt that legislative iniquity its death-blow.

This controversy brought Douglas increased unpopularity in the South; in the North, it won him marked approbation. Consistent in principle, unequalled in debate, loyal to his constituents, he was the idol of his followers and the terror of his foes. Again the choice of his party for senator, he came to the people for vindication. Against him was arrayed, on the one hand, the vindictive Buchanan Administration; on the other, the

powerful Republican party — its candidate, Abraham Lincoln.

The Lincoln-Douglas debates have passed into history. Each was a battle royal between giants. The greatness of the theme, the prowess of the champions, the momentous results of their encounter, made this the great forensic combat of the century. Douglas maintained the right of slavery to enter the territories with the consent of the people; Lincoln disputed that right under any condition; neither would interfere with slavery where it existed; both were determined that the slave-power should not divide the Union.

Victor in this contest, Douglas resumed his leadership in the Senate. Then came the presidential campaign of 1860 in which the old adversaries led opposing forces. Lincoln became President: Douglas saw his life-hope recede forever. Soon the peaceful weapons of debate gave way to death-dealing instruments of war. Fort Sumter convulsed the nation. With the call for 75,000 troops, the storm was upon us. Darkness draped the hills, shadows deepened in the valleys, night was upon the prairies. A solid North must meet the solid South, or all was lost. What would Douglas do?

He had a following of a million and a half — men who believed that what Douglas did was right, men who were devoted to him personally and trusted him implicitly. He was a Democrat to the marrow. Would he disrupt his party, a party which had honored him lavishly, a party which he had served so long and loved so well? Breathlessly the nation waited. The world, expecting the "house to fall," watched eagerly.

Lincoln and Douglas each believed his own the true solution of the problem; that the policy of the other meant destruction. Thousands of devoted followers of the "Little Giant" had wept at his defeat. Wherever

their hero might lead, they would follow. What would he do?

Toward our country's capital one April Sabbath, the eyes of the nation were turned. The smoke had scarcely lifted from Sumter. Rebel armies were about to move upon Washington. Europe was ready to prey upon us. The nation was entering upon its long bitter struggle: life or death! Democracy was trembling in the balance, the cup of slavery's awful iniquity was full; the sword of the angel was drawn. Two men might remain political foes and the nation perish; might stand together and the nation endure.

On that Sunday night came the crisis. The hour was yet early. Dusk was merging into darkness. Church bells rang out their appeals unheeded. With anxious looks men huddled in little groups and talked with grave foreboding. Down the street with deliberate tread came a familiar figure. Instantly men were strangely silent, and looked the thoughts they could not speak. Well they knew the messenger and instinctively perceived his mission. Unconscious of the terrified city, with no thought save the memory of his fathers and the country he loved, he passed on, ascended the steps, and entered the executive mansion. In the President's room the two sons of destiny were face to face: Stephen A. Douglas, "the mightiest man of the senate-house," and Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. The question was no longer, How shall the constitution be interpreted? but, How shall the Constitution be preserved? At last, these contending champions, the sparks from whose clashing swords had kindled the nation's conscience and roused the interest of the world, were united. There in the heat of impending national disaster the powerful influence of these Titan chiefs was forged into a mighty thunderbolt, to be hurled on the heads of those who would destroy their country.

The effect of this was electric. It brought decision to millions. Douglas swept through the North, speaking day and night. What stirring appeals! In power, how magnificent; in patriotism, how sublime! Douglas led, men followed. From the hour his solemn exhortations rolled across her fields and forests, the North was no longer "a house divided against itself." Unconscious that he was speaking from the brink of the grave, his last speech flamed with all the fervor of his early manhood, and closed with this ringing declaration, "There can be no neutrals in this war — only patriots and traitors." Then in the noon of his glory, wrapped in the mystery of genius and robed in the majesty of death, he passed beyond the worship of friend and the calumny of foe.

Many and diverse are the estimates of Douglas: adherents have been profuse in eulogy; opponents, pitiless in denunciation. Did he believe in slavery? Under the sting of this charge he declared: "Slavery is a curse beyond computation to both white and black. But," said he, "we exist as a nation by virtue only of the Constitution, and under that there is no way to abolish it. I believe the only power that can destroy slavery is the sword, and if the sword is once drawn, no one can see the end."

These words sounded the key-note of his public life. His supreme motive was neither extension of the slave-interest, nor gratification of personal ends. He planted himself firmly on the Constitution and stood by the slave-holder when slavery claimed what the Constitution granted; he stood as bravely by the abolitionist in resisting all claims of slavery not granted by the Constitution: he would stand by neither when both sought to go beyond the Constitution. Ambitious as he was to be President, his ambition never exceeded his loyalty,

never equalled his devotion to principle — a devotion which neither party lash nor party threat could intimidate, desire for fame nor thirst for power betray.

Douglas gave the best energies of his life to repress what proved the "irrepressible conflict." His doctrine of Popular Sovereignty failed utterly to meet the demands of the hour. Yet in all he advocated he was sincere. We do not speak of the Samuel Adams who lost faith in Washington and doubted the efficiency of the Constitution. It is Samuel Adams, "Father of the Revolution," whom we delight to honor. Before us no longer stands Douglas the politician and advocate of a political heresy. The impartial years unveil him the intrepid champion of the Constitution, a loyal son of the flag — Douglas, the patriot.

Others have brought their offerings of patriotism; many have placed their undivided support at the disposal of friends and political brothers; but who, like this man, has given into the hands of his successful rival all he had to give? Such sacrifice of ambition and surrender of self have scarce a parallel. Cicero antagonized Catiline, defeated him for the consulship, and Catiline conspired to take his life and subvert the Roman Republic. Hamilton antagonized Burr, caused his defeat for the presidency, and Burr murdered him. To Lincoln, his successful opponent and life-long antagonist, Douglas summoned the support of more than a million men, and Lincoln became saviour of his country and emancipator of a race. At the outset, multitudes in the North, of both parties, branded the war unholy. John A. Logan was outspoken in his opposition. Horace Greeley was urging that "the wayward sisters be allowed to depart in peace." Had Stephen A. Douglas hesitated, had he in any way encouraged the doubtful and the disaffected, who shall say that the Civil War might not have begun

on the prairies of Illinois rather than on the hills of Virginia? Where then had been a solid North?

Nearly a half century has passed. The smoke of battle has lifted, the clouds of hate are scattered, the mists of sectional feeling are passing away. Happily the silent wings of Time are swifter than the noisy feet of Prejudice. The years reveal the motives of men. To-day we are beginning to see Douglas, the great actor in the terrible drama, as the Ruler of Nations saw him then. Though devoted to his party, he gave a larger place to principle. A partisan fighter in partisan times, he never paraded his party uniform in a time of national peril. In the hour of his country's greatest need his patriotism was most exalted. The prize, which had been his life's ambition, had been wrested from him by the man who had combated every political principle dear to his heart. Yet this patriot, with a devotion unsurpassed in the story of nations, gave to his victorious antagonist his ungrudging support — gave himself that the Union might be preserved, and that our great charter of liberty — the Constitution — might be forever the heritage of the children of men.

THE MAN ON THE FRONTIER

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(Awarded second place in the Northern Oratorical League Contest, 1908)

THE Westerner, the type and master of our American life, will soon disappear. This prophecy, made scarcely ten years ago by an eminent historian, is partly true. For two hundred years our seemingly limitless unoccupied land has allured men who preferred the hardships of frontier life to the confinements of highly organized society. Wave after wave of population eager to grasp the great free domain has swept westward over the continent. But to-day from the Atlantic to the Pacific one people occupy a conquered continent. The Westerner as a frontiersman has passed; the charm and romance of border life is gone. Yet, I believe that the influence of the pioneer movement remains the controlling force in our present development; and that the traits of character that have made "the Westerner the type and master of our American life" will in the future dominate in the larger life of the nation. Is it not well for us, representative as we are to-night of the Old Northwest, to dwell on the rise and the passing of the frontier, and to consider the rôle that the larger West is to play in our national life?

It is natural to look upon the men who with rifle and axe fought and blazed their way into the wilderness as personifying the spirit of the frontier. We recall the

romantic picture of Daniel Boone, who in coonskin cap and buckskin leggings threaded his way through a trackless forest and, amid perils that might well have terrified a dauntless soul, erected a cabin home. Such adventurers are indeed the extreme types of the American pioneer. The free land which the nation opened up impartially has been occupied by a sweeping movement of individuals. The continent has been won not so much by organized conquest as by restless American individualism. But the spirit of the frontier is broader than this. Ten thousand Boones, Crocketts, and Houstons opening up the new country are but the manifestations of a mighty spirit of conquest. The real genius of the frontier has never been solely the physical occupancy of the new country. The West is vastly more than a geographical area. As the line of settlement has advanced from place to place, frontier conditions have left a passionate demand in the heart of Westerners for the widest possible range for the freedom of the individual. It is this characteristic, this frame of mind, this devotion to individual freedom, rather than the picturesque individual or the geographical area, that has constituted the American pioneer movement.

With this broader significance of the West in mind, scholars are to-day asserting that the frontier spirit has since 1820 been the controlling influence in American development. The West has stamped the national life with freshness and vigor. On the broad stretches of our Mississippi Valley religious ideals and educational projects have been given a breadth and a reach possible only in a new country. The West has kept our immigration policy practically free from restriction. There has been room for all who would come. It has influenced the relations of employer and employee, for the opportunity of "going West" has helped maintain a high stand-

ard of wages. At the same time the constant stream of migration has depleted and weakened the organization of labor. A sturdy Western democracy has tended to predominate in the politics of the nation. It gave us Thomas Jefferson with his idealism, his faith in the people, his vision of territorial greatness. In 1829 Western democracy broke the succession of aristocratic Eastern executives and swept into the presidency that prince of frontier personalities, Andrew Jackson. From that time forward the West has never lost its hold upon the national government. In 1860, firmly resolved that freedom must obtain in the new frontier states, the West selected the pioneer son of a pioneer father as the one man to unite a disunited nation. Abraham Lincoln, the gaunt, rugged, self-reliant frontiersman, was the personification of Western training and ideals.

Thus we find that the existence of a West has always guaranteed to every American social equality, industrial opportunity, and political independence. But our stupendous Western movement has done more than possess the continent and dominate the national life. In each decade Western statesmen have insisted that the nation's land be given to all men on terms of equality. As a result there has been developed a type of thoroughly American individualism, which means that every man shall have the untrammelled opportunity, on terms of absolute equality with other men, of going as far as genius and daring will carry him. The West made opportunity, not the attribute of a select few, but the heritage of every citizen.

But we are told that within the past two decades the continent has been conquered. No free land and no invigorating frontier, we indeed entered upon a new epoch. The new problem of the West began. The last twenty years have seen the rise and fall of Populism, the

development of a colonial policy, the rapid increase of foreign commerce, the preservation of the forests, the reclamation of the arid lands; in all of which the aggressive spirit of the West has dominated national action. But the most marked change has been the tremendous growth of corporate power and activity. In a certain sense the rapid advance of the corporation is due to the frontier spirit, giving unhindered sway to men with imagination and daring. Strong individuals, such as Rockefeller and Hill, operating under the name of corporate activity, are in the strictest keeping with the American tradition of unrestricted opportunity. Utilizing their tremendous power these individuals have monopolized the great agents of public service and have obtained control of the necessities of life. By so doing they have been constantly encroaching upon the liberty of the mass of the people. Equality of opportunity no longer exists when a few grow powerful enough to limit the freedom of the many. Our Western love of personal freedom has given us powerful individuals who are to-day denying the masses equality of opportunity. When we had primitive border conditions, liberty of the individual insured equality; now that society is more highly organized unrestricted liberty makes possible inequality. In a democracy whose watchword is liberty, we find, strange and startling paradox, public liberty threatened by private liberty.

The West has within the past two decades developed this perverted form of personal liberty. How shall we retain the principle of individualism and yet prevent its excesses? We recognize that unification of effort, lowering of cost, keenness of private initiative, those manifest advantages of combination in great industries, must be retained. But industrial forces must be subject to certain agencies representing the mass of the people. When the organized society of the Old World has found that the

liberty of the people rested upon industrial control it has turned to public ownership. By so doing it has destroyed individual initiative. Such a solution is inconsistent in a democracy, for the exercise of individual action is at the very basis of our growth. Our solution lies not in the destruction but in the regulation of individual enterprise. The Western spirit that once countenanced absolutely unhindered liberty is to-day proclaiming that the freedom of a few powerful individuals must be limited in the interests of the mass of our citizens.

Do we fully realize the deep political significance of the movement of our epoch for government control of industry? It means simply that the representatives of the people are exercising a wholesome restraint upon the heretofore unchecked operations of a few unscrupulous individuals. In Chicago government control means that a few street car magnates shall not impose upon the liberty of the individual by exorbitant fares and wretched service. In New York and Wisconsin such control means that the insurance companies shall no longer violate their obligations to the mass of policy-holders. In the nation it aims simply at the preservation of the liberty of the masses. It does not destroy any justifiable individualism. Only the excesses are prohibited. Street car magnates are to own and operate their lines. The insurance companies are unhindered in legitimate transactions. The railroads are permitted to reap rewards proportional to their multiplied traffic. The real political significance of government control is to preserve the liberty of the many by preventing the excessive liberty of the few.

So we see that as the national government in the first epoch by offering free land to every man made sure his opportunity, so in the second epoch government is to preserve freedom of opportunity, the heritage of every

American, by the enforcement of law. The evolution of a method by which combinations shall be kept amenable to the popular will is the work of the present generation. It is the manifestation of larger American spirit that to-day, as of old, demands that personal liberty, which is at the very basis of our democracy, shall be preserved for all on terms of absolute equality. Such Americanism is the cry of no class, the creed of no party, the personality of no man. It is the national temper embedded deep in the hearts of the people. It is a feeling of responsibility for his own freedom in the mind of every American. It leads to reform movements in corrupt municipalities; it dictates the policies of our progressive states; it is the moving force in the present national administration. It is not the appeal of a single section. The Western spirit having successively dominated each frontier, has now become the voice of the whole people.

Since 1492 the American has been the frontiersman of the world moving westward. He explored and conquered the new continent. Democracy was born of this spirit of adventure, found a home in the practical institutions of the Anglo-Saxon, and dominated the conquest of the continent. In no country has democracy been given such a sweep. Boundless opportunities and limitless resources have beckoned to men with imagination and daring. This youthful democracy has presented to the world a wonderful type of freedom with its home in the vastness of the continent. And to-day as the first problem is completed and the continent lies conquered, the same spirit of the American pioneer brings forth a new doctrine that this democracy shall preserve by authorized agents the institutions and rights already won. The same spirit of resourcefulness, the same belief in the destiny of this nation, that developed the democracy of our fathers, now brings as the second gift of America

to the world, democratic institutions preserved by the strong arm of government.

The Westerner, then, has not ceased to be the type and master of our American life. Although the frontiersman long ago disappeared, we have ever had leaders of Western training and ideals. As the problems of the first epoch found solution in the democracy of a living frontier, so the problems of our day are solved by democracy in government. As the frontier taught the profound lessons of individual equality, so the American brings to the world the means by which we are to preserve the heritage of the nation. Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln will always be hailed as the leaders in the creation of American democracy. The leaders of our epoch will remain as the preservers of a perfect democracy. With memory holding firmly the lessons of a glorious past, we may wisely heed the words of a leading historian, when he says, "Let us see to it that the ideals of the pioneer in his log cabin shall enlarge into the spiritual life of the nation where civic power shall dominate and utilize individual achievement for the common good of all." Such may be the influence in our own day of "The Man on the Frontier."

THE COMMON PEOPLE

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(An oration delivered in the Southern Interstate Oratorical Contest of 1904)

Through the silent, solemn march of the centuries, through the endless advance of the ages past, fraught with conflict and with change, with strife and peace, the roaring loom of time has woven of countless throbbing human threads the imperishable fabric of democracy. Neither the sword nor the torch has ever silenced the long, long cry of the centuries, and, as the grain of wheat springs up from the earth into the ripening blade and is transmuted into flaming gold by the wondrous alchemy of an unseen hand, so have the common people arisen from helplessness and obscurity into vigor and strength and might.

In primitive times, when men made rude implements of stone, and worshipped God in the depths of the forest, all were equal in power and estate. In the sweat of their brows and with the labor of their hands those men of primal days worked and toiled in obedience to the divine decree, tilling the soil, and struggling against the thorns and thistles. Turning their bronzed faces to the azure sky and outstretching their helpless hands toward the shining firmament, they prayed for mercy, for rest among the fig trees and purple vineyards, but there was no answer.

Time stalked onward in his journey, and while the sands shifted slowly in the hour-glass of the world's vigor-

ous youth, conditions changed, and, out of darkness and chaos, law was born. Society became divided and established. . The rude huts grew into rich palaces and the strongest and most powerful men cast aside their rude axes and spears, donned purple robes, and became the princes and kings, the rulers of the common people. Meanwhile, in the fields and forests, the people still drove their herds of sheep and oxen and reaped their golden harvests, with no thought save of their daily bread, day by day submitting to the rule of the princes, and day by day becoming more and more oblivious of the fact that they were created equally to have dominion over sea and land; "to trace the stars and search the heavens for power"; to feel the passion of eternity. Such, in those early days, was the origin of the common people.

There is an indestructible and inevitable law of society which divides the human race according to function and mental and physical superiority, while still recognizing the maxim that all men are created equal and possessed of certain inalienable rights. The delusive theories of socialism can never achieve the realization of the doctrine of absolute equality. And so it comes about that there are distinct divisions, each with its own part to play and duty to perform in the history of humanity. Long, long after the aristocracy of birth has passed away, the aristocracy of wealth will exist side by side with the democracy of labor, and it is futile to cherish the hope that some day all men may be equal in power, intellect, and political strength. The line will ever be drawn between the common people and the opulent classes of society.

The scroll of history unfolds to our vision and there we read of the rise and fall of the nations of antiquity — proud Nineveh, mighty Assyria, and splendid Babylon pass by and sink into ruin and destruction. We catch glimpses of the common people and watch them as they

march on through hordes of corruption, sin, and retribution, suffering under the sway of iron sceptres, writhing, writhing in the merciless grasp of greed and avarice.

Suddenly, a light shot up in the darkness, and, in the shadow of the beautiful temples of Greece, liberty blazed up on the altars of patriotism and pierced the awful gloom. There, in the cycle of national ideals, wrought by sages and singers and philosophers, the manacles of tyranny were shattered, and, eventually, under the shelter of the heroic statue of Pallas Athene, whose brazen shield and spear shone afar out on the violet seas where golden argosies sailed and the white wings of commerce were spread, there the common people forged the eternal bond of democracy. Thebes and Sparta and Macedon looked on with envious eyes while Athens, in the zenith of her transcendent glory, crushed oligarchy and raised her lowliest citizens to the grasp of dominion and liberty. The common people swayed the helm of government for a time; they made wise laws; literature and civic magnificence flourished; and, from the heights of the Acropolis, triumphantly waved the standard of freedom. Soon, however, changes camé; corruption blighted the land and decadence set in — the people were overwhelmed; it was Greece, "but living Greece no more." Struggle was useless; the dying lion rose up with a majestic roar and shook all the surrounding world with his outcries; "but it was too late, Greece was only a beautiful dream."

Yet, in the mighty forests of Germany, the spirit of the common people still survived, and when the ancestors of the present English nation crossed the seas they bore with them the Teutonic love of liberty and the principles of individual right and freedom, which, intermingled with the Danish spirit of savage independence and the Anglo-Saxon courage, made a great and noble type of righteous, fearless, and independent manhood. It is a long, long

tale of woe and wrong — that of the common people in England — a page stained by blood and made holy by the grandest heroism and courage. The taxation and oppression of the kings; the unjust exactions of a corrupt church and clergy; the municipal charters of liberty — these culminated in Magna Charta, the victorious achievement of the spirit of the suffering and determined common people. It has been well said that in other countries the struggle has been to gain liberty; in England, to preserve it.

Throughout radical changes, the spirit of liberty, often suppressed, sometimes well-nigh crushed, was, after all, surely growing and coming to its maturity, until at length it swept all before it in the vast movements of the Renaissance and the Reformation. The epoch of ecclesiastical influence ceased; the productive seeds of knowledge were universally disseminated; the burden of ignorance was lifted; the night was past and gone; and in the east the light was breaking, for

> "Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
> The eternal years of God are hers."

Finally, so oppressive was the tyranny of the crown, and so flagrant its injustice and domination, that the common people rose in rebellion, like demons riding on the red waves of hell, and established an ephemeral protectorate after the placid hills of old England had reverberated with the shock of intestine strife. Oliver Cromwell, with his common soldiers, his Roundheads, his Ironsides, psalm-singing sectaries and farmers, trusting God and keeping their powder dry, cleared the way for democratic supremacy and sang the death song of despotism. Hardly had the olive branch waved aloft, when the throne was reëstablished, but autocracy had perished, for the people gloriously reigned through the House of Commons and

firmly rooted republican principles. Internal dissension had forever ended.

> "No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
> Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood.
> No more shall trenching war channel her fields
> Nor bruise her flowers with the armèd hoofs
> Of hostile paces."

And to-day in England, the most powerful nation of the world, with tropic empires under her dominion, with wealth and strength, with martial and civic glory, the common people in reality rule, while the crown is but an evanescent shadow, an emblem of buried royalty, of power forever crushed.

Bloody was the tragedy which the common people enacted in sunny France; her beautiful valleys were red with revolution; coronets crumbled and sceptres were shattered; the common people were filled with riot and revolt. England stood for liberty: France, for equality. The sanguinary revolution changed the kingdom into an empire, the empire into a republic, and France, like an angel of wrath, rose up splendid and terrible, before a cowering continent, and established the liberty, equality, and fraternity of the common people.

As the strong young branch springs out from the sturdy and venerable oak which has weathered the ravages of the years, so from Britain sprang America, whose people blend Irish courage, English honesty, and Scotch simplicity into a lasting and ardent patriotism. The American republic is the magnificent incarnation of democracy. The common people, ever striving to cast off the yoke of unbridled tyranny, ever fighting for principle, ever fighting with that courage which knows not defeat, gained their independence. Above the crimson ensign of the lion, through the parting mists of the battle, triumphantly fluttered the patriot's flag. It was the common people

who won the fight — and to them all glory and praise — time-honored battlefields recall the famous hymn:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

And to-day the hope, the future, and the safety of the republic lie in the common people, the bulwark of constitutional liberty. Simple, brave, honest citizens they are, distinguished by the loftiest patriotism — proud in poverty, for

"Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king of men for a' that;"

and they stand as living examples that it is character which creates a nation, for "of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes."

All praise, all honor, all glory to the common people — let not their patriotism be scorned nor spurned nor despised, for in it flames and brightly blazes the eternal light of civil liberty. Across the flood of the years, on the vague shores of time, are the trackless deserts where Babylon stood and the broken arches and crumbling temples of Rome and Greece — and we pray God that the common people may never falter in their sacred purpose — that they may ever continue in the sublime courage which is the stronghold of freedom — that they may trample underfoot prejudice and maintain the law — fervently we pray that on and on and on through the ages they may march with fearless, dauntless tread, ever bearing aloft the burning torch of democracy.

The threatening black clouds of the morning have dissembled, leaving a rift of clear blue sky, unmarred by a

single sombre sign — the storm has swept utterly away and there is peace — far — far down on the silent, tranquil earth, the common people uplift their anxious faces to the firmament, and, in its splendid sapphire setting, Truth, the shining star, bids them advance. Now the celestial brightness falls in radiant glory, and the common people, in humble and lowly adoration, outstretch their pleading hands to the heavens, and from the silence of the eventide comes the devout prayer of their brave and courageous hearts:

"Far called our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire.
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet —
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

AN ISSUE OF JUSTICE: EQUAL SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN

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(Awarded first prize in the Illinois State Equal Suffrage Contest, held under the auspices of the Chicago Woman's Club, 1907)

IN the early days of history, woman was a being of little consequence. She was almost entirely subject to the will of man, and it can be truthfully said she scarcely had a right of her own. But as the light of civilization grows brighter from year to year, conditions change. To-day she holds a position of trust and responsibility in every profession, in every dignified sphere of activity. To-day she enjoys the right of citizenship, social distinction, and freedom of religion; and she, as well as man, is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But with all these acquirements and privileges, the right to vote is not hers. How can such conditions prevail? Why has not woman, a creature endowed with as many virtues and capabilities as man, the privilege of stepping to the polls on election day and of casting her ballot for principles she knows to be right, for principles she knows to be for the betterment of mankind? These are questions that must be answered by the American people of the twentieth century.

The late Senator Hoar, addressing the Massachusetts legislature, once said that he was first converted to equal suffrage by finding that he could not argue against it for

five minutes without denying the fundamental principles of representative government. Susan B. Anthony, held dear by the foremost women of our country, based her stand upon the preamble to the Federal Constitution, arguing that "we the people" meant not white male citizens, but the whole people who formed the union. These bases, it is true, are firm and undeniable, but there is no need of formulated principles to justify equal suffrage. There is a fundamental and substantial ground for maintaining woman's right to the ballot, and that is the ground of reason and justice. In Chicago to-day three of the largest property owners and taxpayers are women. Yet these same women have no more voice in the matter of governing their property or in the way of distributing their taxes than has the humblest peasant of despotic Russia. Such a condition is by no means prevalent in Chicago alone, but throughout the length and breadth of our land can be found the same state of taxation without representation. At the close of the eighteenth century taxation without representation led our colonists to revolt against the despotism of England; it led them to engage in one of the greatest wars of history; it led them, in the words of Lincoln, to "bring forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." Well, also, may the tyranny of taxation without representation, which still remains, lead the tax-paying women of America to revolt against the despotism of men's laws; well may such tyranny lead them to engage in a struggle for their right to a voice in the government; well may such tyranny incite them to bring about in America a condition of equal suffrage, unlimited, that will remain for all time.

The woman suffrage movement has its opponents everywhere. Some raise the objection that men and women mingling at the polls will endanger morality.

The argument is idle. American women walk the streets unveiled, address public meetings unquestioned, hold responsible positions unopposed, and in some states vote for school committees unhindered. Are they thereby demoralized? Nobody believes it. Is their virtue thereby polluted? No one can reasonably assert it. These useful, active women are not sullied by any breath of calumny. On the contrary, their interest in affairs mentally and morally strengthens them and exerts an influence that is a lasting benefit to humanity.

Men say they know women who do not wish to vote, who think it is not womanly to mingle in the brawl of politics. But what would the honorable gentlemen say to the proposition that they themselves should not vote, because their neighbors might not wish to? They would call it unreasonable and unjust. There may have been slaves who preferred to remain in bondage — was that an argument against freedom? Suppose there are a majority of the women of this state who do not wish the right of suffrage — is that any reason for depriving a few heavily taxed women, who are property owners, of a voice in the levying and the distribution of their taxes? But the man who has the idea that most women do not wish to vote should cross the Atlantic, and ask the women of England the facts about the matter. They will give him vivid accounts of open battles waged in the streets of London; they will tell him how they bombarded the House of Commons to make known their desires for political representation; they will startle him with their strong feelings of righteous indignation over their disfranchisement and lack of power. These sentiments are heartily approved by the women of our own states. They are beginning to feel, and they have a right to feel, that their quiet forbearance is no longer to be maintained, but that the strenuous measures of their English sisters are to

be adopted. And yet men say that women do not wish to vote, and do not think it womanly to mingle in political affairs.

But these antagonists, changing their attitude, contend that although women now may wish enfranchisement, they will not vote after their desires are granted. The man who takes this stand should go to Colorado and ask the two hundred thousand women there the truth about the matter. And they will tell him of their societies that have been formed, and of the abundant benefits that have been derived, since the establishment of equal suffrage there in 1893. They will tell him that a large majority of the two hundred thousand cast their ballots on election day, and that men and women working in harmony have created a standard of civic righteousness in Colorado, from which no one is willing to depart.

Such considerations as these cannot fail to prove to the unprejudiced mind that by the establishment of equal suffrage the ends of justice will be promoted. Yet it is not on the ground of reason and justice alone that we make our plea for woman's right to the ballot, but we also urge it from the viewpoint of expediency and in the interests of our common welfare.

Public affairs are now at the point where they most need the elements which only women can introduce. Among the educational and social questions that are constantly confronting us is the child labor problem. To-day many mothers in our land are exerting their influence to the utmost in order to protect working children. They have sent petition after petition to our state legislatures asking that the employment of children might be regulated; but by powerful corporations, who want wages kept low, their earnest endeavors have been throttled and their measures have been defeated. Go with me to the Southern mills and see the children toiling

there, half-clothed, half-fed, living in the midst of immorality and ignorance, and subjected to the brutality of hardened overseers. In their earliest years they know nothing but toil. They are cruelly deprived of their childhood. Men, weighed down with duties and cares of business, and hardened by the headlong rush of this commercial age, pay little attention to the needs of children that are not their own. The solution of the child labor question depends upon the women of our nation. Arm the women of this country with the ballot and the latent mother instinct will immediately assert itself. Arm the women with the ballot; then their petitions will have force, and the evils of child labor will be eradicated.

The liquor question is one of the burning problems of our nation. Public speakers have discussed it; ministers of the gospel have plead for local option; and mothers have prayed that this curse of the nation might be blotted out. Yes, it is the mothers of the land who have watched their sons throughout the years of their infancy and youth, sacrificing that they might not be humiliated, suffering that they might be gladdened. It is the mothers who, when their sons are led astray by the drink curse, must bear the burdens of disgrace and degradation. They must suffer in silence, for they have no voice in the government. The liquor demon has raged in our American land for years; and it will continue to rage until the concordant voice of the majority is raised against it. That voice will not be raised until women are given a chance to declare their sentiments and to express their demands; that voice cannot be raised until they are permitted to cast their ballots for their own self-respect and self-protection.

But the assistance and influence of woman is needed in another quarter. The realm of politics and political organizations is to-day invaded by the evils of corruption.

Our municipalities are replete with graft and fraudulent practices. The evils of bossism and bribery are deplored by all who favor good government. At every election all material interests are abundantly represented, but a vast proportion of spiritual influences have no direct expression. The result is a material development unsurpassed in the world's history, and also a moral retrogression before which people stand appalled. How can such a state of affairs be rectified? How can politics be purged of corruption and infused with the spirit of morality? We believe that it can be best accomplished by the influence of women, and in order that their influence may be best exerted, we must invest them with the right of representation in politics, and with the right of suffrage equal to that of men.

All history is filled with accounts of strife and warfare, and war has had a remarkable influence on our national development. But we have now entered upon an era of peace. Arbitration is triumphing over military struggle, peaceful negotiations over force, and deliberation over the resort to arms. The Hague Tribunal is achieving wonders, and our own President, Theodore Roosevelt, though a hero in battle, is exerting his power to promote peace among all nations. Yet in spite of all this, the spirit of militarism still smoulders in the breasts of many of our citizens. At the Jamestown Exposition the army and navy will be displayed in all their glory. The science and the art of war is to be emphasized as though the glory of our manhood lay in our ability to overawe, crush, and destroy the very peoples who only three years ago joined hands with us and with each other in fostering the growth of an international brotherhood. It must be acknowledged that the spirit of peace needs encouragement in this country. The love of peace is a womanly quality, and that quality is needed in our public life.

American women may be depended upon to vote as their own womanly natures dictate. Then if women are more considerate of the welfare of others than are men, their votes will regulate educational and social evils; if they are more temperate, their ballots will advance the cause of temperance; if they are more law-abiding, their influence will promote law and order; and if they are less belligerent than men, their voice in the government will be a power for international peace. Women are entitled to representation; they are needed in public life. Womanly women and manly men are required to work in harmony to promote (in the words of our martyred President) "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, that shall not perish from the earth." And with such a government there will be inaugurated a reign of purity and peace that will cause our American nation to stand as a shining example before the peoples of the earth.

RELATION OF MODERN -ISMS TO PROGRESS

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(First-honor oration in 1894 at the University of Michigan and in the Contest of the Northern Oratorical League)

Man ever aspires to rise above his present level. Consciously or unconsciously he moves onward and upward. With or without clearly defined methods, he labors to diminish human misery and increase human happiness. The past has seen his plans poorly developed. Present philosophy has a clearer conception of life's problems, and better theories for their solution. The present social discontent has produced various theories of social reconstruction. Prominent among these are Nihilism, Anarchism, Communism, and Socialism. These four are alike, in that they spring from a common cause and are means aimed at a common end.

To understand the relation of modern -isms to progress, it is necessary to know what constitutes progress now. The word *progress* is ambiguous. To crown a king may be progress to-day; to dethrone him may be progress to-morrow. To foster monopoly may have been progress yesterday; to muzzle monopoly may be progress to-day. Hence, a clear conception of present social conditions is necessary to a perfect understanding of the relation of modern -isms to progress.

We live in the present, but for the future. To forecast the future, we must understand the present; to understand the present, we must know the past. Let us turn

to history and learn her secret. She teaches us that man loves liberty, and hates oppression. Though hated, oppression has been the great fact in history. Its insidiousness catches man in the snare of his own instincts. Being religious, he is religiously oppressed. Being political, political burdens are heaped upon him. Being industrial, the chains of industrial slavery are forged.

Let us consider these three. Religion is the noblest instinct of the soul. It is the divine in man reaching out after God. It lifts the savage from savagery; it breaks the chains of slavery; it opens the prison cell. It calms the angry waves of passion that roll in the human breast. Religion is the beneficent mother of faith, hope, charity. Justice and mercy are her attributes, love her offspring, and God her father. Yet, man's noblest possession has been most basely abused. The crystal stream of religion has been polluted by the dregs of human corruption.

Planted in the virgin soil of a true religion, the Christian church grew to enormous dimensions. Under the shadow of its branches slept an entire continent. Its first-fruits were fruits of truth and righteousness. Its degenerate old age reaped a harvest of corruption. From stem and every branch breathed forth a foul contagion that poisoned the very air in which it lived. But behold, shivered by the thunderbolts of the Reformation, this giant upas tree withers and falls; and from its rotting stump spring the new branches, Protestant and new Catholic, which blossom and bear the fruits of a true religion. This marks the downfall of religious despotism.

Man lives not to himself alone. His social nature forbids it. Against individuality is opposed society. If society would realize its highest possibilities, it must be organized, directed; hence the state, the government. Without government society would be chaos. Government anchors society to a rational purpose. It supplies

the conditions under which the social plant may germinate, flower, and fructify. It guides the latent energies of a nation into channels of highest good. Around each humble subject it throws the mantle of protection.

The essence of government is an undoubted good. The form has been the riddle of the ages. Monarchy, Aristocracy, Tyranny, Plutocracy, Despotism, — all have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Yet, government is indispensable. Whether government shall or shall not exist, the common sense of humanity has settled. The question is: Whence the power that propels the governmental machine? Is it from the throne or from the hearthstone? History says it has been from the throne, shall be from the hearthstone. Cæsar is dead. Hapsburg and Bourbon have fallen. Their spirit still survives. Clad in imperial garb, it sits to-day on the Russian throne. Freedom bathed her hands in royal blood and stained the Bourbon lily. It remains for her to throttle the Russian bear. Political tyranny is not dead. Political freedom is but a half-truth.

Industry is the mainspring to civilization. War may batter down the barriers between petty states and weld them into a nation. Religion may proclaim the brotherhood of man, and teach that all men should live together in harmony. Industry brings men face to face, and binds them together with cords of mutual interest. Industry has its roots in human wants. These generate the power that drives the industrial machine. The waving harvest, the buzzing spindle, the flaming furnace, are but the servants of man's wants. The thundering train bearing its costly burden, the stately vessel ploughing the mighty deep, are driven by the magnetic power of human wants.

We stand at the confluence of all the industrial forces of the past. This is an Augustan age of industry. Art, literature, philosophy, politics, religion, are secondary

to the one all-pervading, all-consuming idea — industry. Science has lent a helping hand in rearing this colossal structure. Every great age boasts of its great products. What are the boasts of the present age? — millionnaire, — tramp. The sixteenth century saw religious despotism. The eighteenth century saw political despotism. The nineteenth century sees industrial despotism. And to-day the Sultan, Capital, sits on the industrial throne.

The many have ever been servants to the few. Since his first bondage, man has longed for freedom. Listen to the mummified millions buried in the sands of Egypt. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Hearken to the sad notes of the Greek slave. Under the shadow of the loftiest mountain surges the deepest sea. Under the shadow of Plato's genius surges the deepest misery. What can the Roman slave say of Roman splendor? "To be a Roman was greater than a king," but not to be a Roman was worse than a beast. Listen to the wail rising from the forgotten grave of the German serf. Princes, priests, and plutocrats have been the plunderers of the poor. Above the din of industry hear the voice of labor: "The paupers in the palace rob their toiling fellow-men."

Religious despotism is dead. Political despotism still lives. Industrial despotism is at its best. With crying humanity on one hand, and gloating despotism on the other, what, I would ask, is progress to-day? If it be not battering down the bulwarks of despotism, and setting prostrate humanity on its feet, what is it? If it be this, then the relation of modern -isms to progress can be expressed in one sentence: each is a thrust at modern tyranny.

Nihilism, Anarchism, Communism, and Socialism have a single origin. They spring from the deep-seated discontent with present social conditions. They have

swept the keys of the social gamut, and found nothing but discord. Touched by the magic fingers of this new philosophy, these jarring notes are to be transformed into strains of sweetest harmony. Shattered by one fell blow, the pillars of modern society must crumble, and be replaced by columns of a nobler form. The ideals of modern -isms may be a dream, but their existence illustrates an important fact. It proves that those who for centuries have been ground under the heel of tyranny are able to stand and strike. It is a good omen. It is the harbinger of a better day.

Nihilism is a shaft aimed at the breast of absolutism. Its philosophy is expressed in one word — destruction. What would it destroy? All is vanity; all must be destroyed. Whatever is, is wrong, and must perish. Friendship, love, family, state, church, God, are false, therefore must perish. Whence, you ask, is this dagger-pointed philosophy? It is a compound of despair and dread, the product of German pessimism and Russian tyranny.

Anarchism is the arch-enemy of government. Yet, much of the fear generated by the word is uncalled for. Extract the nihilistic poison from anarchy, and you have an example of faith in humanity unparalleled. Its philosophy soars on optimistic wings to heights where degraded humanity can never hope to climb. What is this little-understood, much-abused philosophy? Its major promise is: government is the root of all evil. Its minor: human nature is essentially good. From these premises the anarchist draws the conclusion, that government is unnecessary and that man, restrained by no law, save the law of his own being, will rise to the fullest realization of all the possibilities of his nature. This unbounded optimism of anarchy is its worst fault. It fails to treat humanity as it is.

Communism would cure social ills by applying religion.

The communistic motto unlocks the entire system, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." In communism the social unit is the group. Here everything is held in common. All labor, all share the product. Social equality, moral rigidity, industrial frugality, and passive obedience to the general will, are the main features of communism. Communism would destroy the family, crush personal liberty, strangle industry, and endanger nationality.

Nihilism and anarchism are essentially political. Communism is half religious, half industrial. Socialism is purely industrial. Socialism is the cold-blooded murderer of individualism. It is continental philosophy aiming the death-blow at English philosophy, Karl Marx crossing swords with John Stuart Mill. Appalled by the wreck and ruin wrought by unbridled competition, socialism would overturn the entire competitive system. Socialists are not the enemies of rich men; but they despise an industrial system which builds mountains of wealth beside the hovels of abject poverty. What, then, is the socialistic programme? "The complete transformation of private and competing capitals into a united and collective capital." The strict logical sequence of this proposition is almost beyond conception. The present gigantic industrial fabric, built up by the brains of centuries, is to be swept away by the mountain-wave of socialism. How is this enormous revolution to be accomplished? By making the state complete owner and controller of all the means of production. Though making industry supreme, socialism destroys the strongest motive to industrial activity — self-interest. Striving to secure industrial liberty, it forges the chains of industrial slavery. To curb the excesses of an irresponsible individualism, it builds a paternal despotism.

As a model for the reconstruction of society, modern

-isms are a failure. As a force in the movement of progress, they are a success. The value of modern -isms lies in the fact that they are all extremes. Nihilism and anarchism are the opposite extremes of political despotism. Communism and socialism are the other extreme of industrial individualism. Having these extremes, it is possible to strike the happy mean. The political mean is liberal, constitutional monarchy, or republican form of government. The industrial mean is a wise and equitable adjustment of the relations between the individual and the state, in all means of industry. The state has its province, the individual his. What touches all, let the state control. What peculiarly concerns the individual, let him control. Along these lines the two great industrial problems of to-day must be solved, — Monopoly, Labor Problem. Monopoly is a tumor which pains all, and must be lanced by the instrument of all — government. The labor question is a question of liberty, and must be solved like all questions of liberty, — by those oppressed. Who wrung religious freedom from the hands of a tyrannical hierarchy? The religiously oppressed. Who buried the Bourbon throne under the ruins of a French empire? The politically oppressed. Who shall drag sable despotism from the industrial throne and set white-robed liberty there? The industrially oppressed. When religious, political, and industrial freedom shall be a truth, then will modern -isms have fulfilled their mission; then will the joyful tongues of untold millions welcome the rising sun of a new day; then will man stand up and say, "Liberty is mine."

WAR AND PUBLIC OPINION

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(This oration received first prize in the Kirk Contest in Oratory at Northwestern University, and second prize in the Contest of the Northern Oratorical League, 1906.)

This should be an age of progress, not of war; of defence, not of destruction; of life, not of death.

War has had its place in history. Many times have the armies of the past been a guardian, an outpost of defence, warding off the barbaric vandals from the homes of the people and from the workshops of peaceful industry.

We still build statues to great masters of defensive war, masters like Leonidas, Garibaldi, Wellington, Washington. We visit battle-fields where brave hearts have "poured forth their last full measure of devotion"; and we keep green our hallowed mounds; we have never allowed honor to be called a dishonor, nor loyalty to be called a crime; our feet instinctively mark time to the roll of the drum; our natures are attuned to the notes of the bugle; we love our stars and stripes more fervently because our fathers poured out their sacred blood in their defence.

We know that often the stagnant pool of indifference has been cleansed by war. Were you and I Russian peasants, living lives of degenerate slavery, oppressed by a nobility which is steeped in ease and false contentment, we would risk our lives for one breath of freedom — even die in the rapture of a new-born liberty. We love that spirit in a man which will cause him to forsake home,

forget happiness, enter the front rank at the first call, march into an open field, face the enemy, answer the command of his captain with a smile, join in the thrilling war-cry as it passes along the line, advance, sweeping all, as he goes triumphant to victory.

Yes, war has been glorified on the pages of history, but our social, moral — all our virtuous instincts tell us that war is wrong. The world is growing wiser; we are learning that there is something purer, deeper, nobler than war. Reverence for human life, respect for the opinions of the majority — these are the influences which have been permeating society, crowding out, from age to age, bloody factions and contentions. More and more are we following an instructed and powerful public conscience, sensitive to the public opinion of enlightened races, alive to the great truth that the highest object of a nation should be to protect, not its little section only, but the interests of the world.

The nations have ceased to fight in the spirit of myth, legend, and romance. Experts tell us that modern warfare to the finish means the utter extermination of one or of both contestants. What does romantic courage mean to a soldier to-day, when on the march an enemy unseen, unheard, cuts him down with a shower of lead like hail from a clear sky; when in battle the needle-gun mows down his comrades in deep swaths like grass; when in camp, snatching a few moments' sleep, one Vesuvian upheaval hurls the whole army to destruction? Is this the old time courageous contest of arms? No, it is the wearing anxiety, the awful suspense of waiting, waiting for a conflict of monster machines, of knowing that there must be one appalling, wholesale sacrifice to the god of war.

On a glad morning last May, the news flashed around the world that Admiral Togo had sunk seventeen Russian ships, and had sent eight thousand men to a watery grave.

What must have been the agony of those men, no one knows. It is a solemn secret of the deep. But that was not all the suffering: those ships had cost millions of dollars; dollars represent work; work is stored life; think of the thousands upon thousands of days of squandered life. Now, if you will look for the victims of that struggle in the depths of that blue sea, you will find not alone those eight thousand corpses, but interworked in every rope, every crevice, every bolt, and every bar — life, life, aimless, squandered life. Oh, the lingering suffering, the prosaic suffering, that attends a nation preparing for war, sustaining war, or recovering from war!

Scientific improvements come fast. Costly equipments of to-day will be discarded for something more modern and deadly to-morrow. To-day England builds a large fleet of war-ships; to-morrow Germany takes fright and builds even larger and better ships; then England, with her great floating death dragons, must out-class Germany. And so it goes, until truly it seems that the day is near when a nation, to be supreme upon the seas, must build artificial volcanoes and earthquakes. Oh, the waste of stored life that could be used for the benefit of humanity! Oh, the inglorious sufferings which no one sees and no one hears, but which eat so deep into the very vitals of human progress! Oh, the awful blood-tax, the pitiless financial burdens of war, laid upon this poor, needy world!

Are war debts and national poverty to be our legacy to coming generations? Are you a German? you are spending half your taxes for present armament. Are you a Frenchman? your Franco-Prussian war cost you one billion, five hundred million dollars. France now spends five times as much for her army as for her schools; Italy spends eight times as much for her army as for her schools; Russia spends twelve times as much. Shall we continue to have vast industries destroyed, the productive

power of a whole people and its social and moral energies exhausted by ravenous war ?

And the cause for so much of our past bloodshed has been — public opinion. Mothers, teachers, priests, and poets have instilled into the hearts of the people a love for war, a public opinion which has supported wars of conquest instead of condemning them. Princes and statesmen of all ages have exhibited their victorious leaders, and have appealed to the patriotic spirit of their citizens, taking advantage of that spirit to instigate war for individual or national selfish gain. "O patriotism, what crimes have been committed in thy name!" The mighty future is no longer for a royal house or for a pampered few, but everywhere, in every land, for humankind. In our magnificent temples of fame there is no more room for military heroes; other halls must be built and grand galleries constructed for daring representatives of the people — heroes of peace. In our grand galleries, do you not see, at the feet of every hero, thousands upon thousands of common soldiers languishing upon beds of sickness, tossing and moaning in feverish agonies; thousands upon thousands of ruined homes, where mothers and wives and innocent children are eking out a wretched existence in abject poverty? Do you not hear all these, and thousands of kindred sufferers, lifting up holy prayers to the mighty God of peace? And should we not join this host in a universal chorus: *Hasten the time when patriotism will not mean the mutilation of human beings?*

The spirit of peace is wholesome and progressive. Peace has its conflicts, and these conflicts demand courage and self-sacrifice — not for degrading, but for uplifting humanity. Science has revolutionized the world, and it has opened up great fields for struggle in political and economic adjustment. The fighting instinct that enabled Watt to perfect his steam engine in the face of trying

opposition, has done more for civilization than the prowess of all the generals, or the destructiveness of all the engines of war. The conquering spirit that enabled Edison, Morse, and their associates to surround the globe with "flickering streaks of lurid flame, making the whole earth a whispering gallery charged with great sensations everywhere spread round like light, so that we think and feel in great masses" — this, I say, has done more for the world than the works of all the victorious heroes who have been applauded by furious mobs.

We advocate neither sudden nor reckless disarmament, but we call for sanity and justice in international affairs. What has removed the helmet from our citizens, the portcullis from our homes, the walls from our cities, the fortresses from our state lines? It is public sentiment, creating and supporting law. As it is possible for individuals and states thus to be constrained from maltreating their fellow-citizens by a law and a strong police, so it is possible for a whole nation, wild with excitement and rage, to be curbed, held in check, by an international law and an international police. Enthusiasm for a church united almost the entire world in the Holy Roman Empire, enthusiasm for a hero placed Europe at Napoleon's feet, enthusiasm for peace can organize the world. Thoughtful observers have seen the vision; the prophets have spoken; the disciples have been persecuted; and now their hopes for peace are beginning to be realized. We have seen the Magna Charta of a great federation: it is the treaty of The Hague. The efforts of wise rulers have made The Hague tribunal popular; the concerted efforts of the nations will make it powerful. The day is near when romance will be laid aside, when the wars of the past will be read of with languid interest, and there will be no thought of imminent peril. Then the coming generations will see that peace is grander than war; that to live

for a worthy object is more glorious than to die; that nature and humane courage are more poetic than flowing blood and frenzied patriotism.

How can you and I wait for the slow processes of grinding logic? Public opinion has enacted a law against murder; why should not international public opinion demand a law against war, which is organized murder? Let prejudice live her little hour. We must expect that the abolition of war will be resisted like that of dogmatism, of favoritism, of slavery. War is a crime of high treason against humanity. It is the trade of barbarians. It stands for illegitimate ambition, debauched conscience, treacherous craft, and national tragedy. War — a word too dreadful to be compared, which introduces no picture but that of deprivation and wretchedness for men, of weeping and heartache for women; a word which has haunted man for countless ages; a word which stands a blot on every page and on almost every line of history; synonym for crushed hope, insatiate cruelty, the very climax of anguish — a living hell!

Is it not practical to think peace, to hope for peace, to believe in peace; to value it as we value our independence, our personal sovereignty, and to make it practical as we have made these practical; to value it as we value our liberty of thinking, of writing, of speaking, of voting? Peace shows a picture of green fields and golden harvests, of populous cities with their throbbing engines and their whirring factory wheels; of restful churches, magnificent libraries, and stately college halls. Peace invents, discovers, and unlocks mystery; it effects treaties, observes contracts, and enacts codes of law. Peace conducts research, writes books, and enriches life's philosophy; it models statues, creates music and poetry, and perfects all art. Peace stands for what is most ideal on earth and for all our ambitions for eternity.

Justice and reason are beginning to triumph. Great geniuses are mustering the soldier-citizens of the world for a peaceful conquest. They are armed with the great deeds and experiences of the past. Their plan of campaign is marvellous. The battles are to be fought in patient laboratories, in legislative halls, in courts of justice, and on the great battle-field of productive labor. Their terms of peace will be the unconditional surrender of barbarism and the abolition of poverty. They have a courageous spirit — it is for mankind. They have a devoted patriotism — it is for humanity. I can hear the nearing tread of their marching deeds — deeds upon which odes will be composed and ballads sung.

"There's a midnight blackness changing into gray,
Men of thought and men of action, clear the way!"

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION

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(An oration delivered in the Southern Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest of 1909)

THERE was once a time in the history of the world when there was no law, when brute force was the ruling power and the minority had no rights. That time has passed and gone, and to-day we look back from our pinnacle of civilization, with surprise and horror, to find that such savagery was ever the ruling power. But out of this chaos government developed, laws were made, and men were forced by society to obey them. Yet with all this development disputes were settled by cutting men's throats. As nations began to acquire new territories and their interests began to conflict, the same remedy was used by nations to settle disputes as was used by the individual, the stronger becoming the master. With the invention of explosives, the development and perfection of firearms, war became the scourge of all nations; and how to settle disputes without war has become a question of international importance. The first remedy for this great plague was suggested by Emeric Cruce, a Frenchman, over a hundred years ago, a thing then looked upon as a visionary dream, but which became a reality in the Peace Conference of 1899.

We can almost remember when the anti-slavery movement began. The whole South was a unit in favor of the institution of slavery and very few men in the North

dared to utter a word against it. What a contrast to-day, — not a slave in the civilized world, and slavery has hardly a defender!

Railroads were once unknown, but now the steel bands cover the entire world. There were once no ocean steamships; the Atlantic cable was once met by derision. Steam, electricity, and the press have put the whole world in touch, and to-day New York and Hong-Kong are as close together as New York and Philadelphia were a hundred years ago. Now since all this has happened in the face of extreme difficulty and been accepted by all men, there can be no wonder that the society of the civilized world is demanding that international disputes be settled by other methods than by war. It is the most futile of all remedies. It only embitters the contestants and sows seeds for future struggles. For example, in the late Russian-Japanese war neither nation gained what it fought for and both were disappointed with the terms of peace.

Think of our great Civil War, where the flower of manhood in America was swept, by the hot wave of public opinion, into destruction; of Sherman's devastating march to the sea, of Pickett's charge at the battle of Gettysburg where his brave band of Confederates swept the plain up to the cannon's mouth and melted away; of the beautiful Southland, where there was everything the heart could desire, destroyed by the cruel hand of war; finally, of the old tattered and worn Confederate soldier returning to his home, seeing everything in ruin, bowing his head in submission to his fate, and asking himself why the question of slavery could not have been settled by some other way than by destroying his home, killing his neighbor, and leaving everything in ruin. Think of the ambition of Napoleon and of its blight to Europe, of his great march to Moscow and the thousands of men

dying on those dreary plains mocking the world and pleading for a different fate for future generations. Think of all the great wars the world has known, of the bloodshed and horror they have caused, and can we in the face of all this destruction not be in favor of some system of international conciliation?

If all the questions causing wars could have been settled by arbitration, what could not the world do with those heroes who have fallen on the battle-field, had their true hearts been turned towards uplifting instead of destroying mankind; what the world needs is not dead heroes, but men who can think and do something for themselves and others.

The solution of this problem is to-day the main question before the world, and in our onward march to the reign of peace, we have at least been drawing some of the poisonous fangs of the monster, war, if we have not been striking at its heart. To-day in war time, non-combatants are spared, women and children are not massacred, prisoners are well cared for, quarter is given, and the assassination of generals by private bargain is an infamy of the past.

The Czar of Russia, seeing the need of breaking up the old military régime and establishing a new one, called the first Hague Conference in 1899 for discussing the means of establishing a world court where all nations could bring their disputes and receive justice. This conference was not the work of one man, but there had been a world-wide agitation of the question, demanding a head under which work could be begun; and it would have been a success had there been no other result than that each nation learned the other's wants and needs. In that meeting there were no galleries, no reporters, no appeals to passion, and rarely any applause. But there was a general feeling that anything except earnest and careful discussion of the

question involved was utterly out of place. Not a harsh word was spoken. In fact it was a meeting of men who had given long and earnest thought to the subjects involved, who realized the vast importance of them and felt that their personal honor was at stake in arriving at the best solution possible. And, after two months, discussion, each man departed with a stronger belief in his kinship of man. Its reforms were so sweeping that it aroused the enthusiasm of the world assembly, and every one of the twenty-six nations represented ratified the resolutions, for no nation could be left out of this great work without bringing upon it the adverse public opinion of the whole world. This conference is destined to be forever memorable for the realization of Cruce's idea, and for giving to the world its first International Court. The last century marks the time when humanity took one of its longest strides upward and onward. This conference was only a starting point in this great movement, and to-day conferences are held in every nation preparing questions to be presented at the Hague; and our nation, which we are proud to say takes the front in everything, leads them all, and has five or six yearly conferences that point to the Hague as the redeemer of humanity; and with all these influences being brought to bear on this subject public opinion cannot but grow in favor of it, and when there is a national sentiment developed there can be nothing but peace. Every class of men is represented in these meetings and all with the good of humanity upmost in their minds; these conferences cannot be held without results. Public opinion became so strong against war, and not being satisfied with the first Hague Conference demanded that another be held.

The second Hague Conference was called in the spring of 1907, and every nation of importance was represented. Delegates who were recently arrayed against each other on

the battle-field, with opinions diametrically opposed, were all occupied in considering the one great question, international peace. The most delicate of international questions were discussed with vivacity for more than four months without a rupture of personal or national amity. The questions determined beyond dispute by this conference were: that peace is the normal and war the abnormal condition of civilized nations; that the relations of sovereign states are properly based upon principles of justice and not upon force; that really sovereign states should have equal rights before the bar of international justice regardless of their size or military strength; that disputes between nations should be, as far as possible, settled by judicial methods, and not by war; that war, if inevitable, is an evil whose disastrous consequences should, by special agreement, be reduced to a minimum; and finally, that one nation can refer the disputes to the Hague, and can we believe that any nation could refuse without bringing upon it public censure? Do not these provisions in the interest of humanity show a wider and deeper feeling for the brotherhood of man, and the great force of public sentiment behind this movement?

All this is conclusive proof that the movement has not in any sense grown weaker, but is strong with that strength which comes from signal victories already won, and the prospects of greater ones in the future; and the general demand of the enlightened public opinion of the world is the supreme guarantee that the course of arbitration is to be in no sense backward, but upward and onward to complete victory. After four months of excessive, often intense, and ungrateful labor, glad to be free again, to see their country and their homes, they separated, deeply affected by the fact that they were leaving a field of new action in which the seeds had been

well sown. The seed, it is true, was then underground, not rotting, but has grown and is now bearing fruit. Had we listened to the people of California and the horror of the "yellow plague," we would to-day be engaged in war with Japan, but thanks to the wisdom and foresight of our Secretary of War, Mr. Root, the question was settled not by cutting the little "Japs'" throats, but by negotiation. We call George Washington the Father of his country; why do we not call Elihu Root the defender of his country? The former was a man whom the whole country loves and reveres, and whom every child has been taught to reverence because he led our struggling nation to victory and freedom. We do not want to detract from his glory, but we do demand a greater glory for the man who is fighting on a battle-field where there is no boom of cannon and roll of musketry to urge him on, but only the good of humanity and the brotherhood of man, with millions not knowing his work; and yet Mr. Root has done more than any other man for the conciliation of the United States with her adversaries, saving millions of lives and resources of untold wealth, not with his sword but with his pen. Let us hope that future generations will give him his place among the other great heroes of history. And when his ideal has been realized and international peace reigns supreme, the vision of the old Hebrew prophet will be fulfilled indeed, and "swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks, and nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

AN APPEAL FOR DRAMATIC ART

LEONARD G. NATTKEMPER

DE PAUW UNIVERSITY

(Awarded first place in the Contest of the Central Oratorical League, 1909)

THE progress of the American people during the past century is a marvel to the civilized world. Never before has a nation made such advancement in one hundred years. From thirteen small states, with a population of less than four million, living, many of them, in huts scattered along the Atlantic coast, we have become a great commonwealth of forty-six states with eighty million people. We have spanned the rivers, climbed the hills, and filled the valleys and plains with cities and villages. In the congress of nations we are distinctly a world-power. From struggling wood-cutters and farmers, we have become the greatest producing people in the world.

But the past three decades reveal dangerous tendencies — tendencies which, if not averted, will involve us in immeasurable embarrassment, for standing on the threshold of the twentieth century, and looking back over the last thirty years, we discover that the American people have grown materialistic. We have become a race of realists. The nineteenth century has seen the greatest material prosperity known in history; and as a result there is to-day no strife more impassioned than that of money-making. We have lost the ideal in the search for the real. History teaches us that great nations must ever be seekers of the ideal. Rome at one time was the

master-power of all the nations. So great was she that every nation in Europe owed something to her. Yet all of Rome's power, all of Rome's grandeur, crumbled and decayed. Fowls of the air flocked into Italy to feast upon the flesh of kings and generals, of bishops and nobles — all humanity sunk into quagmire of disease and death. Men, women, and children, in their mad rush for wealth and amusement, plunged the Empire of the Cæsars into blackest hell. The perils which once Rome faced now menace us. We have forgotten the truth, that the "life and character of a nation do not depend upon the abundance of its revenues, the strength of its fortifications, the size of its army, the beauty of its buildings; but on the number of its cultivated citizens, its men of education, enlightenment, and character."

What, then, is the present duty of the American people? Is it not to offset these materialistic tendencies by fostering in all ways possible a love for the ideal among the masses? Must not the spirit of commercialism give way to a love of the ideal in statesmanship, in business, and in the church? Is it not true that only through the worship of high ideals we may ourselves become idealists? Cannot the ideal be found through the medium of art? Must we not make art popular? By it can we not lift the crowd to noble and lofty standards of living? Should not the man of the street feel that music is for him as well as for his more fortunate brother living in a palace? Remember the power of painting in the past to create love for the beautiful. In the fifteenth century, when Cimabue, the great Florentine, completed his Madonna, it was an event that concerned nations. Shops were closed, farmers left their ploughs — even soldiers were released to see this great work of art. So to-day America should make the painter's art and the poet's art popular. The masses should love to join with Scott in the chase with the hound and the

music of the bugle horn; to mourn with Shelley the death of Adonais; to follow the plough with Robert Burns; and to laugh and cry with Dickens. The men who toil in the shops and the mines feel that there is not an hour in life, be it an hour of temptation, an hour of defeat, or an hour of victory, but that a master mind has told in song or story how another, with like nature, passed through the selfsame experience, and left for us lessons of rebuke or encouragement. We practical, busy Americans should stop long enough in our rush for power and wealth to realize that art has an all-important place in the advance of civilization. He was no mere dreamer who said, "Art is the golden harp on which the angels play the march of human progress."

As an American people, do we not believe in progress? and do we not realize that to secure the best advancement we must understand the specific value of our institutions? What are the great sources of power in our social life? The press, the school, the court, the pulpit — should not these be studied as institutions upon which the life and perpetuity of the nation depend? But does not a study of present conditions reveal the fact that these institutions are not meeting the full need of Americans? We believe that the spiritual nature of the masses should be touched by the arts,—music, painting, sculpture, and literature. Now, since it is hardly possible for every individual to study art in its separate forms, it is very evident these particular forms are not best adapted to the needs of the common people. Surely, then, the institution which blends into use all these arts as a civilizing power is the most necessary institution to any nation. The question then is: Have the American people such an institution? They have, in the wise and well-guarded employment of the various forms of dramatic art.

Dramatic art has been and will continue to be a direct

force among men, but for years many have undervalued its subtle influence as a civilizing power. Especially is this true in America, but it was not so among the Greeks and Romans. These people understood the potential influence of the acted drama. In ancient Athens plays were a religious observance, and in mediæval England actors were looked upon as instructors in faith and morality. Even to-day the most progressive nations recognize the power of dramatic art for good, and instead of condemning it, they support it.

As one of the better-known phases of the art of the drama, let us consider the stage. It is well adapted to serve the age, because it reaches so many people. There are five times as many people in the theatre during the week as there are in all the churches, and for this reason the theatre may be made the university of the common people, the temple of art where all classes are inspired to higher and nobler living. When it affords such unusual opportunities to mould the lives of the crowd, it is astonishing that so few men of distinction use their power and influence to honor the dignity of the stage. Since the dramatic instinct is inherent in us all, there always will be a call from the world for dramatic art. The admiration for the play is universal, from the ragged urchin to the greatest minds of men. The passion for the drama has its seat in human nature. Long ago the church admitted this in its relation to miracle plays. It was through these plays acted in the church that the received doctrines were commended to the uneducated class. The theatre was the greatest humanizing force of ancient times, but in this country it has been repeatedly condemned as the tabernacle of moral rot. The doors have been closed upon the only institution where the great rules of life and conduct are revealed through the arts. The theatre has been ignored and left in the hands of unbelievers.

Where is the spirit life of the youth and the mother, of the rich and the poor, of the educated and the uneducated, moved more deeply than at the play? Where are they stirred to greater depths? Where are life's problems presented more vividly, the joys and ambitions, the struggles and sorrows? Where do we find a better vantage ground from which to study life? Life in its sordid bitterness, its harsh, bleeding, ragged aspects, as well as life in the glowing splendor of the noble and the good? Dramatic art has a positive influence upon the whole people because it appeals to the greatest motive power of man — his emotions. Because of all arts the dramatic speaks more keenly to his heart and mind. No other art borrows so much aid from the poet, the sculptor, and the musician; and therefore no art is better able to acquaint and stimulate interest in men for knowledge of history and the grand creations of literature. The educational value of the drama is apparent to all thoughtful people. Especially is this true when we take as examples the great masterpieces of Shakespeare; but even plays of to-day, illuminating our great social and economic problems, are efficient allies for peaceful progress.

The time has come in this age of science and invention wherein there is a continual rush for wealth, and a consequent neglect of brotherhood among men, that dramatic art must be made one of the influences working toward the regeneration of humanity. You admit that this purpose of the theatre is a beautiful ideal, but you say also that in reality the stage and players are corrupt and corrupting — that the theatre is demoralizing and a curse to humanity. Let us remember, again, that man's love for the dramatic is inborn. Watch children at play, and you see that their first conscious effort is to imitate and to act. It is instinct, and you cannot repress it. If this be true, reason says: cultivate the instinct, turn it

to good and noble purposes. The theatre can never be destroyed, and therefore men must not ignore it but uplift it. Shall the stage adorned by Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Browning, and Tennyson be overpowered by the narrow-minded and fanatic — be they ministers in the pulpit, doctors in the universities, orators on the platform? Discredit and cripple it they may — destroy it they cannot; for the actor's art will only perish when

> "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples — the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve,
> And like a baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind!"

Why, then, should we be antagonistic to the art for which I plead? Does it fall short of the ideal any more than the other arts or other means in educating the masses? Why condemn the theatre because it is not what it ought to be? Neither is the press, the school, the pulpit what it should be, yet you would not destroy them. The actors are overcoming greatly the rebuke and reproach under which they formerly labored. To the select, exalted, and immortal company of Dickens, Macaulay, David Livingstone, Gladstone, the younger Pitt, Chaucer, of Tennyson and Browning, was Sir Henry Irving recently admitted. In many places the stage is now recognized as an institution of peculiar force in modern American life. In the metropolis of the West there has been erected a church-theatre designed to be a leader and an example in the American theatrical world, and an incentive to other religious organizations to help bring the church and stage into closer bonds of sympathy. Our great universities are opening their doors to good players, inviting them to unfold the beauties of Molière, Browning, and Rostend. In the metropolis of the East, a national theatre is being

built, which is destined to become a powerful educational influence.

Is it not our duty, then, to make dramatic art, in whatever way employed, to serve mankind, instead of by indifference or active enmity permitting it to become a corrupting influence? Since the dramatic instinct is deep-rooted in the nature of men and demands what the drama and the stage can give; and since our twentieth-century materialists need the influence of an art they can understand, is it not certainly the duty of all lovers of their fellow-men to build up rather than pull down an edifice capable of serving the highest forms of art, of adding to the innocent gayety of nations, and of contributing in almost countless ways to the moral welfare of mankind?

A PLEA FOR AMERICAN DRAMA

Roscoe C. Edlund

CORNELL UNIVERSITY

(Awarded first place in the Senior Contest for the Woodford Prize in Oratory, 1909)

The reign of Elizabeth has been the golden age of English drama. It is a familiar story how England thrilled in every nerve with splendid awakening. From Europe came the new learning; from America and the Orient riches untold and stirring tales that fired the imagination. On every sea floated the English flag. At home was prosperity; abroad, triumph. England, in Milton's words, was a "noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks — as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam."

And the triumph of the age was its theatre. The magic pens of Marlowe, Beaumont, Webster, Fletcher, mirrored forth in splendid poetry and drama the versatile, stirring life of the day. Never since has the world seen so brilliant a coterie; Shakespeare, its supreme genius, is the undisputed master of modern drama, and the greatest glory of his race.

The theatres of the day, with great plays and fine acting, appealed strongly to a wide public. Here was the promise, which, alas, has never been fulfilled, of magnificent future and worthy influence for the English stage. With so auspicious a beginning, why is it that we Anglo-Saxons, who were the first of modern races to produce great drama,

alone of modern races, as one critic puts it, have "failed to foster the drama as a means of uplifting the people and providing them with wholesome enjoyment?"

The answer is not far to seek. We owe much to our Puritan ancestors; but they were a stern, uncompromising race. Beauty was to them a delusion, its manifestations in art an abomination. To feel the joy of life was dangerous, to indulge it a sin; so they shattered stained-glass windows, wrecked cathedral organs, destroyed paintings, and tore down theatres. Under the commonwealth, dramatic performances were prohibited. Any one caught witnessing a play was fined, the actors whipped. Later came reaction, and theatres opened again; but after the long period of restraint, the Restoration Comedy went to the lowest depths of immorality and flagrant indecency. Then the Puritan made a second mistake. Instead of using his influence to better the stage, he refused to have anything whatever to do with the theatre. He stayed away altogether, and, unhappily, has been staying away ever since. He handed over to worldlings the entire control of an instrument which he might have made a tremendous power for righteousness. The result is obvious: in England and America we have comparatively little regard for the drama as a worthy and noble art; it has become, and, for the most part, remains, a mere entertainment, often frivolous, sometimes worse.

Yet we possess the elements of better things. The moral awakening which has swept the country in politics and business has not failed to leave its impress on the drama. In England and America playwrights with talent and ideals are producing plays of merit and high promise. The time is at hand, say those who know the theatre best, for a renascence of Anglo-Saxon drama.

But the public, and particularly the educated public, must realize its reponsibilities, or all will be of little avail.

We have long recognized the public duty of educated men in politics; we realize our duty toward our schools; we accept in part our responsibilities toward the arts of painting and sculpture and music by establishing galleries and museums and by endowing with generous subscriptions our halls of opera and our symphony orchestras; but have we realized, or do we realize to-day, that one of the noblest of the arts, the drama, requires our assistance, our money, our influence, our serious thought and best effort for its proper development, and that such development is eminently worth while? Let us cease to think of the stage as simply a means of amusement, never to be taken at all seriously. Let us recognize in the acted drama one of the noblest and most inspiring of the arts, and, whether we will or no, a powerful civic and educational force. Let us use our utmost endeavor to make the American stage a glory to the nation, and a strong influence for all that is noble, pure, and good.

The first necessity is the development of a better public taste in things dramatic. In this field there is much that our colleges and universities may do. And, to their credit, our colleges have become fully alive to the needs of the situation. We have long had courses in the study of our greatest dramas as poetry and literature, but within the last five or ten years we have come to study the drama as in and of itself one of the highest forms of art. Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, and other American colleges have begun recently to offer courses in modern plays, in the principles of dramatic construction, in dramatic writing and criticism. Surely the college man, if any one, should know what constitutes good drama! And the place to learn is in college. This new interest in the drama on the part of our colleges is but one sign of the renascence of our drama, but it is a sign full of promise for the future. May each year see the college playing a

larger part in the great campaign of education, that at last is under way to overcome the tradition of Puritanism against the stage, to compel the due recognition of the theatre as a strong social force, to train and develop public taste, and to place the American drama permanently upon the basis of a worthy and noble art.

That the drama is so regarded in many European countries is evident at a glance. France has its House of Molière and the Odéon, endowed national institutions of greatest influence. In Germany, Austria, Norway, Sweden, the public cherishes and supports the best in dramatic art. Each of these countries has her endowed national theatre. The importance of such a system can scarcely be exaggerated. Where it exists are flourishing and worthy schools of drama, as in France and Germany; where it does not exist the drama is a reproach rather than a glory, as in Spain, England, America. For it is a question of organized influence toward best dramatic art, as opposed to disorganized, chaotic conditions, wherein commercialism, sensationalism, immorality, bad art, and the other evils of our present stage may too easily gain the upper hand.

What Matthew Arnold wrote for Englishmen three decades ago we may well take to our hearts to-day. "We have everything to make us dissatisfied," he said, "with the chaotic and ineffective condition into which our theatre has fallen. We have the remembrance of better things in the past, and the elements of better things for the future. But we have been unlucky in the work of organization. It seems to me that every one of us is concerned to find a remedy for this state of things. The people *will* have the theatre; make it a good one! The theatre is irresistible; organize the theatre!"

Shall not this republic have her endowed national and local theatres, great democratic institutions supported

by an enthusiastic public, to conserve the best traditions of the English-speaking stage, to present to the American public the best plays of past and present, and to develop what we have never yet had, and which is a matter of no small import, an American school of acting and play writing?

In New York City next fall opens just such an institution — The New Theatre. It is to be the finest and most imposing playhouse in the English-speaking world. It is financed by a group of wealthy and public-spirited men, as in the case of our opera, whose purpose is to give to the American people a theatre that shall be worthy of them, as the Théâtre Français is worthy of the people of France. What will the people say? Surely this is a noble project, and most fully deserves, what it needs for success, the hearty, sincere support of the American public. Given that support, the New Theatre will do much for American drama.

It is easy to find things for adverse criticism in the American stage to-day. But everywhere are signs of magnificent future. The dawn of a new day in American drama stands tiptoe on the hilltops. In the light of coming day much work remains for willing hearts, work for many strong men and true, men with brains, energy, ideals. Where will they find a nobler cause, more worthy of their best powers, possessed of deeper, more permanent significance?

Let us make our theatre worthy of our magnificent republic. In the words of Henry Arthur Jones, "Let us foster and honor this supreme art of Shakespeare, endow it in our cities, make it one of our chief councillors, set it on the summit of our national esteem. And it will draw upward all our national life and character, upward to higher and more worthy levels, to starry heights of wisdom, and beauty, and resolve, and aspiration."

BUILDERS OF EMPIRE

MORRIS GABRIEL MICHAELS

AMHERST COLLEGE

(This oration was delivered at the Commencement Exercises of Amherst College, 1909.)

"HE made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood." He wanted power, fame, and glory; and for that no path was too hard, no deed too cruel. He shot down his fellow-citizens in the streets of Paris. With a grim smile and a heart closed to the suffering about him he led his faithful army in the dead of winter over the snow-peaked Alps. At a nod of his head thousands of the world's bravest went forth to die. He saw Moscow in flames before him, but he would not stop. No sacrifice of human life was too great, no defeat too crushing, to quench his thirst for empire. Even the Old Guard was butchered that he might continue his bloody career. He would have built his empire over the graves of all Europe and rejoiced. But fate intervened and the great Napoleon found his empire, a lonely island, a vast expanse of sea, a death unwept of any man. He tried to build, but he did naught but destroy. Behind him were widows, orphans, tears, destitute homes. He never gave happiness to a human soul. He struck no blow for freedom, won no victory for humanity, died for no righteous cause. In the words of Ingersoll: "I would rather have been a poor peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the

autumn sun. I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder."

History presents another picture of an empire builder who also sent his thousands forth to die; but his soul was wrung with anguish, his heart stirred to its depths by the sufferings and wrongs of his fellow-countrymen. Abraham Lincoln's love embraced a whole nation, and when alone his great heart wept for every soldier who died on a Southern battle-field; his sympathy went out to every home from which a loved one had gone forth forever. He found a great nation rent asunder by a great moral conflict. He sought to preserve, "to bind up that nation's wounds." Like the other he left behind him widows, orphans, tears, destitute homes, but in each home there arose a prayer of gratitude that he had lived. He transformed three and a half millions of God's creatures from animals to men, and they worship him as their star of freedom. Over his grave warring brothers clasped hands and, inspired by the nobility of his example, resolved to build anew a more lasting empire where all men are born equal.

The scenes have changed and the tread of legions, led by Napoleons or supported by the faith of a Lincoln, no longer shakes the ground; but empire building still goes on and we find the cruelty of a Napoleon in a captain of industry, the love and generosity of a Lincoln about the fireside of many a home.

We think a great deal of men who build, of men who work, of men who do things in the world; and we are too apt to think that fortune building is the only thing worth while. We turn to our mines, our factories, our great industrial enterprises, and we think with pride of the masterful men who build our commercial empires. They are builders, they are masterful. But, oh, the emptiness

of it all. "They live upon a lonely island, a vast expanse of sea." Theirs will be a death as unwept as Napoleon's. They live their lives shut off from their fellow-men by a wall of selfishness through which no gateway lies open to love and generosity. They build their bridges, their railroads, their cities, but they forget the men who help them build. They are insensible to the sufferings about them, to the cries of an outraged humanity. They have built something that cannot withstand the tests of time nor the righteous judgments of God.

One night, San Francisco stood majestic in the shadows of the Golden Gate, a worthy monument to the industry, energy, and perseverance of man, who had steadily fought his way westward until the sturdy Puritan and the rugged "Forty-niner" stood under the same flag. The next night and the so-called Queen of the Pacific, dethroned by earthquake and fire, had become a heap of ashes. But the real San Francisco was never destroyed. It lay enthroned in the stout hearts and sublime courage of her citizens, in whose veins ran the blood of the old pioneer who had made his way to empire over mountains and across streams, and received his faith outside the door of the big cabin as he listened to the voices of the stars and saw his God in the nature whose very spirit he breathed.

And so the empire builders of to-day are to be pioneers, pioneers of truth and the high ideal of service. They will realize that in every man is a spark of the divine nature waiting only to be fanned into a great beacon light to guide others in the struggle for self-realization. Under their hand the slums will blossom into a garden, for they will plant seeds of hope and happiness where formerly all has been the desolation and blackness of despair. Comrades round about them, dazzled by the false glitter of wealth, will falter and fall; but undismayed they will achieve all that is grand and heroic in human life. The nation's

industries will no longer mean wealth for the few and misery for the many, but from the field, the mine, and the workshop will be heard the hum of a happy and contented humanity.

The great empires of to-day, then, rest not upon the material achievements of the men who betray trusts, destroy man's faith in man, and breed class hatred; but they rest upon the homes throughout the land where the principles of citizenship are learned at a mother's knee, where love and generosity are made the maxims of youth, and where the family life is a miniature of the possibilities for the broader life of the world. A poor Italian boy, stirred by a love for truth, went forth from a humble home, won by his sincerity the support of a king and queen, and ridiculed by friends, deserted by his comrades, revealed a new world. In a Kentucky log cabin was born one whose very name is uttered with reverence, whose every word is an inspiration, whose life was sacrificed on the altar of freedom. Throughout the country, from the bosom of the New England hills, from the lap of the sunny South, from the open arms of the great prairies of the West, the American homes are sending forth men who are determined to build their empires upon the rocks of truth and justice, against which the waves of greed and crime may beat in vain.

When we see the sun set behind the mountains and darkness envelop the earth, we know that in truth it is still shining and that its eternal light rests upon the wisdom and love of God. And so when the clouds of selfishness and sin threaten to blot out the nation's sun, let us take courage in the certainty that the American home, the empire builder, will triumph.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE: THE SAVIOUR OF FRANCE

Lester Disney

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

(An oration prepared in connection with class work at the University of Arizona, 1909)

In the year 1795 France emerged from the throes of the most terrible internal revolution the world had known; from a clash between the rich and the poor, between the nobles and the commons, between the spendthrifts and the breadwinners, between a profligate aristocracy more than Antonian in its depravity and a populace driven to savagery by insult, oppression, and starvation, — the long delayed but inevitable combat of the ancient feudal system and the divine infallibility of kings, against the inherent ideas of liberty and freedom, as realized by the new American republic.

Louis XIV, recognizing the folly perpetrated in his reign, and realizing, for once, the unstable condition of his kingdom, that the nobility revelled in riotous luxury in their palaces, while the masses starved by the wayside, had exclaimed, "After us the deluge." His prediction had been fulfilled. After them the deluge indeed did come. An intense patriotism gave way to an insane anarchy. The popular mind was inflamed by the conspiracies of unprincipled demagogues, and the disordered rabble swayed from one extreme to another. Order was changed to chaos; sacred customs to ribaldry; Christianity to

atheism; oppression to demolition; servility to fanaticism. Their God was reason; their criterion of justice was death; their revenge, extinction; their avenger, the guillotine.

Men were mad. France was mad. The thoroughfares of Paris reëchoed with the demoniacal curses and confused tramp of human fiends, crying for vengeance, on their way to scenes of cruelty and slaughter. Their appetites whetted by the blood of the nobility, they turned like wolves upon each other. In one day the Seine received seven thousand, victims of the knife, and time alone served to abate the fearful carnage.

The Reign of Terror over, France lay exhausted, waiting for some strong arm to deliver her from her dissensions. A Herculean task it was ! — the reorganization of a shattered monarchy; the taming of rampant passions in twenty-three million souls; the bringing order out of confusion, and maintenance of the integrity and prestige of the nation.

And out of this pandemonium of human strife, this babel of human passion, stepped a dark-browed Corsican, eager to assume the responsibility of the affairs of state, and anxious to assuage the sufferings of his country.

His mind was grand, gloomy, unfathomable; his manner, brusque and taciturn; his methods, original and startling. His personality was that of a giant among men, capable of inspiring in others an undying faith in his titanic ability. With the aid of auspicious circumstances, his master intellect shaped effects which made his name honored, respected, and feared throughout the civilized world. His confidence in his own infallibility kindled in his subjects as well as his soldiers an undying enthusiasm that was not extinguished even at Waterloo; it produced in his enemies that awestricken dread and open-mouthed wonder that was the secret of all attempts to subdue him.

The Austrian sentinel, pacing his beat on the banks of the Danube, and anticipating a possible conflict, felt his heart sink with dread as he thought of the name "Napoleon"; not even the first deposition and incarceration on Elba diminished the ardor of the commons; headed by his subdued but still faithful marshals, they hailed his advent back to France with a tumultuous ovation such as only he could incite; 'twas in a spirit of wonderful emulation that the Old Guard died but never surrendered, and it was with the same spirit that they fought for fifteen long years the battles of their "Little Corporal."

Such was the man who for twenty years held sway over the destiny of Europe, dictated to the proud monarchs of a continent, and instituted republicanism in lieu of despotism. He commanded the sun of French prosperity to stand still in the firmament of national pride, shedding its beneficent rays over a deserving people; he touched the dead corpse of French patriotism, and it sprang to its feet in the shape of an invincible army; he forged a thunderbolt of human liberty and hurled it at the crowned heads of Europe.

Lodi, Marengo, Austerlitz, and Friedland successively laid Italy, Holland, Austria, Germany, and Russia prostrate at his feet, and raised Bonaparte and France to the highest pinnacle of military glory.

Napoleon was now recognized as a creator of thrones, as an humbler of power. Kings trembled for their crowns at the mention of his name; dynasties crumbled at his touch; and aristocrats, hating and fearing his democratic ideas, felt a mighty horror of his caste-levelling methods. Hailed by his people as the deliverer of Europe, and regarded by potentates as an omen of impending downfall, yet he towered above them all, and stood aloof alike from men and their measures.

Austerlitz brought his sun to its zenith, his star to its

height. The limit of national aggrandizement had been reached. All but the impossible had been accomplished. It was attempting the impracticable that brought Napoleon to his fall. Gradually hemmed by bitter, uncompromising foes, sworn to defend their ancient tyrannical pretensions against this so-called upstart and usurper, against a disciple of ideas more liberal than their own, he was *one man* against the intrigue of the world.

As his day of success was declining, came Waterloo — humiliation to pride and to power, degradation to glory, defeat to invincibility, oblivion to renown. His army shattered, Paris besieged, resources exhausted, Napoleon saw that capitulation alone was feasible. Hoping for and expecting leniency, he surrendered, but his great heart misjudged the enemy with whom he had to deal. He was doomed to dreary exile. His captors, fearing his discontented mind and the possibilities of his presence in Europe, and wishing to free themselves from further anxiety concerning one whom they knew their superior, determined to isolate him from the world. So in military confinement on St. Helena he was destined to end in obscurity his career of forever ambitious enthusiasm.

His name was sunk in the darkness of penal servitude, but the end was not yet. After five years of this caged, hopeless, maddening tedium, the curtain of eternal night closed over the drama of this life; and Death reigned supreme over "The Conqueror of Nations." On the night of the 5th of May, 1821, a storm swept over the Atlantic. The raging waves rush in fierce confusion in a mad assault on the island stronghold. The Furies are abroad; the wild waste of tempestuous sea laps, and seethes, and tosses, and crashes, in its vain attempt to crush the moaning breakers to silence. The rolling, growling sky, insane in its commotion, howls ghoulish glee at the wrath of the storm.

It is the despairing sorrow of the elements at the loss of the greatest earthly power. In the guard-house lies the Emperor, quiet now, though the turbulence without seems to call once more for his great command — powerless in the midst of strife, serene in confusion, stolid with a broken heart. Death hovers over the quaking isle. The soul of Napoleon is passing, in a tempest as vivid and startling to the Atlantic as his career had been to the world.

Great, he was humbled; mighty, he was vanquished; human, he died. But who can say what France might be, what a brilliant record amaze the world, had this child of Mars lived on, had adverse fate not taken from this land her favorite Son, her Saviour, her Protector!

THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN — THE NEED OF OUR TIME

William P. Kelts

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(Awarded first place in the Minnesota State Contest of 1908, and second in the Interstate Contest held at Albion, Michigan, 1908)

The gravest danger which threatens our nation to-day is the spirit which places the interests of individual or class above the common good. Witness the prevalent disregard for law, the greedy exploitations of powerful interests, the bitter industrial conflicts, the growing class antipathy. Well may we pause to consider where this spirit is leading us, and how we may check it; for if history has one lesson it would teach it is that such selfishness is the greatest of all those disintegrating forces by which nations are destroyed; that, in some form, it has been the root of all great crises.

We have felt the force and have tested the bitter fruits of this spirit in our national life. Scarcely fifty years ago it hurled the nation into sectional antagonism and civil war. The study of that crisis and the way in which it was met will give us practical guidance for present problems.

The sectional division which ended in the Civil War had its beginning in industrial differences. The people of the South were cotton growers and clamored for free trade. The North became a manufacturing section and demanded a protective tariff. Each failed to recognize the rights or to respect the interests of the other, and each gave

free vent to feelings of narrow sectionalism. The controversy over slavery intensified this feeling and carried it beyond the bounds of law and reason. The conflict was removed from the field of debate to the riot of the street. Even in Boston, a slave was forcibly taken from a United States marshal and set free. The heat and bitterness of the time reached its greatest intensity in the struggle for Kansas. From Montgomery, Alabama, three hundred soldiers were sent to fight for the possession of the new territory. They marched to the church, where the minister invoked the divine blessing upon them and gave a Bible to the commander. In both North and South sincere and noble men became the propagators of sectional hatred. Into the ears of Southern children were breathed the words "black abolitionist"; they were taught that he infringed upon Southern rights and instigated slave insurrections. Northern children were taught to despise the Southern "fire-eater" and to associate him with the bloodhound and the auction block. The generation which fought the Civil War had breathed this atmosphere from childhood. Was it strange that conservative men became irrational? Was it strange that love for the Union was overshadowed by factional strife? Was it strange that this selfish spirit expressed itself in defamation, riot, and bloodshed?

But God never fails his people. From the wilderness of Kentucky there came forth to challenge this sectional spirit a true servant of humanity — Abraham Lincoln. Never had a man faced a more serious and perplexing situation. The leaders of both North and South were carried away by the sectional tide. Lincoln might easily have shared in the narrowness and bitterness of the time. He, too, had breathed this atmosphere from youth. The very kindness of his nature made him hate slavery. His political success was due largely to his anti-slavery

utterances. But these times of self-seeking tumult only aroused his broad patriotism and love for his fellow-men. In him sectionalism met its conqueror.

Lincoln's every act revealed broad national statesmanship. He appointed a political opponent commander-in-chief of the army. He knew that Chase and Seward opposed his reëlection, yet he retained them in his cabinet because the country needed their services. With a heart that throbbed with love for friend and enemy alike, for South even as for North, he endeavored to convince both that their interests were one, that the welfare and destiny of both were inseparably linked with the preservation of the Union. "Before entering upon so grave a matter," said he, "as the destruction of our national fabric with all of its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise for us to ascertain precisely why we do it?" "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection." While he thus sought conciliation, yet his sympathy and love of peace made him no weakling. He was devoted to righteous principle and was unflinching in its defence. He had the courage to use the sword, yet without malice. His rare combination of sympathy, of firmness in the right, and of devotion to country, this it was that rallied the people to his support. At times of deepest gloom, when the whole North was despondent and despairing, it was he who revived flagging hopes and spirits. When, at the close of the war, thoughts of retaliation were rife, and rancor and hatred swayed the actions of other men, Lincoln instituted a policy of forgiveness and reconciliation. "With malice toward none, with charity for all, let us strive . . . to bind up the nation's wounds."

A wounded Southern soldier, lying in a prison hospital at Washington, read Lincoln's Gettysburg address. He

was so carried away by its spirit that he exclaimed; "Other men have spoken stirring words for the North and for the South, but never before with the love of both breathing through them. To feel that your enemies can fight you to the death without malice, with charity, lifts country, lifts humanity to something worth dying for. I would like to put my hand in Abraham Lincoln's."

Lincoln gave his life in labor and sacrifice, not for one section, but for the nation. To serve that nation better he was willing to overlook the hatred of the South. Where in all history can we find a truer embodiment of the spirit so much needed to-day, the spirit which is the very life of liberty and free government, which is consecrated not alone to the interests of self, or home, or class, or state, or section, but to the great eternal interests of country and humanity ?

The problems which we face and those which Lincoln faced have a common origin. Back of both lies a common spirit — a spirit which places individual and class interests above the common good. The tariff trouble which in 1816 and 1827 divided our country into warring factions, was an industrial strife, in which each section sought only its own interests. The same spirit lay back of the slave controversy. The industrial conditions of the North opposed slavery. The agricultural interests of the South depended upon slavery and its extension. The struggle ended in sectionalism and civil war. Our present situation differs in form, not in spirit. Divisions are no longer geographical and political, but industrial and social. It is no longer North against South, but class against class. Capital and labor are engaged in bitter strife, each intent upon its own interests. They have little regard for the sanctity of law or for the principles of democracy, but use the most effective weapons, even blackmail and mob violence, to gain their ends. Railroad combinations

are trampling upon law and right. They spend millions to secure class legislation, and corrupt public officials to further their designs. Great corporations extend and multiply their interests over broken laws. They pay fabulous sums for the best talent of the land to contrive means, not of serving, but of exploiting the people. Politicians stir up race hatred and party feeling that they may profit thereby. In our legislative halls are men who betray their country to serve a class. As in the days of sectionalism, the welfare of the nation and the interests of humanity are disregarded, nay, even wilfully misused in seeking selfish aims.

And the breach widens. The result of this selfish spirit is a loss of sympathy which prevents one class from ever understanding the other's point of view. The North and the South became so blinded by their own interests that they were incapable of showing mutual sympathy or even of seeing the rights and the viewpoint of the other We face essentially the same conditions. This spirit is a wedge forcing apart the classes of society. The inequality between rich and poor, the bitterness between capital and labor, grows daily and widens the breach.

Can we, dare we, be indifferent to these tendencies? We may not be plunged into civil war, but we may be so disintegrated that there shall remain within our nation no force strong enough to reunite us. We are living in a complex age. Men's interests are interlocked as never before, and men will either fall upon each other in selfish hatred or be drawn together in bonds of respect and sympathy. As we love our homes, as we love our country, "with all of its benefits, its memories, and its hopes," as we have regard for the larger interests of humanity, we must curb this selfish spirit.

What shall the remedy be? Shall it be mere external regulation? Powerful commercial interests scoff at law;

in spite of carefully planned regulations the strife between warring interests increases. We must strike at the root of the evil. We must exalt in our homes, we must implant in our youth, we must infuse into our industrial, social, and civic life, the spirit of which Lincoln was the embodiment, a spirit sympathetic enough to make contending interests feel that they have a common meeting ground; a spirit broad enough and great enough to look beyond the narrow, transitory interests of self or class and embrace the large, abiding interests of the nation and humanity.

But present conditions are not all evil. There is ground for faith that the people will meet and solve their problems; that under Divine Providence this nation will endure. But it will endure, not because of passive optimism, but because that love of liberty which braved the hardships of Plymouth, and that devotion to country which endured the suffering of Valley Forge, united in the great spirit of Lincoln, still live and find expression. La Follette has won a hard-fought victory against railroad control. Folk has routed the oligarchy which made Missouri a cesspool of corruption. Heney has exposed and convicted in San Francisco men who bartered civic duty for private gain. These are but examples. Throughout the land a new leadership, strong and unselfish, is felt. Foremost among these reformers, a leader among leaders, is President Roosevelt. He is giving to our citizens a standard which appeals to them and moves them. Like Lincoln, these are men who stand for law and fairness. They place human life above gold, and country above individual or class. Already they have awakened our citizens to a new consciousness of power and civic responsibility.

We have the right to expect much of the future, but we have no right to be passive optimists. The selfish spirit

is not conquered. Philadelphia, so lately freed, is reëntering corporate bondage. This broad movement toward unselfish patriotism which is just in its beginning, and which promises so much, calls for the united and vigorous support of every citizen. Without that support it will come to naught. The time is critical. With men's interests interlocked as they are now, and in the dawn of this brighter day, let us unite to curb this selfish spirit. Let there come in its place a respect for the rights and interests of all. Let American citizens remember Lincoln's largeness of heart and put aside their selfishness. Let commercial kings look upon his all-powerful poverty and see the insufficiency of their wealth. Let political bosses look upon Lincoln's public service and learn the littleness of their actions. Let conflicting interests feel his breadth and sympathy and forget their differences. Let classes look upon his democracy and forget their hatred. Let the whole nation throb with his spirit. Then selfishness will be dethroned, a nobler, national citizenship will rally to humanity's call, and this nation will have a new birth in freedom.

ROBERT E. LEE

THOMAS W. MORELAND

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(Awarded first place in the Contests for the Fuller and the Fawcett Prizes in Oratory, May and June, 1909)

THE war between the States marked the beginning of a new epoch in American history. The furling of the Gray colors at Appomattox proclaimed to the world the solidarity of the States as a nation. The Confederacy was doomed in its very cradle. North and South alike to-day concede the unwisdom of fighting for the freedom of a nation that should be dissoluble at will. A government thus established by unified effort could only thus be preserved.

And yet, in writing her account of that struggle, History shall credit South and North alike with motives sincerely held and principles conscientiously adhered to. Only a few years ago an honored Vice-president of this republic, at the dedication of the national park at Chickamauga, said: "Here in the dread tribunal of last resort, valor contended against valor. Here brave men struggled and died for the right as God gave them to see the right." Time has done much to remove the hatred and bitterness engendered by that struggle. We must remember that only deep and fundamental motives could have inspired three million people to rise as one in rebellion and maintain for four years their stand against the mother-government.

The break between the States, long visible on constitutional grounds, was precipitated by the rise of the slavery

question. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution every State in the Union was burdened with the weight of the slave labor system. The development of manufacturing rendered slavery unprofitable at the North, and she sold her slaves to the South, where conditions suited the maintenance of such unskilled labor. Thus the agricultural system of the South was developed, with the negro serf as its mainspring. The protest against this traffic in human flesh reached its culmination in the fierce attack of Garrison and his Abolitionist associates. The mutual failure to comprehend the logic of the opposition can be readily understood. Birth and training had firmly implanted in the slaveholder the belief that the slave formed a fundamental part of his social system. Thrust upon them by the dead hand of the past, he knew no other means of control than repression. Besides, he was property, a chattel, and held under the law. The Abolitionist and moralist, oblivious to economic and financial considerations, saw only the misery and horror of such a business and resolved that it should be uprooted from the land.

Inseparably interwoven with the history of this period are the life and deeds of that great Virginian — Robert E. Lee. The epitome of Southern chivalry, the destined military leader of the Confederacy, he was in an unusual sense the ideal of the South. The troubles of the time rested heavily upon his shoulders. Lee had clearly foreseen the crisis to which political extremists had brought the country. Not a politician, but a soldier, he had counselled and advised against an open rupture of the sections. The soldier realized the inevitable misery and ruin of such a fratricidal strife, for the Anglo-Saxon did not lightly yield up chosen principles, and both were scions of the old Anglo-Saxon family. His words reveal his boundless love for the old government: "I can anticipate

no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union — I hope that all constitutional means will be exhausted before there is a resort to force — Secession is nothing but revolution."

Lee loved the Union and its hallowed memories with the ardent love of the patriot, for his own father and uncles had fought side by side with Washington in the struggle for Independence. He loved the Union with the passionate devotion of the soldier who had spent a quarter of a century of his life in its service, and who had endured hardships and shed his blood on Mexican soil in defence of its honor. In a burst of passion, he said that, "if he owned all the slaves in the South, he would gladly yield them up for the preservation of the Union."

But the advice of the conservatives of Lee's stamp was unheeded. The politician, the extremist, had carried both sections past compromise, and the guns of Sumter proclaimed the dread news of Secession to the republic. Lee's family had been noted for its strong opposition to centralization of power in the federal government. Richard Henry Lee, his uncle, had in 1788 stood in the forefront of the opposition to the Constitution. He had passionately asserted that " it was dangerously oligarchic and detrimental to the liberties of the people." His father, "Light-Horse Harry," had joined in a memorial from the Virginia legislature protesting against proposed legislation by Congress, on the ground that it was encroaching upon the reserved rights of the people. Lee, too, believed firmly in the States-Rights doctrine. He believed that the local rights of self-government of the Southern States had been invaded by the federal government. Yet, even on the secession of the Gulf States, he remained loyal to the old government. His allegiance belonged to Virginia, and Virginia's decision should be his. At last the fateful news of Virginia's secession arrived,

and Lee heard her call. How poignant, how soul-racking those hours must have been when Lee decided to abandon the old Union he had so loved. The brave old leader heart-breakingly tells his sister "that he could not fight against his relatives, his children, his home." Fight against his people? May the time never come when man shall be so insensible to the bonds and ties of love and affection that unite him to home and people.

So it was that the son, true to the old mother, Virginia, returned to her in this hour of peril. As Lee sadly gazed from Arlington, his home across the placid waters of the Potomac, toward the great dome of the Capitol at Washington in the distance, he knew that an armed conflict was now inevitable. With prophetic vision the old soldier must have seen the Potomac run blood and the smoke of devastation ascend to the sky.

Lee's career as leader of the Confederacy is a part of our common history. Even though his cause failed, yet his claim to fame could be rested upon his achievements as a soldier. His conduct of the Southern armies is indeed a marvel of history. There is no more tragic scene in history than that of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, for it portrays the tragedy of a whole people. Behind the defeated leader lay the hopes of nine millions of people, the smoking ruins of their homes, their fields devastated, their commerce ruined, their business paralyzed. They were a people without political status, and the social fabric of their civilization had been rent in twain. Never was the majesty of the man more striking than when he affixed his name to the document of surrender — the death-warrant of his hopes and of the Confederacy. His words of farewell to his faithful soldiers on the field of Appomattox have become historic: "I have done for you all that it was in my power to do. You have done all your duty. Leave the result to God.

Go to your homes, and resume your occupations. Obey the laws and become as good citizens as you were soldiers."

The accomplishments of Lee the soldier are overshadowed by the qualities of Lee the man. As a youth he took his negro coachman, a consumptive, to the mountains and there tenderly and lovingly cared for him until the end. He shared the hardships and privations of his soldiers. We may see him as he stops to offer sympathy to the wounded and to pray with the dying. This noble Christian man joined in the soldier's simple prayer service. At Gettysburg he generously took upon himself the responsibility for defeat. The knightly chivalry of his character is evinced when he returned the horse and sword of the Union General Kearney, killed in battle, to his widow "as a token of appreciation of a gallant soldier and gentleman," and then we may view him in the closing hours of the Confederacy, when he placed his people's welfare above his own personal feelings. This proud Southerner, in whose veins ran the blood of America's noblest families, hesitated not at the disgrace of surrendering to the "tanner of Illinois." He refused to disband his army for guerilla warfare, saying, "We do not make war upon women and children."

We may follow him after the war as he uses his great influence to promote peace and calm disorder. No man contributed so strongly to reunite the sections as Lee. He was ever ready to follow duty's footsteps, whether they led to arms for the defence of state or to the restoration of order and confidence to a defeated people. We may continue with Lee through the dark days of Reconstruction when he bore resignedly and patiently the opprobrium of treason and disfranchisement. Lee the general had been the idol of the army. Loved with a depth of devotion rarely accorded to commander, his own spirit had inspired charges and assaults equalled in bravery and

daring only by Bonaparte and his Old Guard. His own heroic example had sustained the prolonged resistance and fortitude of his army.

Now Lee the citizen put aside the glamour and blaze of war and humbly and earnestly, as college president, taught the young men of the South the need of new ideals of civic and moral righteousness. Contritely the old leader labored to atone for his part in the past struggle, and the fruits of his labors are being revealed even to-day. But his mighty spirit had been sorely tried by his heavy burden. The shoulders that were intended for only human burdens had borne for years a people's woes and sorrows, and on the morning of October 12, 1870, only five years after Appomattox, Robert E. Lee rested from his earthly toil.

No granite monument or marble shaft commemorates Lee's achievements. No empire hails him as its deliverer; the cause for which he fought rests with him in the tomb. And yet as long as man shall heed duty's call; as long as conscience shall guide men onward through the crises and toils of human existence, will be preserved the name and memory of Robert E. Lee.

STATESMAN AND NATION

Chauncey Frederick Bell

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(This oration was delivered at the Interstate Oratorical Contest held at Columbia, Missouri, May 6, 1897. It received first place in thought and composition.)

The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown was the end and the beginning of revolution. The close of the War for Independence, it precipitated that greater revolution of political thought and organization which the verdict of history has pronounced the critical period of our national existence. In this period of formative thought and new conception in government, was fought on a new continent the battle of the ages, that silent conflict of opposing ideas, which, embodied in the institutions of society, have been the basis of all absolutism and extreme democracy. In the apt equilibrium of these forces there was here first given to the world a satisfactory solution of the great problem of human federation. Union or Confederacy, the strength of cohesion or the weakness of centrifugal tendency, national sovereignty or the predominance of state particularism — these were the alternatives; choice was more tremendously important to good government and human happiness than it is possible to comprehend.

"The times that tried men's souls are over," wrote Thomas Paine, on hearing of the treaty of 1783. To the superficial observer this might indeed seem true. But the deep student of history took no such flattering view of the situation. The statesman, the philosopher whose

analytic thought delved deep down into the intricacies of the social and political status, — the mind endowed with a prophetic grasp of the immediate and remote future, — saw no such happy ending of the thunders of war and the smokes of many battles. To such there were sable clouds of impending calamity hanging lower than during the fiercest moments of Bunker Hill or the soul-chilling distress of Valley Forge. Then it was that Jay wrote to Washington, "I am uneasy and apprehensive, more so than during the war." Then every patriotic breast shook with anguish at the possible outcome of political dissension and disruption among the states. All eyes were anxiously riveted upon the "awful spectacle — a nation without a national government." Only recently was it rescued from the storms of revolution. Now again it was lurching in an angry sea and, in the strain and tug of conflicting elements, momentarily threatening to burst asunder — an awful wreck of civil contention.

The Confederation had proved its inadequacy. What were the demands of the hour? Most clearly, a reorganization of the government from its very foundations. There must be a new code of laws, centripetal in their purpose, a financial policy that would rescue states and nation from impending bankruptcy, a policy that would weld together the elements of discord, and produce harmony in the whole — what else than a policy of NATIONALISM, broad, fervent, strong? What need for statesman and philosopher, for economist and financier, for the man of broad ideas and far-reaching conceptions in the problems of human government! Will America yet rehearse the career of Greece and Rome? Must history here too repeat itself? Can it be that the star of the Revolution will yet go down in hopeless night, to demonstrate once and forever the utter futility of Republican Government? No! In that hour of anguish and necessity, a states-

man, versed in all the complexities of historic conflict, and well fitted to perceive the faults of civil administration, arose to the needs of the country in union and finance. That man was Alexander Hamilton.

As far back as Revolutionary days, and while engaged as aide to General Washington, this young statesman was laying the foundations of his future policy, exerting all his energies to mould the public opinion, and turn its tide toward a successful national movement.

A convention was called at Annapolis in the interests of interstate commerce. This suggested to Hamilton a method of prosecuting his purpose. He saw in it his opportunity to bring about a national convention, the delegates to which would have power to consider the great question of reorganization. With this purpose he threw his energies into securing representatives to Annapolis from his own state; was one of the two commissioners to go; and drafted the address of the body there assembled calling for a new conference. Returning to New York, he there secured the appointment of delegates to that conference.

The memorable convention of 1787 met the next year at Philadelphia. In this assemblage were present the advocates of opposing political philosophies; on the one hand the exponents of ultra-democracy and French Revolutionism; on the other, those who strove with all the intensity of their natures for the reconciliation of liberty with strength and order. All were seeking that form of constitutional government which would best conserve the dynamic energy of the young nation's freedom. No such body of political sages has before or since assembled in American halls. Hamilton was there, contending against mighty odds for the success of the principle that had been the actuating power of his life, and there the genius of his philosophic insight shone with prevailing

lustre. In that clash of theories and that heat of argument were shaped the anchors of the nation's hope, and there he saw the fruition of his labors, for "there is not in the Constitution of the United States an element of order, or force, or duration that he did not contribute powerfully to secure."

The new Constitution was presented to the people. To secure its ratification was now the duty of its framers. Countless obstacles had to be met and overcome. All the old solicitude about liberty was revived. The occasion aroused anew the turbulent and anarchistic elements of the social mind. Here, again, Hamilton rose to the exigencies of the hour. With the force of Aristotle in his brain, he seized upon the complications of the situation. He placed firm faith in the principles of the new government as the only hope for a correct solution of existing problems, and threw all the eloquence of his sound logic, all the convincing argument of his intellect, all the matchless powers of his being, into its championship. In the series of essays that followed he conquered the jealousies of the ignorant, frustrated the intents of the designing, reversed the hostile opinions of the superficial, and strengthened the weak faith of the timid by the rapid flow of his magic pen. "The Federalist" is yet the "Iliad of Statesmanship" — unique in literature, as well as in political history; in argumentative force, and as an exposition of the fundamental principles of government, it is without a peer.

Hamilton's service in securing the adoption of the Constitution was specific as well as general. In commercial and military matters New York was the most important state in the Union; to secure her allegiance to the new Constitution was of paramount importance. But there the opposition spirit centred. The outlook was dark. The tide of popular passion ran high, and threats of compelling New York to ratify by force of arms were indulged

in by other states. Hamilton, however, took a wiser and better course. Though two-thirds of the delegates and four-sevenths of the people were against him, he entered the New York Convention and wrung ratification from his opponents by his brilliance in debate. It was one of the most signal triumphs that was ever gained on the floors of listening senates. What was the secret of his eloquence? Who can explain it? The secret that lies at the basis of all art, that has made the works of Phidias, of Michael Angelo, of Mozart, imperishable; the essence of perfect simplicity, of naturalness, of depth, of intense earnestness, — the true art that is the manifestation of thought and of the deep-seated feeling of the soul, — this was the principle that guided Hamilton as he unfolded his argument and urged his plea, and this was the genius of the orator.

The new government was at last on trial, and Hamilton, hitherto its greatest advocate, was now summoned to its support as Secretary of the Treasury. Here he found ample scope for his powers as a financier. In his first report on public credit he outlines the course he is to pursue, and no truer index to his national views, policy, and practice can be found than in these lines. He says: "To justify and preserve the confidence of the most enlightened friends of good government; to promote the increasing respectability of the American name; TO CEMENT MORE CLOSELY THE UNION OF THE STATES; to establish public order on the basis of an upright and liberal policy, — these are the great and invaluable ends to be secured by a proper and adequate provision for the support of the public credit."

The fiscal policy that sprung from Hamilton's productive brain fills us with wonder. In the face of appalling difficulties, he showed a fertility in expedients, measured only by the multiplication of emergencies. To provide for the national and state debts; to gain a productive

revenue; to construct the machinery of the Treasury department; to enunciate and give initial impetus to a protective system; to restore confidence and create the public credit, — all this, the work of a single man, was the work that lies at the foundation of our national prosperity. "It was a great policy, the work of a master mind looking far into the future." In its comprehensive measures we find the financier lost to view in the finished statesman.

Thus, throughout his career, Alexander Hamilton stands forth the embodiment of the dominant idea of nationalism. In political theory he had grasped the great possibilities of American ascendency; an important factor in framing the Constitution, he had given his all, in the largeness of his statesmanship, to uphold and sustain it, until, in his crowning labors as Cabinet officer, he had put in operation a government, — the capstone of six thousand years of political development, — which was in all essential parts the system that had long been enthroned in his own consciousness.

So designed and established, the new government had entered upon a career of unrivaled industrialism and political experiment. Empire had risen where the sun descends, and its star was the forerunner of the blazing orb of day. In a little time a foreign war gained for the young nation its international commercial independence. The acquisition of territory was in the line of the policy that the nation should be wide as the continent. The rapid development of internal resources effected confidence at home and respect abroad. Everywhere, silently, surely, swiftly, there was at work the wondrous law of change; it was guiding the progress of thought, and leading the nation to the dignity of a true life; it was erecting in every heart the altar of a national reverence, — that invisible Union, which to-day controls our will, the thought of which makes our pulses quicken with patriotic pride.

One crucial test was yet in store for the national principle; and when the nation rose, trembling, breathless, reeling, but "unwounded from the dreadful close" of a domestic strife unparalleled in the annals of history, the cause of nationalism had achieved its final triumph. The slightest possibility of future disruption had forever disappeared. The national spirit had become a living, transforming power, broad as the measure of civilization, deep as the fundamental truths of human government, resistless as the surging tides of ocean — in actual achievement, great; in governmental possibilities, boundless.

Gazing thus with admiration and pride upon a strong, wealthy, and aggressive nation, the greatest republic the world has ever seen, the mind is drawn irresistibly backward to one who, after the flight of a fateful century, stands easily first in the brilliant assemblage of American statesmen; to him who, with a passion for facts, a yearning for the pursuit of truth, and an unswerving faith in the absolute practicableness of his ideal, consecrated all the peerless splendor of his young manhood to the championship of the nationalism that has proved the coronal of forty centuries of governmental experiment, — the philosopher, the patriot, the statesman, — Alexander Hamilton.

THE NEGRO — AMERICA'S GREAT PROBLEM

John V. Dobson

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(Awarded first place in the Contest of the Western League of Oratory, 1908)

The worth of a civilization is never greater than the worth of the man at its centre. The standard of a nation can rise no higher than the standard of its citizenship. To furnish to all its citizens, irrespective of race or color, the conditions whereby they may attain unto the highest standard of the individual is the chiefest function of a great race-embracing government like our own. To fail in this vital duty toward any considerable portion of our citizens is to fall short of the high destiny to which America is appointed.

Already America has been the arena of mighty conflicts. Here world forces have clashed. Here great principles have been tested and weighty problems solved. Here for two hundred years the forces of Oligarchy and Democracy had full play. Then in the heyday of their glory they met in deadly conflict. Northern Democracy triumphed; Southern Oligarchy was overthrown. Slavery, the great object of attack and defence, was destroyed. This decisive conflict solved a great problem, but by the very nature of its purpose created a greater one. To make four million slaves free men is a worthy task; to make these free men — now numbering ten million souls — industrious, intelligent, progressive, patriotic citizens is a worthier task. This is America's great problem.

It involves the just coördination of two races under principles and institutions that are the flowering of the highest political consciousness of mankind, — the one race but a few generations out of savagery, the other the proud exponent of a civilization that is the very consummation of the divine purpose wrought out through twenty centuries of human progress. On the borders of life, where the baser elements of these races mingle, there will be many a virulent phase; but it should be proclaimed above all the din of meaner striving that the better heart of the two races beats alike to the deeper cadences of the Constitution and the spirit of true Americanism.

Is it strange that the negro, upon coming out of two hundred and fifty years of slavery, should be dazzled by the glare of the broad noonday of liberty and citizenship into which he found himself thrust by the War of the Rebellion and the amendments to the Constitution? Is it strange that he did not realize what it meant and all that it meant? His full awakening and his permanent advancement can be only by the unhurried processes of race development.

The first problem in the life of any people is largely physical and must be solved by labor. This is the natural order; this is the historic order. Labor is a basic element in the development of individuals and of races. Despisers of toil are never builders of nations. This is the secret of America's greatness — an ancestry of toilers; men to whom industry was a creed, muscle a virtue, toil a religion. From men of this vigorous fibre has sprung a race whose industrial achievements have no parallel in history. The development of this country from sea to sea, and from gulf to lakes, is, in its daring genius and its conquering energy, industry's sublimest epic.

Industrial independence must be the first condition for the permanent elevation of the negro in America. Servi-

tude had taught him one great lesson — that of toil. But with freedom came a terrible reaction. To the negro slavery was the sum of all villanies, the root of all evil, the cause of all prejudice. In his simple and lowly prayer swelled one mighty supplication — liberty! At last it came, bewildering, maddening even, in its strangeness and its ecstasy. In the wild carnival of freedom that followed all restraints were cast aside. Labor, that had become to the negro the badge of servitude, was now a thing of the past. Peace, rest from toil, unrestrained enjoyment of the best things in a free and bounteous land, were to be his forever. How unbounded the faith of that simple ignorance, how deep the disappointment of that lowly people, how awful the realization of what it meant to be poor and black and ignorant in a land where money was master and Caucasian, king.

Years have passed since then. The old generation, skilled in the school of slavery, is no more. A new generation has come — a generation of unskilled toilers. To teach them the art of labor, that art which conquers the forces of nature and redeems toil from its drudgery, this must be the first step in the solution of the negro problem. In a material sense the South is still an undeveloped country. Manifold possibilities lie open to the negro on every hand. Here is the opportunity which, unimproved, may never be his again. The present generation of colored people in America must largely determine whether the negro is to occupy the high and manly vantage-ground of industrial independence, or whether he is to degenerate into the mere ward and drudge of the white race.

Nothing will more rapidly bring about right relations between the two races than the commercial progress of the negro. Trade, commerce, is ever the forerunner of wholesome and friendly relations between races and nations. If the negro rises to the full measure of his present

industrial opportunity, he can make himself such a factor in the life of the South that he will not have to seek privileges, they will be freely conferred upon him; and he shall leave to coming generations of black men the priceless heritage of equal opportunity to all that is best in the life of our republic.

But the ultimate forces in race development are spiritual. Mental strength and moral fibre determine finally the place of individuals and of races. The nation that poured out billions of treasure and the costlier blood of her sons to free her slaves dare not stop short of their full enfranchisement through the freedom of knowledge and of culture. Skilled hands, disciplined minds, enlightened hearts, — these are the conquering triad in race progress and race emancipation.

The negro in America faces as stern a problem as ever confronted any race. Consider the situation: they are surrounded by the strongest race of men on the globe, — a race that has mastered every other people that has dared to look it in the face, a race that leads the world in industry and commerce, a race whose genius for the gigantic, in enterprise and achievement, is the marvel of history. This is the race with which the negro must struggle hand to hand, brain with brain, in working out his own destiny.

Facing such conditions, his supreme need is for leaders — educated men; men who know the struggles of oppressed peoples toward light and liberty in the past; men who have faith in the Providence that works through all the ages; men of courage, men of ideals, men of vision, who can give to the millions of their race inspiration, ambition, hope; men who can lead these millions into their highest life and their noblest estate as worthy citizens of a great republic And these elect sons of the race, who are to lead in its full emancipation, must come not from the fields or the

workshops, not from the preparatory or industrial schools, but from the colleges and universities. Call the roll of the spiritual emancipators of men, and Paul answers from the School of Gamaliel, Luther from the University of Wittenburg, Huss from the University of Prague, Calvin from the University of Geneva, Wycliff and Wesley from the classic halls of Oxford. Higher education alone can give to the negro race its trained leadership and its true enfranchisement among men.

This problem, however, is not merely racial ; it is national. Its solution involves not only the welfare of the negro, but the future of a republic. The black man is a constitutional factor of this republic, and with him we stand or fall. The negroes constitute one-third of the population of the South. They hold more than one third of her destiny in their black hands. What the negro does for the South depends very largely on what the South does for the negro. She may make of him the black diamond in the coronet of her intelligence and glory, or the thunder-cloud that will some day break in a storm of anarchy upon her head. There is no escape from the law of retributive justice. The ever increasing hosts of black citizens will be a mighty factor in the progress and prosperity of this republic, or they will prove a veritable body of death, retarding every movement to national power and glory.

The twentieth century is to prove the crucial century in history. Yonder on the Pacific the world forces are gathering for a last great contest of civilizations. Occident faces Orient. The exultant spirit of the New World confronts the sullen persistence of the Old. The light and liberty of the Christian faith stand over against the superstition and tyranny of Old World beliefs. It is the grapple of civilizations — the conflict of the century; the result of which must be the turning back of the forces

of liberty and enlightenment, or the final supremacy of Christian civilization upon the earth.

The events of a single decade have thrust America out into strategic position upon the seas, and mark her as the determining force in this world conflict. But if America is to lead, if she is to prove the invincible standard-bearer of Christian civilization, she must work out upon her own soil the full vindication of the principles of justice and liberty for which she stands among the nations. She cannot fall short of her duty to the black man within her borders if she is to fulfil her mission to the yellow man across the seas. She must front the crisis of the century with unbroken solidarity of national life, her citizens, black and white, exultant in the liberty and privilege of citizenship in a great republic. Her national consistency must be the measure of her world prestige and potency.

We have faith in America. We have faith that the genius of her free institutions and the high-minded statesmanship of her loyal sons will work out a righteous adjustment of her great problem, until the negro shall be no longer an extraneous and threatening element in the body politic, but a component and worthy factor of her national life. We have faith in the ultimate triumph of true Americanism. We have faith in that spirit of exultant Democracy that has made the common people of America greatest among the peoples of the earth, and that will as certainly elevate the negro in America, enriched by industry and ennobled by education, to his true place among the races of mankind. Then shall the sable hosts of her redeemed citizens wake the canebrakes of this Old World to a new song, in triumphant acclaim to America's accomplished mission and Columbia's exalted name.

NEGROES IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY

WILLIAM FRANCIS WOODRUFF

UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI

(The following speech was delivered in the Missouri-Texas debate of 1907, the Missouri team (who won the decision) having the negative of the proposition, *"Resolved, That negroes should neither be enlisted nor commissioned in the United States army."*)

THE University of Texas and the University of Missouri have again met in friendly debate. This time it is the question of negro soldiers that is before us for discussion. We have listened with much interest to the able argument just presented by the eloquent leader of the Affirmative, and we feel sure that all of the best that can be said in support of their side of the question will be said by the representatives of the University of Texas this evening.

In view of the unfortunate Brownsville affair, that has occurred so recently in your very midst, and in the light of what has just been said, it may seem that there is but one side to this question: that negroes are unfit to serve in the army and that their enlistment should at once be discontinued. And yet, upon reflection, it will doubtless be conceded that at least something can be said in support of a policy that has been followed in this country ever since the birth of our nation. What we ask, and what we know we shall receive, is simply a fair and impartial hearing of a few points which, to us, seem worthy of consideration in a discussion of this question.

It may be not inappropriate to remark, at the outset,

that Missouri is more of a Southern than a Northern State; that the negro problem is present with us, as it is with you; that negroes constitute one-third of the population of the city of Columbia, where the University is located; that Missouri was a slave State; and that it is the son of an ex-Confederate soldier who is speaking to you now. So in sentiment, tradition, and opportunities for studying the question the Affirmative and the Negative stand upon common ground. Not as Northerner and Southerner, but as Southerner and Southerner, are we endeavoring to reach the proper solution of the question before us.

We fully agree with the gentleman of the Affirmative that the race question is the most serious problem now confronting the American people; but, as we have faith in the future of American civilization, we believe that time will see this great question satisfactorily settled. Nor do we for a moment believe that its solution will come along the line of social equality or along the line of political equality, but rather along the lines of equality of service and equality before the law.

It is because we hope that some day the Anglo-Saxon race will dominate the civilization of the world that we are contending for the negro soldiers. If, in this strenuous age of commercial competition and racial rivalry, America is to contribute toward this end, she must use every element in her population to its best possible advantage. Every individual and every class of individuals must perform that work for which they are best fitted; for this way alone lie progress, prosperity, industrial peace, and national success.

It was because they recognized this principle, that Congress, in 1869, provided for the organization of four regiments of colored soldiers. It is still the policy of the government to enlist a limited number of negroes, placing

over them white officers, but to commission practically none. It is this policy that we are defending.

Forty years of experience has fully justified this act of Congress; for it appears, from the testimonials of army officials who have served with them, that the negroes are by nature especially fitted to be soldiers. General Merritt, who served for ten years with them, says: "I have always found the negroes in the army intelligent, zealous in the performance of their duty, brave in battle, easily disciplined, and most efficient in the care of their horses and equipments." Lieutenant Glasford, now for two years stationed with the 9th Cavalry at Fort Riley, Kansas, says: "The average negro soldier is far more disciplinary than the average white soldier, has greater pride in his soldierly appearance, and greater respect for the officers over him." Colonel Bullard, who commanded a raw regiment of Alabama volunteers during the Spanish-American War, says, "Negroes come to the colors with more of the first urgently needed qualities, and readier for service, than do whites."

Because of this especial adaptability of the negro for soldier life, and because of the love he has for army service, the standard of the army is raised by his presence in it. The best-drilled organization of troops at Camp Alger, during the Spanish-American war, was Captain Young's colored battalion. Company L of the 49th Volunteers, a colored regiment, had upon their roll for a year, while in the Philippines, one hundred and six men, every man of whom was well and did service every day in the year. The percentage of desertions, court-martials, and drunkenness is much less among the negroes than among the white troops. A few years ago, the 9th Cavalry, colored, astonished the War Department by reporting not a single desertion in a whole year, — a record until that time undreamed of; while there are now among the white

troops more than six thousand desertions each year, and the number is continually growing greater. Furthermore, the negro is invaluable to the army, in that he can be used to perform that work which is distasteful to white troops. The only colored troops now permanently stationed in America have just been sent to West Point, to care for the cadets' horses, a work to which white troops seriously objected.

Now it is too often thought that, although the negro may be well fitted for the ordinary military formalities, when it comes to actual fighting, he is a coward. But history proves the exact converse. The first patriotic blood shed in the struggle of the American colonies for independence was that of a negro soldier, upon the streets of Boston. The historian Scribner says of the behavior of the colored troops in the battle of Rhode Island: "None behaved better than Green's colored regiment, which three times repulsed the deadly onslaughts of the veteran Hessians." In like manner they performed through the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812. The history of the four colored regiments now in the army shows that they have always been brave in battle, and that they have performed a service which it would be very unbecoming a fair-minded people to forget. For years they bore the brunt of the hard frontier Indian service, defending and protecting, especially, the homes of the frontiersmen of the great State of Texas from the savage attacks of the lawless Indians. When war with Spain was declared, they were the first to be ordered to the front. They fought bravely in every important engagement of that conflict. At San Juan, the colored cavalry practically saved from annihilation the famous regiment of Rough Riders. The world has yet to see a finer example of self-sacrifice than that displayed by the negroes of the 24th, who, after facing death

for days upon the battle-field, voluntarily took up the loathsome and dangerous work of burying the dead and nursing the fever-stricken soldiers.

Such is the service that the negro soldier has rendered, and is still capable of rendering. When, in connection with these facts, we consider the difficulty which recruiting officers have in filling the private ranks; when we consider that of such a low order are the applicants that seventy per cent of them must be rejected; and when we consider that now, more than ever before, we have an especial need for negro soldiers, to serve in our tropical possessions, — we find that the army cannot well spare the service of the negro.

In view of these facts, that reason must be very potent and conclusive which demands the reversal of a policy thus far followed. The only reason there can be must lie in the relation between this question and the race problem. Now the real question before us, in dealing with the negro problem, — since the negroes cannot be got rid of, — is: How to make out of the worthless negro a productive, law-abiding citizen, and at the same time maintain the integrity and complete superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race. That enlistment in the army cannot lead the negro even to hope for social equality, or in any way lead to political domination, my colleague will, I believe, prove to your entire satisfaction. That it benefits him industrially I will now endeavor to point out.

The colored chaplain of the 25th says that the most important reason for using negroes as soldiers is that the negro himself needs the training that the army gives. Of so much importance do they regard this principle in European countries that no able-bodied young man is considered as having completed his education until he has had military training; consequently, a number of European

states require that young men shall spend a certain period of their youth as soldiers in their country's army.

The negro goes into the army with his native faculties unrestrained and undeveloped. The army, by its training and discipline, inculcates into him the fundamental principles of duty and responsibility. He comes out of the army having acquired habits of promptness, cleanliness, and obedience to law and order.

We do not base our contention that the army benefits the negro upon conjecture alone. In so far as the time at our disposal would permit, we have made a careful investigation of this subject, inquiring into the characteristics of the ex-negro soldiers in three Missouri cities. We have found that in two of these cities the majority of all the property owned by negroes is owned by former negro soldiers. We have further found that, in one of these cities, eighty-seven per cent of the ex-negro soldiers have bought and paid for homes since coming out of the army; in a second, seventy per cent have done the same thing; and in a third, sixty-six per cent. Furthermore, all these negroes are of the type to which no one objects, — respectable, hard-working, law-abiding negroes: a benefit, rather than a detriment, to the community in which they live. Let me give you just one specific example. I could give many more, had I time. The most efficient janitor employed by the University of Missouri is an ex-negro soldier. He served a number of years in the regular army. At last, being wounded, he was forced to retire; and now, although he possesses but one arm and receives sufficient pension to support him, he works early and late every day in the year, and is honored and respected by faculty, students, and citizens alike.

Nor does this beneficial result stop with the negro alone who enlists; for, when he returns to civil life, he is enabled, as we have seen, materially to better his station in life,

and, just as every successful man is at once an example and an incentive to every other man to become successful, so, especially, is this negro soldier an example to his less industrious brothers. Thus, eventually, to some extent at least, the whole negro race is industrially benefited.

So, by enlisting negroes in the army, we are not only not complicating the race problem, but we are attaining that very end for which we are striving, — the industrial development of the negro: and, instead of denying him this privilege, it would seem that we should solicit his enlistment; for, at the same time that he is benefiting himself, he is filling a necessary place in our national life, — the position of private soldier in the regular army, a position which no ambitious, industrious white man will for a moment think of accepting until necessity demands it. Thus the negro soldier is helping to bear the white man's burden, while he remains happily at home, and maintains the supremacy of his race.

But, say the gentlemen of the Affirmative, negro soldiers are riotous and unruly. Now we find that all soldiers, in all times, have occasionally become unruly and caused serious disturbances. This is unfortunate, indeed: but why should we demand more of negroes than of white soldiers? And, when we consider the real accusations against the negroes in the American army, we find that they are neither so serious nor so extensive as the gentlemen of the Affirmative would have you believe. They have been accused of only eleven disturbances during their whole period of service; in all of which not more than three men have been killed, and two wounded. A later full investigation shows that at least two of these accusations were wholly without foundation, and that in all there were strongly extenuating circumstances.

But, it is said, these crimes are much worse, being committed by negro soldiers, than if the same were committed

by white soldiers, for it is feared that thus race prejudice is aroused. But this need not follow at all. We insist that it is folly to station negro soldiers in those communities in the South where they are seriously objected to. Station them in the North; and if the North objects to them, why, here again we have assistance in the solution of the race problem; for, in this way, the North might be brought to understand the situation as it exists in the South, and thus to coöporate with the South in securing a speedy and satisfactory adjustment of the relations between the races. But, if there is no place for them in the North or in the South, we still have the Philippines and our other tropical possessions, where they are especially fitted to serve.

Is it feared that the enlistment of negroes in the army will complicate the race problem? The Negative would have fallen far short of their duty, if they failed to mention that contingency wherein failure to enlist them would result in certain disaster. America is to-day a world power. Our international relations have completely changed within the last ten years. As a result of our extended commerce and our new possessions, the probability of a war with one of the great powers of the world is far more imminent than ever before. Suppose we should become involved in such a war, and a million men had to be sacrificed. What would be the effect upon the race problem, if this were a million white men, and not a single negro? The result would be such that the mere contemplation of it is simply appalling. Deplorable indeed it is that any man must sacrifice his life to the god of war, but, since some one must die, should not each race bear at least its proportion of the losses? How many a white man is to-day alive, how many a white family is to-day united, because some negro soldier has died upon the battle-field instead of some white man?

Now it is in the face of these facts: in face of the acknowledged efficiency of the negro soldier; in face of the service he has rendered and the needs of the army; in face of the fact that his enlistment does not complicate the race problem, but assists in its solution; in face of the contingency of war, — it is in the face of these facts, that the gentlemen of the Affirmative must prove to your satisfaction that negroes should not be enlisted in the army of the United States. The burden of proof is upon them.

INTENSIVE AND EXTENSIVE DEVELOPMENT

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(An oration delivered at the Commencement Exercises of 1909.)

THE law of contrasts is universal. On the one hand we see cohesion, opposed on the other by disintegration; attraction, by repulsion; brittleness, by elasticity; heat, by cold; love, by hate; and intensive development by extensive development. It is the successful operation of these contrasting agencies, their mutual relations and proper balance, that keeps the universe in place and promotes the universal welfare.

I would call attention to the law of contrasts, as seen in intensive and extensive development, in its relations to society and the individual, particularly the latter. A consideration of the history of nations and of the individual shows that both, at different periods of their history, are affected by these two forms of development. The character and fate of both the nation and the individual depend upon the proper balance of intensive and extensive development in relation to each.

From the side of the nation, the early history of Egypt gives us a striking example of the force of the improper relation between the two phases of this law of development. The natural features of the country prevented it from enlarging its territory. Extension toward the east was impossible because of mountain barriers; on the west were the dry barren plains of the Sahara; the terrors of the interior precluded extension toward the

south, and the northern border was washed by the waves of the Mediterranean. Thus was a small region, rightly called the "gift of the Nile," almost completely isolated and compelled to develop intensively. As a result, while yet civilization in all other parts of the world was in its infancy, before Greece and Rome were born, Egypt had developed a state of civilization, particularly in respect to the arts, which still commands the admiration and the wonder of the world. No traveller fails to see the ruins of the stupendous temple of Amen-Ra, at Karnak, or the imposing pyramids on the field of Gizeh.

But the limit to intensive development was finally reached, and because of her failure to develop extensively, a period of decline was ushered in, and Egypt's boasted civilization was superseded by that of Greece and Rome.

The history of our own country shows the force of a better relation between the two phases of this law than existed in Egypt. For a century and a half the early colonists were confined to a narrow strip along the Atlantic coast. On one side were the dangers of the sea; on the other, mountain barriers and the perils of the wilderness. Thus shut in, our country was compelled to develop intensively. And by this process she acquired strength, strength sufficient to stand alone and repel her foes. Soon her sailors ploughed deep furrows in the Atlantic, and the wilderness held no longer any perils. When the limit to her intensive development was reached, extension was begun; and to-day, excluding her island possessions, the billows of the Atlantic meet her on the east, and the gentle waves of the Pacific on the west. Does any one imagine that our country ever could have become the great nation that it is, had the Alleghany Mountains set a limit to our western extension?

A nation is but an aggregate of individuals. And if it is true that intensive and extensive development demand

a place in the life of the nation, then it follows that the same processes operate in the life of the individual. As with the nation, the character of the individual must ultimately depend upon the relation sustained by him toward these two counteracting forces, — the one narrowing and deepening, and the other broadening and balancing. The highest and best results in life cannot be reached by the operation of one phase of this law to the exclusion of the other. It is only by the operation of both intensive and extensive development that the highest and fullest life of the individual is attained.

One whose development is confined to the intensive becomes one-sided, narrow, and perhaps bigoted. He looks only at one side. So narrow becomes his vision and so concentrated his efforts that his gaze is fixed and his every movement is directed by a single impulse. He fails to see truth in the relation of part to part and in the relation of part to whole. The fact that all truth is related and interdependent makes no appeal to him. The importance of the truth at which he looks, as compared with other truth, becomes exaggerated. As he continues to gaze, its importance continues to grow, until, by and by, his small speck of truth has eclipsed the whole mass. He may become a crank or a fanatic, but never a genius. History shows many examples of this one-sided development, — Spartans in the physical, Athenians in the intellectual, and the ascetics of the Middle Ages in the religious.

The basis for a full manhood is laid in extensive development, which provides for the physical, mental, and moral life of the individual, and which recognizes the relation these sustain to each other. This phase of development is the liberal type; it is addressed to the man as a whole, and is designed to bring the potential into the actual.

The gymnasium finds a place here, strengthening and developing the muscles, and so training them that they are brought into complete subjection to the mind. Every set of muscles is carefully trained and developed. The physical organism is completely rounded out and made subject to the higher faculties.

The physical serves as a basis for the mental life. As the intellectual life holds a higher place than the physical in the individual, it therefore follows that this phase of life should receive greater care in its development. All parts of the mental life, intellect, emotion, and will, must be developed, or the result will be a one-sided mental life. Our educational institutions recognize the importance of the complete development of the mental life, and the college curriculum is made out with that end in view. Each course is adapted to meet the needs of every phase of the mind. The part of the course that may seem least desirable to us when making out our schedule is, very probably, the part needed to make our mental development complete. The tendency of some colleges to pander to the popular demand for wholly elective courses is, I believe, a mistake. It is not expected that the immature and undeveloped are as competent to judge of the needs of their mental life as those who map out the curriculum, the Solons of intellectual culture. No short specialized course can meet the demands for the development of the intellect, the emotions, and the will, and should not be tolerated by any institution that desires the name of college. He who goes forth from a college with a mind developed on one side only is a dishonor to the institution from which he goes and a travesty on college education in general.

But the individual is not complete when the physical and mental life have reached their highest point of development. The Greek masters have been called the

"intellectual educators of the world." Greek language, literature, philosophy, and culture were widespread, and even the Roman Empire acknowledged the intellectual supremacy of Greece. Greece showed to the world what the human mind could do at its best. Yet in the midst of her highest intellectual culture, Greece was low in morals. Immorality was widespread, and virtue was almost unknown. Prostitution in honor of the gods was a part of worship, and Grecian altars reeked with human sacrifice. Greece was lacking in moral development. What Greece had long sought for in vain, the Master Teacher brought, a rational and abiding foundation for moral development. And he who would be a complete man must have the foundation of his moral life laid in Him, and the whole life built on that foundation.

Thus with a base laid in a broad and balanced culture, with the potential in every part of life brought into the actual, the individual is able to judge of the lines along which he can most profitably specialize. But only after the broadening process of extensive development can he safely begin the narrowing process of intensive development. Now, with his broadened horizon, he can see truth in its proper relations, and can direct his energies along a special line with satisfactory results: first the college, then the technical school.

The individual who neglects either of these two forms of development must be prepared to accept the fate that befell Egypt. But if he would be in harmony with the line of development of our country, if he would realize the highest possibilities in life, then it is necessary that he should find in his life a place for both extensive and intensive development, and keep them in their proper relations.

THE UNITED STATES IN PAN-AMERICAN TRADE

Wyatt B. Martin

UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA

(Awarded the Senior Oratorical Medal at the Commencement of the Florida State University, 1909)

A CENTURY and a quarter of national life has brought the people of the United States to a point of distinct and radical change in their economic and political relation to the rest of the world. The nineteenth century was the history of our own internal development. The twentieth century will be the history of investing in foreign countries the surplus and increment of the nineteenth; it will be a history of our manufactures and foreign trade.

The fathers of the republic intended that this should continue an agricultural community, that Europe should continue to supply us with manufactures and ocean transportation. Fate did not will it so to be, and the wars of Napoleon hastened the change.

The turmoil in Europe during the first thirty years of our life as a nation in a great measure destroyed our foreign commercial relations. Thus we were driven to manufacturing at an early period. The area of the country was great, the population small, and the people impoverished by the long war for independence. Internal trade was weak, even in proportion to the small wealth and population. Progress was slow, but capital and immigrants from Europe hastened the pace of each

succeeding year. A century of breaking the soil, clearing the forests, building mills and furnaces, and of mining and herding has wrought a marvellous change. The wealth of the nation has grown by leaps and bounds; its power and means of producing wealth surpass those of any other people. The wealth of Crœsus has been estimated at $8,000,000, but there are over seventy estates in America worth over $35,000,000 each. The wealth of New York alone is $13,000,000,000. We produce one-third of the world's coal and three-fourths of its cotton. We produce more steel and iron than England and Germany combined. Our railroads carry twice as much merchandise every year as is carried by the railways of all the other countries of the earth put together. The general working power of the country was estimated in 1895 to be 130,000,000,000 foot pounds daily, or nearly equal to the combined working power of Great Britain, France, and Germany. During this period of internal development we were a debtor nation, drawing wealth and energy from every source and concentrating it upon our own enterprises. The engrossing spirit of our national growth excluded from our consideration the possibilities and business of the rest of the world.

Since 1896 the opportunities for investments in foreign lands have attracted large amounts of capital from the United States. We are no longer debtors; we have paid our indebtedness to Europe and have joined the ranks of investors: we are looking for foreign markets to open and for foreign resources to develop. No more conclusive proof of this foreign movement of capital and the expansion of our manufactures can be produced than the figures on exports and imports. In 1800 our imports were largely manufactures and exceeded our exports by $20,000,000, but in 1907, when we had turned manufacturers, our imports were $1,400,000,000, while our exports were

$1,800,000,000, — thus giving us a favorable balance of trade of $400,000,000.

It now remains to be shown with whom we can trade the most profitably: what countries are best adapted to our needs, and under what agreements we shall trade with them.

In the past we have traded most with Europe, but we must soon look for other fields. Europe is a manufacturing continent, and we shall not need manufactures. It is a principle of sound economics that we must buy from those to whom we sell. Nor can we consider Asia or Africa as available territory, for they are geographically and industrially ill-adapted to our needs. Moreover, they are under the dominion of Europe, whose nations have colonies in every quarter. It is true that we have a foothold in Southeastern Asia, but the distance is so great and the products so few that our trade with them cannot be very great. It is not with Europe or Asia or Africa that the United States is best fitted for commercial relations, but Canada and South America with the United States can form a commercial union compared with which the mighty Zollverein of the German states will be insignificant. Nature has fitted the American nations in a wonderful way for reciprocal trade, and it is only because of the policy of protection which man has placed that we are now so alienated.

An analysis of our imports shows that these countries are capable of furnishing all our food imports and over 80 per cent of our imports for manufacturers. We have been taught to disregard these countries because some of their products come into competition with our own, but an investigation shows that the losses from a free interchange of products is nil when compared with the benefits.

These statements appear exaggerated, but not in light

of the tremendous possibilities and resources of the nations involved.

Broadside to our northern frontier lies Canada. Canada, larger than the United States, has 500,000 square miles more of available lands. Moreover, it has 450,000,000,000 acres of paper pulp forests, — enough to supply the world for ages. These forests are contiguous to our own fast-diminishing supplies in New England and the Northwest. She has coal and iron fields as extensive as our own, and it is an important and remarkable fact that these lie on Lake Superior, the Pacific, and the Atlantic, while all those of the United States are inland. The wheat fields of Canada are so rich that farmers from our wheat lands in the Northwest migrate every year by thousands; a large portion of the world's furs and hides come from the northern part of Canada, and the exports of fish amount to many millions of dollars.

Tariff barriers have not been sufficient to overcome the natural affinity of the United States and Canada. In 1907 our trade with Canada was only exceeded by that with Germany, England, France, Cuba, and Brazil. In 1906 the exports of Canada were $256,000,000, of which the United States received $98,000,000, or 38.1 per cent. In the same year her imports amounted to $290,000,000, of which the United States sent 60 per cent. Great as are these opportunities for expansion, they are even greater in the South!

At our south lie the states of Latin America and the West Indies. These countries have just passed from a stage of militarism to an age of industrialism. Revolutions, dictators, and revolutionary generals are fast ceasing to be looked upon with favor or tolerated with indifference. They are building states modelled after our own, where protection of property and civil and political

liberty shall be guaranteed to every citizen. The opportunities of the field thus awakened are so great that words do not describe them nor figures reveal them. The area of South America alone is 9,000,000,000 square miles; a large portion of this lies in the temperate zone. The pampas of Argentine, the uplands of Brazil, the mountain valleys of Chile, Ecuador, and Peru, offer comfortable habitations for hundreds of millions. In 1900 the population of South America was 42,000,000, — less than six to the square mile. The density was one-eighth of that of Missouri, and less than one-sixtieth of that of Massachusetts, and less than one per cent of that of Belgium. But the resources of the country are so abundant that the trade is already immense. In 1907 her exports were $750,000,000, while her imports were $500,000,000. This is increasing rapidly every year. In eleven years the exports of Chile have increased 45 per cent, from $54,000,000 in 1894, to $78,000,000 in 1905. In eight years the exports of Peru have increased 100 per cent, from $14,000,000 in 1897 to $28,000,000 in 1905. In ten years the exports of Brazil have increased 65 per cent, from $134,000,000 in 1894 to $223,000,000 in 1905. In ten years the exports of Argentine have increased 100 per cent, from $116,000,000 in 1895 to $312,000,000 in 1905. This is a remarkable increase, but it is only the first-fruits of her rubber forests, coffee plantations, mineral deposits, and farms; while many important resources of wealth have not yet been touched.

The other countries of the South offer like opportunities. Cuba is highly adapted for raising sugar, fruits, and tobacco, while Mexico has large exports of cattle, lumber, precious metals, and fibres. All of this vast territory is in the first stages of development, and we have but to go, for they welcome us with outstretched arms.

The Panama Canal is our first important step. It will

result in a tremendous development of the west coast. It will permit us to go into a trade which cannot be profitable under present conditions. It will place the nitrate fields of Chile 3000 miles nearer New York than Liverpool, and will give a proportional advantage in all other countries of the west coast. Truly, Latin America alone offers a field broad enough to furnish most of our reciprocal trade for centuries.

We have traced the country through its transition, from an agricultural and extractive nation to a nation of manufactures. We have seen the imperative need of a market for our manufactures, and we have examined the boundless opportunities at our doors.

We have next to determine the most desirable form of commercial relationship. The past has not been without efforts to secure commercial agreements between the powers in America. And the only hindrance has been the stand-pat protectionists, who consider it a sacrilege to move an inch from the old schedules. Since 1890 the pressure has been so great that they have been forced to recede and have offered treaties of reciprocity as a balm to the public wound. The public was rightly sceptical, for these insidious and uneconomic treaties are in no wise a substitute for free trade, and will never serve to unite the nations of America.

Reciprocity is a relation between two independent powers, by which the citizens of each receive commercial privileges at the hands of the other. When we consider the adoption of any such treaty, we want to know who will get the privileges, for it might benefit all the people or only a class. The only kind of reciprocity which can aid the great mass of people is that which lowers the cost of articles used by them in daily life. This leads us to differentiate the phases of reciprocity. In the first place, reciprocity will not lower prices as long as the goods

imported under the treaty fail to supply the demand. It is a principle of sound economics that price is determined by the most expensive portion of the supply. Therefore, the consumer gets no profit: the benefits of the reduction redound to the foreign producer. And in the second place, if the country did supply all the demand, but the goods had to go through an intermediate stage of manufacture, and that manufacturer had a monopoly, he would hold up the goods and take out the profits.

This is no theoretical analysis of the subject, for these very principles have many times found concrete illustration in our own treaties of reciprocity. Indeed, the American people are suffering this night from the effects of our treaty with Cuba. By the treaty of 1903 Cuban sugar comes in at four-fifths the regular duty, but since Cuba cannot supply our market, Europe supplies the deficiency; and this European sugar, which pays the full duty, fixes the price of all of the sugar in the United States. The treaty does not benefit the consumer, but all the profits go to the Cuban capitalists. In other words, we paid a bounty of $9,200,000 to Cuban planters in 1908. In like manner, we gave the Hawaiian planters $12,000,000, home producers $20,000,000, and Porto Rican interests $6,000,000. The American people paid $101,000,000 tax on sugar in 1908, but only $ 50,000,000 went into the treasury; the other half was paid out as a bounty. Surely no such scheme as this can serve to unite the American nations.

Should we despair because these treaties of reciprocity have failed? No! unless we despair of all economic reform. There is a way out of the dilemma, and the only way. We must conclude treaties which shall resolve all the nations of America into one great commercial union in which all the factors shall enjoy free trade with each other. The most potential factor in the national prosperity and

greatness of the United States is that trade between the sections has been unrestricted.

How infinitely bettered will be the condition of the great mass of people, and how infinitely more prosperous and great will be the United States, if she add to her present commerce the commerce of all the Western world!

MASTERY OF MIND

Raphael H. Blakesley

GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

(An oration delivered at the Commencement Exercises of the George Washington University, 1909)

A few days ago a senior in a Western university called upon the president of the institution to consult with him regarding his future career. He was well satisfied with the interview, but somewhat puzzled over his counsellor's parting words, which were as follows, "Young man, not only should you seek to overcome your weaknesses, but to achieve success you will have to overcome fate and conquer destiny." Most of us, I suppose, would have been perplexed over the same matter. It is true we are no longer troubled with the doctrine of predestination — the day of fatalism is passed; but still that old problem remains, the eternal question: "How am I to realize my ambition?"

To this query various answers have been given. We see the meteoric rise of men in public life, and view the astounding feats of famous financiers; at the same time we note the inexplicable failure of those who, to every appearance, are equally capable. To some it all seems a game of chance, and they explain the phenomenon with the one word — luck. Some attribute it to heredity, while others study the stars for a solution of the problem, claiming that the position of the planets and the influence of distant constellations determine the destiny of men. The reason usually assigned by the hard-headed business

man is aptly expressed in Paderewski's reply to the queen, "Practice, more practice, then still more practice."

But in discarding the more or less superstitious notion regarding luck and the influence of the stars, we are in danger of the other extreme, a view which is equally unsound. Of course, we may not wholly condemn Paderewski's answer, nor claim that Edison's "perspiration" theory is altogether erroneous; it may be true that genius is ninety-eight per cent application, but the pertinent question follows: Would perspiration ever have made the greatest living pianist the inventor of the phonograph? or, could a dozen hours a day at the piano ever have made the "Wizard of Menlo Park" a magician in the musical world?

No, industry and application are indispensable, but they alone are not sufficient; he who relies altogether upon pure persistency is in little better position than the misguided individual who depends entirely upon genius or inspiration. We all possess faculties that never have been developed, powers which, if rightly directed, would increase our efficiency tenfold; few of us realize, or even imagine, the wonderful possibilities in the development of our soul forces; but it is these which, more and more, nowadays, are occupying the attention, not only of philosophers and theologians, but of men in every department of human affairs.

Surely we must take notice of the rapidly increasing interest in the study and investigation of what has been termed the "New Thought." As a wave of prohibition sentiment is sweeping over the country, gaining friends and acquiring territory in unexpected quarters, so a spiritual awakening is making psychologists of hundreds of thousands who five years ago would have laughed at the idea. The movement is attracting the attention of the foremost minds of the day. Leading periodicals are

giving space to the discussion of mental healing, telepathy, and other occult phenomena. Some magazines are devoted entirely to the consideration of these subjects, and though they could not have existed a few years ago, for lack of interest in such matters, now several hundred thousand copies are sold every month and eagerly read by millions of people.

In Chicago a business college, recognized as one of the foremost institutions of its kind, is now giving its students a complete course of instruction in "Business Psychology"; the same school in another department devotes a large proportion of the lectures to the "Law of Suggestion as applied to Salesmanship." Of late, we are beginning to hear strange tales of railroad presidents, general managers of large corporations, and other prominent men of affairs, closing the doors of their private offices a few minutes every day for quiet thought and meditation. Some believe that herein lies the secret of the success of many business enterprises; that through this silent intercourse with the unseen forces, new ideas are received and clearer insight given, so that apparently insurmountable obstacles are overcome, and intricate problems of commercial life solved with ease.

Occultism is no longer a matter of mere theory, or the speculation of dreamers; it has passed the "magic and mystery" stage, and now rests upon a sound scientific basis. In fact, it is fast becoming an intensely practical subject, in regard to which no one who really thinks can afford to be too sceptical.

The mind of man has accomplished much in the past; achievements in the world of physical science are almost beyond belief; yet all this will appear small and insignificant beside the marvels which the twentieth century is bound to bring forth. To the scientist wireless telegraphy, airships, the telharmonium, and other mechanical

and electrical wonders of the present are only the forerunners of far greater triumphs in the future. So the almost universal interest now manifested in things occult, the position which psychology has taken among the sciences, and the recognition of telepathy and kindred phenomena as scientific facts indicate that we have entered upon an era the like of which never before was known, when the dreams of seers and philosophers of all ages are coming true, and the limitless possibilities of a new field of action will be opened to millions of our race.

And we who stand here with high hopes for the future, looking forward with eager eyes to the time when our lofty ambitions and exalted ideals shall be realized, must fall in line with this new movement if we would accomplish our purpose. Thin air, it is predicted, will form the battle-fields of the future; however that may be, it is certain that so far as individual effort is concerned, our future battles will be fought on the astral and spiritual planes; the victory will be his who most skilfully wields the weapon of the power of thought — who best understands the laws and operation of the cosmic forces. And he who ignores these and fails to qualify for the "coming race" must inevitably suffer disappointment and defeat.

But if we fail, it will be the fault of none other than ourselves. In the new field of action there can be no combine or monopoly; it is the privilege of every man to enter into this higher sphere and acquire the knowledge which will enable him to live in harmony with these higher laws. Then will he be master of his fate, and rise superior to environment and circumstance, exemplifying the majesty of man in his rightful estate; then will he realize that James Allen was uttering, not mere idle words, but a profound scientific truth when he said: —

"You will be what you will to be,
Let failure find its false content
In that poor word environment;
But spirit scorns it and is free.

"It masters time, it conquers space,
It cows that boastful trickster, Chance,
And bid the tyrant Circumstance
Uncrown and fill a servant's place.

"The human will, that force unseen,
The offspring of a deathless Soul,
Can hew a way to any goal,
Though walls of granite intervene.

"Be not impatient in delay,
But wait as one who understands
When spirit rises and commands,
The gods are ready to obey."

True, we may not soar to these empyrean heights in an hour or a day; to rise above the materialism which has for so long a time bound us down will require continued study and prolonged effort, with not a little sacrifice; but in the end our compensation is sure; and meanwhile, as another has said, let us realize this: "All our pains and misfortunes have come to us by a process of undeviating and absolutely perfect law, because we deserve and require them, and by first enduring and then understanding them, we will be made stronger, wiser, nobler. And when we have fully entered into this realization, we shall have the power to mould our own circumstances, to transmute all evil into good," and following the old college president's advice, we shall "overcome fate and conquer destiny."

THE SOLID SOUTH

John Freeman

UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS

(An oration delivered in a prize oratorical contest at the University of Arkansas during the Commencement Exercises of 1909)

There has never been a time in our history that a great problem did not confront our people. More than three hundred years ago our nation had its beginning in the settlement at Jamestown, Virginia. Troubles began to come before the settlement was well planted, and it took the powerful hand of John Smith to meet the difficulties and solve the problems. When this colony had grown into childhood, another problem came up which the child had to solve in the hard school of war. "Taxation without representation" was the issue. The question was fought out. America won and from that great struggle the child emerged in young manhood, — free and independent. But as the youth encounters problems when he leaves his parent's protection, so did the young America encounter problems. A system of government had to be made. The war debt had to be paid, and many other questions had to be dealt with. Slowly and surely they were met and conquered. One by one the serious difficulties were met and overcome by the masterful minds of young American statesmen. The nation was fast developing into strong and stalwart manhood when another problem appeared, one that had been growing and grounding itself in our national politics since the beginning of our

nation's existence. That question was the problem of the Solid South.

That which caused the forming of the Solid South was the slave question. It is a strange coincidence that this question had its origin in the first colony that was founded. When the settlers at Jamestown bought their first cargo of slaves, they little dreamed of what would be the result. They struck the match to the fire which smoked so long before it blazed forth in the great struggle between the states.

It would be folly for me to repeat the details of the struggle that came up over the slave question. The great battles that were fought, the vast amount of property that was destroyed, the great number of brave men who sacrificed their lives for what they thought right, — all these are well-known facts to every student of American history. This war had a more vital effect on our nation than that caused by the loss of men and property. It united into one solid body the states of the South. It broke the bonds of union that had caused the thirteen colonies to hold so closely together during the Revolution. It snapped the already weakened cord of national unity and left us two sections, the conquering North and a despoiled South.

This breach might have been mended, and the South might not have been so solidly united, had it not been for the dark days which followed the war. Had the noble-minded Lincoln lived and carried out his policies, the Solid South might have been to-day an unknown thing in our national politics.

But we are not to deal with mere conjectures. We only know that his policies were not carried out. Hostile legislation followed the defeat of the Southern states. Reconstruction days followed, with all their burdens and humiliations. The states which had been drawn so closely

together during the war were now more closely united. Only one stroke was needed to make the South solid, and that came when the sanctity of the home was threatened by the freed negro. Then it was that the presence of the awful spectre of negro domination caused the formation of a new army — the Kuklux Klan. Then it was that the final stroke was given, and the Solid South became an assured fact. It became a national question, for the nation began to realize that the struggle between the sections was not ended.

The fact that the Solid South is the product of a national struggle makes it a national problem, but it takes more than that to make it the important question that it is. It is the retarding influence that it is having on our national progress and unity that is causing our statesmen to open their eyes to the necessity of ridding the Union of this hindrance. Our country can never be a firmly united country as long as the Mason and Dixon's line exists. As long as the statesmen of the South are united against those of the North, our country cannot be a unit. If we are not a unit, we cannot hope to progress as rapidly as we should. As the great Lincoln so prophetically said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand; slavery must go, for the nation will not." So we may look upon the Solid South. The strength of the nation depends upon the breaking down of all divisions, and sectional feeling must be cast aside. The question has ceased to be a small one. Born as it was at the beginning of our nation's existence, it has grown as our country has grown. It has now reached a point where it is hindering our national progress, and where it is impossible for our country to be firmly united. It has come to be a question for our wisest statesmen to ponder, and the Solid South must be met by the Union and turned into a part of a solid nation.

This problem affects neither the nation nor the North as vitally as it does the South. The people of the North have a majority of representatives in our national law-making body, and so our politicians seldom have a deciding vote in our favor. The South suffers unconsciously, while her sister states in the North look on and wish to help her. Our great-hearted President has studied the question, and in a speech in New York City said, "I believe the North yearns for a closer association with the South, that its citizens deprecate that reserve on the subject of politics which so long has been maintained in the otherwise delightful social relations between Southerners and Northerners."

There has never been as strong a feeling of sectionalism in the North as there has in the South. The people there were not fighting for a section, but for a Union. Then a vast number of foreigners have settled in the Northern states since that great struggle, and as they know nothing of the bitterness caused by the war, they have no sectional prejudice whatever. The people of the North have about lived it down, and when the people of the South give up prejudices and show their brothers in the North that they are ready to open their doors to Northern progress, the era of one-sided affairs in the South will end. Then will the South take on new life, and new blood will be infused in her veins. Immigrants will turn from the congested districts of the North and begin to settle on the cheaper and more fertile lands of the South. They will begin to stop at our Southern ports and fill up our Southern cities with laborers that are so necessary in great manufacturing industries. Then will Birmingham rival Pittsburg in the output of iron and steel. Our Southern cities will surpass those of New England in the variety and cheapness of their cotton goods. New Orleans will have a better trade, and, when the Panama Canal has been

finished, will rival New York City in the amount and value of her commerce.

We might very well afford to do without immigrants if that were the only thing of which the Solid South deprives us. There are graver problems to be dealt with than the lack of laborers. There are things which the prosperity of our Southland depends upon as much as upon the establishment of great manufacturing enterprises. We need more suitable legislation. We cannot hope to rise to our greatest point of prosperity until we can secure legislation that will be more conducive to our growth and welfare. It is a serious problem, and one that must be faced squarely.

When tariffs are placed on imports, what section of the country usually is most favored? Do Southern industries ever receive the protection that their competitors in the North do? It is very evident to those who study our tariffs that they are made in favor of Northern industries. Even now an effort is being made to increase the tariff on the finer cotton goods that are made in the North and reduce it on the coarser goods that are made in the South. The politicians of the North realize that cotton goods can be made more cheaply in the South than in the North, and in order to keep the Solid South from monopolizing the business, they will not give them an advantage by making the tariffs just. This is true not only in the manufacturing industries, but in all the industries of the South. Our mines are undeveloped because favorable legislation cannot be secured. Many of our resources are unimproved because our Southern statesmen will not make a break in the policy of a Solid South in order to secure concessions from their colleagues of the North.

Gentlemen, can we afford to allow our resources to remain idle on account of a feeling that should have been dead long ago? Is it better for the people of this genera-

tion to hand down to posterity a Solid South, with all its prejudices and unpatriotic feelings, than to leave them a South in which industries have begun to grow and prosper and where there is nothing to mar the unity between them and their brothers of the North? As soon as the states of the South are willing to give up so much prejudice and allow their representatives in Congress more freedom of action, we can expect more just legislation.

There are doubtless many people in the South who are such loyal sons of Dixie that they are unwilling to give up their prejudices even for an increase in our industrial and commercial development, and a more just treatment at the hands of our national law-making body. There is still another reason that should appeal to them. If we dissolve the Solid South, our sectional problems will become national problems.

There are two great problems that confront our section to-day, — the question of prohibition and the question of the negro. History has shown us that we cannot solve them ourselves, and we must turn to other places for help.

The question of prohibition is not such an old issue as that of the negro, yet it is becoming a very important one. Another decade will see the South a prohibition South, but it will not be a dry South. We cannot have absolute prohibition as long as the common carriers are allowed to ship whiskey into prohibition territory. We, as a section, may not have a saloon, yet the liquor will be here in sufficient quantities to keep things pretty wet. We cannot have genuine prohibition until we make it a national question. We must secure such laws as will make the place of delivery of liquors the place of sale, and to do this we have got to break up our solid representation in the South and meet the North fairly and squarely. Then when we have secured such a measure, we can step away from home, join forces with the temperance people in the

North and West, and rid forever our country from the curse of the saloon.

The other question concerns us more vitally. It is the negro question that has held the Southern states together. It was the negro that caused the first dividing line to be drawn between the North and South. It was the negro that caused the first feeling of bitterness to exist between our law-makers. It was the negro that made a South possible, and it was the modern, freed negro that caused us to have a Solid South. Can any one blame Southerners for guarding against a repetition of the dark days during reconstruction, when the negro held sway? No right-thinking person will blame the South for being solid on this question. Yet, is it best for the South? Has the time not come when the South should turn this question over to the nation and let it become a national problem? The question is beginning to solve itself. Unfavorable legislation in the South is causing many negroes to leave, and as they go to the Northern states, they carry their problems with them. The states of the North have already found out what the negro question is. They appreciate the situation in the South, and as soon as the negro votes of the South cease to be needed, laws will be passed to aid the South in dealing with him.

They have felt the effects of the black hand. They have had to deal with the black vagabond. They have had bloody race riots, and they have felt that thrill of horror that must pass through every man's soul on hearing of the desecration of the home by a black brute. Their hearts are open, and, as President Taft has said, they are ready to receive their share of this great burden. The negro question is a question for the nation to solve, and the sooner we break the Solid South and let the nation have this problem, the sooner will we be freed from its evil effects.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, what shall we do with this question? Born as it was at the very beginning of our nation's existence, has it grown so strong that we cannot solve it? Is it not time for us to turn the bonds that bind us into a Solid South into the bonds of a more Solid Union? The past is gone, and it cannot be recalled. Let the feelings die with it. We can honor the heroes of that great struggle as well from the standpoint of the nation as from that of a section. Are there not greater things to strive for than the preservation of a sectional pride? Would not Robert E. Lee take the South and give it that place of distinction which it held before the war? Where are the great men of the South who used to fill the President's chair and make the halls of the capitol ring with their eloquence? They are tied down by sectional bonds that hold them away from what they should have. Where is that feeling of patriotism in the South that causes the Northern man to remove his hat when our flag is being lowered from its pole? It is smothering under a spirit of sectional pride and old-aged prejudice that are kept alive by a Solid South.

May the day soon come when the Solid South will be no more, when her people will be on an equal footing with their brothers in the North, when just legislation can be had by all, when Southern problems will become national problems, when the "Star-spangled Banner" will be sung by a mighty chorus of eighty million loyal voices, when "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle" will form a medley that will be cheered by audiences in all parts of our country, and when there will be nothing to block the wheels of progress in this our Sunny Southland.

THE POET SHELLEY

Charles Mossman McLean

HAMILTON COLLEGE

(Awarded the Clark Prize in Oratory, 1909)

Some of the world's great men we understand. Their lives are the fruitage of continuous and well-ordered labor conforming to exactly ascertainable laws. They are shining examples of human intelligence and human will exercising their influence upon the growth of mankind. But there are others who baffle us, who confound our laws and subvert our ideas of causality, seeming mediums of a divine Presence which irradiates the world. Those we call men of genius, and none of them is more mysterious than Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Shelley was a poet consecrated to a purpose. Poesy to his mind involved sacred responsibilities. The poet must "redeem from decay the visitations of divinity in men"; he must immortalize in verse the out-flashing of that highest power which moves in secret through the sordid world. Not Moses at Mount Horeb's foot felt more directly summoned to lead God's chosen people than did Shelley to exhort and uplift faltering humanity. While yet a boy, he tells us, he had stood rapt before a vision of "Intellectual Beauty" that suddenly illumined his mind.

> "I . . . clasped my hands in ecstasy.
> I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
> To thee and thine."

Obedient to his spirit's call, this "changeling of faery" began his task. He fought his windmills. Long, in prose and didactic verse, the apprentice wrought. At last he sang his master songs, sang in such exquisite harmonies as were wafted on the attenuate ether of immortal fields.

Never before had language been so quickened by the skill of man. Words seem not to be the banal currency of thought, but thought itself, refined by flame. Scenes are presented in changing fantasy: they play like Northern Lights, they move in a lyrical flux and flow, until deluded by the dazzling mutability of it all, many have denied that this Proteus is in essence a prophet, and, like Arnold, have exclaimed in scorn, "beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in vain his luminous wings upon the void."

Yet beneath this mobile and often mystic play of form can be heard the roll of major strains. He was no vain æsthete, but a man dominated by a "passion for reforming the world." If he sang in rapturous verse, it was the lark's golden melody, spontaneous and undesigned. But he was also an avatar of freedom and love, bringing his message from the skies to a stubborn and unheeding age.

The French Revolution had passed. England had felt its creative force, and in the beginning had lent it sympathy. But when this force by its excess had disappointed its promise, and when France, a holocaust of unbridled passion, had been thrown prostrate at Napoleon's feet, the Anglo-Saxon soul recoiled. The ardor and hope of the preceding decades yielded to unprogressive orthodoxy. To this England it was that Shelley brought a message.

He was the living voice of revolution. Profoundly believing in the perfectibility of man, he would bring by quick revolt an age of ideal anarchy. He would animate men with noble desire. With the lightning of his ardor

he would rive the veil of the mundane so that others might see the transcendent ideal which he saw, — that ideal for which he longed and lived and strove with all his being. Then men should fling aside the gyves of tradition and tyranny; authority should be no more, but man should remain

> "Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed,
> . . . tribeless and nationless,
> Exempt from awe, worship, degree."

The slow process of evolution was not enough for his hectic imagination. He would have a mighty cataclysm, and as from the ashes of the Phœnix of old arose a new creature, so from the ruins of revolution should arise a new estate, — an estate more golden in its ideality than the Saturnian age and richer in its conception than the millennium of Isaiah. Not blood but ichor coursed his veins, for he would consummate with a nod the work of weary centuries.

His impassioned appeal stirs us like the jubilant note of the Marseillaise. Who could remain unmoved by that trumpet call to the men of England?

> "Men of England, heirs of glory,
> Heroes of unwritten story,
> Nurslings of one mighty mother,
> Hopes of her and one another,
> In unvanquishable number,
> Shake your chains to earth like dew
> Which in sleep had fallen on you,
> Ye are many, they are few."

But, alas, at times his devotion to freedom became his sin. For this devotion begat hatred, not only of authority, but of all restraint. The boy who at Eton had rebelled against fagging was the man to whom tradition was tyranny and power, a thing abhorred. And so he paints the Jupiter of his "Prometheus Unbound," arch enemy of mankind, as the embodiment of all those effete

customs which "heavy as frost" blight human progress. He whose spirit had ranged the empyrean and dwelt in the fastnesses of untrammelled thought could but loathe all that debased or hampered. It is small wonder that, in the vehemence of his zeal, he jarred the sensibilities of even the most liberal-minded. His fervor overleaped itself, and he often repulsed those whom he desired to win. He was the youthhood of the world, original, untempered, regardless of offence, if only the way be the quickest, alone mindful of the lofty goal toward which it pressed with all the spirit and impetuosity of its years.

His lofty hopes for humanity were built upon belief in the power of love. He, who would not bow to the tenets of a decadent theology, has been called atheist. Yet emanating from Shelley's poetry is universal love, the love which upraises and redeems the world. Whose faith in man was ever more simple, whose belief in ideals more uncompromising, whose vision more exalted? Too free to accept religion through its traditions, his delicate fibre yet responded to the inmost harmony of nature. Scorning to name the Invisible, he tells us in breathless verse of the All-pervading Spirit:—

> "The deep truth is imageless.
> For what would it avail to bid thee gaze
> On the revolving world? What to bid speak,
> Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance and Change? To these
> All things are subject but eternal love."

This love was not only in the hearts of men, but welled up through them from cosmic springs. Diffused throughout the universe, impregnating every "atom's atom," he felt the presence of a divine Being, — a Being obscured by the flash which "strains the white radiance of eternity," but an One whom he conceives in inexpressible purity and with whose essence the spirits of the noble were at last commingled.

His contemporaries would not condone his heresies. They did not see that his attack against religion was against its Phariseeism, and not against its truths. They vented their wrath upon the callow teachings of "Queen Mab," an outcast work of his tender years; but also the best of him they heaped with obloquy. Yet his was an old, old message. If his ideals were visionary and his teachings vain, "he erred with a greater than Plato."

What a tragedy it is to be born before one's age! What is life without sympathy, or labor without appreciation? And yet thus it has ever been with the forerunners of progress. They slave in men's service; their reward is calumny. They outwatch the stars in their search for truth; their wages is scorn. They foretell the brighter day in return for exile and loneliness. What does it avail Shelley that present-day critics find in him the purest of Christianity and a true oracle of human advancement; of what avail to him who must wander a pariah among the Alpine lakes and Euganean hills, robbed of his children, detested of man, a "rare prodigy of crime and pollution"; of what avail to him who had given so lavishly to every class and creed; to him who could number as his faithful friends but three? Where is the recompense of posthumous laurels?

He accepted his fate unbewailing. It was the mystery of his genius that he could bear the buffets of unkindly fate without flinching. Not disgrace, nor exile, nor slander, nor all the woe-laden clouds of human vicissitude can obscure the loftier star of those who dwell upon the summits. With dauntless faith he continued his labors upon alien shores. Each year he worked with greater skill and wisdom until, even at the threshold of maturity, the sea called him to its bosom.

Shelley is a great poet, but he dared be more than poet, he was a seer. His prophesies are fulfilling now by slow

degrees. Wherever oppression had been overcome, or ignorance dispelled, or trespasses forgiven, is being realized his glowing ideal. Time has not yet settled his place in literature, but still the great West Wind

> "Scatters, as from an unextinguished hearth,
> Ashes and sparks, his words among mankind."

THE NINETEENTH OF APRIL

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(Awarded second place in the Junior Oratorical Contest of Bates College, 1909)

THE anniversary of Patriots' Day, in the tenderness and inspiration of its memories, gathers around it year by year a deeper significance and a more potent meaning for every American who loves his native land. In the words of the orator Everett, more than fourscore years ago, "It is a commemoration of our soil to which ages as they pass will add dignity and interest till the names of Lexington and Concord in the annals of freedom will stand by the side of the most honorable names in Roman or Grecian story."

When one speaks to us of the Nineteenth of April, that memorable day on which the first battles of the American Revolution were fought, our thoughts fly back through the long vista of years to the spring of 1775. How our pulses quicken as the picture rises to our minds! We seem to stand beneath low-lying storm clouds that are massed against a grim and leaden sky, while we await the roll and crash of thunder and the ragged gleams of lightning soon to flash upon the dark and tragic days of war. All words of conciliation, all measures of peace, are borne away forever on the rushing blast. The scene stands out most vividly; we feel the hush before the storm, and we know that it presages the approach of one of the most momentous crises in the history of human affairs. Will you

bear with me while I tell you how that crisis was hastened on? You know the story well, but it can never lose interest or grow old, and it thrills your hearts to-day as it did in childhood long ago.

On the night of the eighteenth of April General Gage, commander-in-chief of the British forces, then stationed in the town of Boston, hoping to crush the spirit of rebellion among the American colonists by a decisive blow, determined to march under cover of darkness to the town of Lexington, and to capture the arch rebels, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, on whose heads the British crown had set a price. He resolved, also, to seize the military stores which the Americans in preparation for war were known to have collected in the town of Concord.

The expedition, though carefully concealed, did not escape the vigilance of the patriot spies. The Americans immediately hung signal lights in the belfry of the Old North Church to warn the surrounding towns of the British march, and they despatched two of their number, William Dawes and Colonel Paul Revere, to bear the tidings through the towns of Middlesex and to rouse the countryside to arms.

When the news reached Lexington, the Minute Men were summoned from their homes. With wildly beating hearts and anxious faces they assembled on the green, where, beneath the stars, as the hours slowly passed, they awaited the on-coming of their foes, — awaited the dawning of their day of blood with no less heroic fortitude and courage than did Leonidas and his Spartan followers await the Persian hosts at old Thermopylæ. There, on the green, the British found them in the grayness of the dawn, a handful of Yankee farmers who dared with steadfast mien to challenge the advance of a trained and veteran army. The command "Disperse, ye rebels, and lay down your arms" fell upon unheeding

ears. With mingled threats and curses the order came to fire. The British troops obeyed, but no patriot fell, and the British fired again. A second time the roar of musketry awoke the echoes of the morning, and when the thick smoke cleared away, the ranks of the Americans were strewn with dead.

Again the picture rises to our minds, but now the storm of conflict has broken, the thunder booms and peals along the heavens, the lightning seams and opens wide the dark abysses of the skies, and we know that for seven long years the land we love will be drenched with blood! Yet, with prophetic vision, we may exclaim, like the patriot Adams in the exaltation of his lofty soul, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" It was the most glorious morning, my countrymen, in the history of our land, for it was upon the faces of those heroes lying still in death upon that blood-reddened green that the sunshine of American liberty first shed its glorious rays. The dawning of the Nineteenth of April marks the dawning of a greater and a grander day in the annals of world freedom.

The spirit that filled those heroic souls at Lexington found a response in the hearts of the men of Concord; and hours later, while the British were sullenly retreating in defeat to the shelter of the warships at Boston, that spirit was winging its way throughout the entire North and South into every town and hamlet in the land.

Later that spirit stood amid the smoke and flame of Bunker Hill; it led the patriots as they crossed the icy Delaware with Washington at Trenton, and marched with bleeding feet over snow-covered fields to the hardships and privations of that dreary winter at Valley Forge; it nerved them to bear with unfaltering courage the reverses of Quebec, Long Island, and the Brandywine; once more it stood in glory at Saratoga, Bennington, and the bloody battle ground of Princeton; and rose, at last,

to immortality at Yorktown, in glorious triumph over suffering and death.

We are sons and daughters of New England. Lexington and Concord are ours. Oh, it should thrill your souls, my friends, to realize that the same blood which beat in the veins of the men who fought and fell upon those embattled fields beats in yours. It is our privilege to-day to come and stand beside the mounds where long ago the bodies of those noble men were laid at rest. And so we come with hearts united by the mystic chords of reverence and love to strew upon the earth above their sacred dust a myriad of the roses and the lilies of June.

The men of Lexington and Concord are no more; they sleep in peace amid the silence of the Aftermath Profound, but dead, their voiceless tongues speak words of living fire through all the years. The voice of our fathers' dust speaks to us from the grave, adjuring us faithfully to preserve and to transmit the priceless heritage they have bequeathed. The future of our country is in our hands. God grant that we and those who shall come after us may prove worthy of the sacred trust.

ETHICS IN AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE

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(First Prize Oration in the Blatchford Oratorical Contest, 1909)

ETHICS in American public life! Principles of morality in business, law, public service, politics! A dream! Oh, it is a good subject for an academic discussion, or a discourse from the pulpit or lecture platform. But it does not get much farther. Public life in this country wants practical men who can get there on the policy of "Every man for himself." In fact, precepts of morality are chiefly conspicuous in our public life for their want of application. There is no time or place for ethical considerations where great problems which affect deeply the interests of individuals and nation are pressing for solution. So the men of affairs tell us. But we do not agree.

It is an easy matter for pessimists to gather statistics which, if superficially considered, are discouraging. Instance after instance can be found of the prostitution of representative power to selfish advantage. Widened opportunities for the play of selfishness and the increase of temptations which follow in the wake of our complex life give rise to an appalling number of public wrongs, whose many victims voice an undying protest against corruption and an appeal to Christian statesmanship. There are extremes of avarice and corrupt and unfair dealings giving rise to unwholesome spectacles of exploitation and infidelity to trust. Gambling parades in business livery, and dishonest and oppressive practices bar honest rivals

from equal opportunities and thrust them out of the way or destroy them. Justice is subverted and the law employed to shield the guilty who exploit the rights of the people in the interests of a few. Public offices have been made agencies for swelling bank accounts. Political leaders have been clearing-houses for legislation, and pose as party workers while serving under a retainer of special interests. Government is employed to promote selfish interests at the expense of the members of the community. Truly the pessimists can draw for us a depressing picture.

Yet we should form a very inaccurate judgment of moral conditions in public life by considering these wrongs alone. We must not omit to emphasize the increasing intensity of the desire to find remedies, the earnestness with which all forms of evil and oppression are attacked. We must not fail to note the vital regard of the people for virtue and sobriety. We must judge ethical conditions by what the people condemn and refuse to tolerate in concrete cases. We must emphasize efforts for reform, and the onward march of the people toward the realization of ideals of self-government.

We ought not and we do not wish to blink any evil or gloss over any wrong. Our public life is far from perfect. But there is no occasion for misgiving. Pessimism and cynicism will not right the wrong or develop the country. The most significant teaching of our nation's history is that whatever has been permanent and abiding has been founded ultimately in ethics. This inspires a just confidence, — a confidence which ignores no wrong, but accepts honestly the present conditions, a confidence which appreciates the moral strength of the people, a confidence inspired by visions of the forces of right, that there will be no rest until every vestige of special favor shall have perished and our government in reality become democratic.

The American people will not rest until honesty and square dealing are dominant, until ethical considerations form the basis of every act in public life. Progress will be slow, but it will be steady and certain. The moral development of public life will keep pace with, never precede, the moral development of the members of the body politic. Therefore attention must be paid to the heightening of moral sentiment among the people, from whom must be drawn the men who shall conduct public affairs.

The chief need in our day is better education in morals and more of it. It is the business of the church to spread ethical ideas. The church must be alive to present conditions and continually point the way through a multitude of conflicting tendencies to the right. On our schools and colleges rests the stability of the nation. So long as they are filled we need entertain no grave apprehension. Widened opportunities for learning and for the spread of intelligence make for better living and higher standards of conduct. There is need in our day that the schools pay greater attention to education in ethics. We have institutions where young men are trained for public life, and various solutions presented for the complex problems of public life. We must insist that these institutions teach that ethical considerations lie at the bottom of all such problems, and that they shall apply ethics in the solutions they present for concrete cases. We must insist that the press and other agencies for the dissemination of information shall stop all appeals to passion, and use the means at their command to acquaint the people with the demands of reason.

The cry "Every man for himself" is out of date. The demand now is "Every man for the people." Only as this is heeded in the business of the nation can we hope to put an end to unfair practices, unjustifiable preferences, and oppressive dealings. Only when the demands of

ethics are obeyed can the nation hope for a prosperity that will be stable and abiding.

The legal profession is often sharply condemned for the lack of ethical principles in the platforms of its members. For a young man to enter this profession indicates to many a self-seeking and unscrupulous character. But lawyers of uprightness and integrity are more numerous than heretofore. There is, perhaps, no profession which in our day offers so great opportunities for disinterested service as law, and none in which the people will so much appreciate men of moral backbone and single-minded devotion to duty.

In politics we reach the field of the most subtle temptations and the most widespread abuses of public rights. But this is no reason to stand aside and lament. The call to-day is "Get in and fight." The people must have leadership. Parties must have effective organization to advance principles. But the petty schemes of political manipulators for victory and the spoils of office must inevitably pass from our public life. The people have become intolerant of political abuses. The nation pays its final homage to those men of inflexible purpose and fidelity to conscience who without reserve devote their talents to the service of the people.

But we have no patience with those reckless and selfish agitators who seek to make discontent serve self-interest, who seek to create class hatred, who distort the good and exaggerate the evil. There are some who, under the guise of conservatism, seek to protect those who have betrayed the public interest, and to block efforts for remedial action. There are others who think, or rather without thinking, assume that any course at all is better than what we now have, and therefore are continually making passionate appeals for change, careless of the interests that would be sacrificed by the measures they inconsider-

ately propose or defend. The nation will not tolerate either. The people call for fair play.

Great questions of public life, such as tariff legislation, restriction of immigration, regulation of industry, and control of corporations, and the like, can be solved satisfactorily only by careful and intelligent action preceded by thorough study of facts, and founded upon eternal principles of the right.

In public service the people demand and must have a larger voice in the selection of candidates for office, and a recognition on the part of those chosen of their representative responsibility. There are too many posing as the people's choice who are in reality agents for particular business interests or factota of political bosses. They will quickly pass from the notoriety they temporarily achieve. The nation is jealous of its ideals, and never demanded more than it does now the upright administration of public affairs. In the words of the governor of this state, "The security of our government . . . is found in the intelligence and public spirit of its citizens and its ability to call to the work of administration men of single-minded devotion to the public interests, who make unselfish service to the state a point of knightly honor."

Only as American public life is conducted on principles of ethics will the nation march on to the realization of the state as a brotherhood.

CHARACTER AND POLITICS

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(Awarded first prize in competition for the Curtis Medals for excellence in public speaking, 1909)

In conversation one day a Hindu doctor of laws was glorifying the primitive civilization of India. "Would you then," asked his American companion, "wish to see the English withdraw, and leave India to take care of itself?" "No!" he replied, "the English do police duty, and they do it very well, thus leaving the native population at leisure for higher things." This view of government as a police function which may be left to politicians, while the ordinary citizens are attending to their private affairs, is not confined to India. It is a natural enough conception in India, where the Englishman rules and the native races are his subjects, but it is wholly out of place in America, where the Constitution guarantees to us the privilege of governing ourselves. Instead of a true democracy, however, with every man taking some part in the administration of public affairs, we have, on the one side, an oligarchy of rulers and, on the other, a vast body of mere subjects. Thus the very idea of democracy, the idea that every man shall be a ruler, the idea that there shall be no governing class in this country, is defeated. Yet there is no higher honor, no greater dignity to be won by any man than that won by public service.

The weakness of our democratic system is the political apathy of the masses, and the cause of political apathy

is personal selfishness. Personal selfishness is ignoble, because only a few men are big enough to be selfish intelligently. If every man could know absolutely what is best for him, and if he should conscientiously allow his own intelligence to be his guide, society would benefit; for society is a combination of individuals. But such is not the case. Nowhere is the poor judgment of the average man displayed more painfully than in his neglect of the plain duties of citizenship. He realizes that a public office is a public trust, but he does not realize that every voter in America holds a public office, he does not realize that as an office-holder himself he is a trustee for the non-voter and for future generations, nor does he realize that if he refuses or neglects to fulfill the duties of his office he is a recreant trustee, — recreant to his own children and to their children. He is under an obligation to hand down to them a legacy of the best educational systems, of pure homes, and of clean political administration. Past generations have bequeathed to the present such names as Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, Hamilton, dear to every Columbia man, Webster, Clay, and Garfield, — names that stand for resolution, individuality, rectitude of purpose, and moral integrity, names that stand for character. Because these great political leaders were statesmen, we think we can have nothing in common with them. This is a grave mistake. If we are willing to work as hard as they, we can accomplish just as much in our local sphere as they did in the national political field. Every citizen, alive to his political responsibilities, ought to have the moral caliber of a statesman; mental caliber varies widely in different individuals, but moral caliber in its application to politics can be and should be very nearly uniform.

We Americans ought to put more insistence upon individual moral quality in ourselves. One of the most

characteristic vices of our American life is our impatient eagerness to get great results from little labor. It is the cause of our speculative fever, and the same spirit prevails in our politics. We expect honesty, economy, efficiency, in our public service, but we do not want them enough to pay the price for them. The necessity of preaching to men, decent and upright in private business, the doctrine of morality as applied to public affairs, is a sad comment on American politics. Why do we not realize that to sin against the commonwealth is an even greater offence than to sin against an individual? Hundreds of persons who would not dream of defrauding an individual will dishonestly swear off taxes or cheat Uncle Sam out of customs duties without a single qualm of conscience. If we ourselves maintain this attitude toward our public obligations, can we reasonably expect a higher standard in our representatives in office? No, we cannot. And when we realize the full significance of this fact, we shall be thoroughly frightened at the present-day tendency in politics toward a mercenary ideal. Frequently public office is placed upon a commercial basis. Many a man who is earning more in his private business than he could get out of a public office disdains the office, and even has a feeling of contempt for the man who accepts it. In view of the situation this is perfectly natural, for whenever anything essentially fine and noble is put upon a mercenary basis, it is defiled and degraded. The best things in life have no money expression, — certainly no money equivalent. We would not venture to put a price on courage, or honor, or truth, or Christian faith. So it is with public office and public duty. It is a shameful fact that public office is looked upon to-day as a means of personal aggrandizement. You and I condone this situation because we are either too lazy or too blindly self-centred to kick against it. It is clear, therefore, that a

good citizen — whether he is holding public office himself or whether he is doing his simple duty by supporting some other capable man in office — a good citizen always acts disinterestedly and with a sincere purpose to serve, not his own pocketbook, but the whole commonwealth.

In every community there is a crying need of men who are willing to take a hand in civic affairs, not for the graft or the glory there is in it, but in a purely unselfish and patriotic spirit. In leaving the settlement of public questions to professional politicians we are taking a big risk. Yet it is worthy of note that there are some men in public life to-day to whom a duty is a sacred obligation. Governor Hughes at Albany last year considered it his duty to fight against the race-track interests. He fought a good fight, and he won. Of course, we can draw from such devotion to duty in high official position a lesson for ourselves, but how much more strongly is brought home to us a realization of our duties as citizens when a man in humble office shows a heroic devotion to duty. At the close of the anti-gambling fight the entire country rang with the name of a man previously unknown. Senator Foelker showed a stern fidelity which a Puritan might envy, and a devotion which a Cavalier would know how to admire. People said he might have anything he wanted, but he appeared to be a man who wished, more than anything else, the approval of his conscience. How badly men of this kind are needed in the rank and file of American politics!

Principles, however, overshadow even personalities. Senator Foelker may drop out of the public eye and Governor Hughes may return to private life, but the political lessons of that wonderful campaign against race-track gambling will endure. How truly it has been said that there is no force so potent in politics as a moral issue. Politicians may scorn it, ambitious men may despise it,

newspapers may caricature it, but still it has a way of upsetting the plans and of rendering powerless the most formidable political boss. This was the secret of Governor Hughes' strength in his great fight. He flung himself boldly upon the moral sentiment of the state, and insisting steadily upon the fundamental morality of his cause, he whipped the politicians into line and compelled the legislature to do its duty. The occasional winning of moral victories like this in politics helps to keep alive our faith in the sure progress of democracy.

Governor Hughes is a living example of the ideal politician. He is the leading exponent of character in politics. But in aiming for the high standard he has set we do not wish to have an inquisition held into the private character of candidates. The matter must be looked at broadly and justly from the viewpoint of sensible men of the world. We must avoid confusing ethics with politics. Certain kinds of morality are negligible in reference to a man's fitness for public office. Integrity and honesty are the essential qualities. All we can wisely do is to insist upon a careful consideration of a candidate's record and, if it is not satisfactory on broad lines, to regard him as ineligible for public office. We all apply such tests in choosing men for business positions; in selecting those who are to represent us in public office ought we to employ a lower standard? Possibly you and I agree that we ought not on general principles, but we too often overlook the fact that character is just as essential in the voter as in the office-holder. Indeed, it is impossible to have honest and efficient men in office unless a majority of the voters are men of good character. A majority of the men in the community may be honest, but their honesty is of no avail politically if they are too indolent to take an active or lively interest in public affairs. What can we expect when our so-called "best citizen," instead of taking an

active part in practical politics, stays at home and reads his evening paper before the fire or swings in his summer hammock, holding in his hand the last ten-cent magazine exposure of political corruption, and wonders why somebody does not do something to improve political conditions? Men of this kind are responsible for our political abuses; they are a menace to organized society.

Upon each voter rests a responsibility to make it clear that unless a candidate for public office has character, as well as other qualifications, he cannot hope to be elected. You and I must insist upon the nomination for office of honest men. Everything depends upon us. I think you will all agree with me that no man of really doubtful character has ever been nominated for the presidency of the United States, in spite of the fact that the nominating bodies for the most part are composed of men who, in the making of nominations for minor offices, habitually follow a low and not a high ideal. Why is this so? It is because political organizations are very human after all. They want to win elections, and whenever they are forced to realize that it is very difficult to do so with a doubtful candidate, a premium is at once placed upon character in politics. In the case of the presidency they know that the people will rebel if they do not make character a qualification. The time will come when a premium will be placed upon character in the selection of all candidates for public office, and when that time does come, we shall have honest politics.

Once more let me emphasize the political responsibility which rests upon every citizen. Each voter holds a public office and a public trust. The general welfare demands that he shall fully realize all the responsibilities of his position. If he fails in this, he is a bad citizen. Let us not forget that the selfish men who have selfish interests to advance are going to take an active part in

politics, let us not forget that the corrupt men who want to make something out of the government are going to take an active part, and let us not forget that the demagogues who want to attain power and position are going to take an active part; and what are you and I going to do to combat the evil influence of such men? For the sake of our homes, and for the sake of our scheme of popular government, upon which depends our prosperity, our happiness, and our liberties, we must enter the political arena and do our full share of the fighting under the Constitution.

A PUBLIC CONSCIENCE

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(Awarded first place in the Contest of the Southern Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, 1909)

The opening of the twentieth century saw the political and social ideals of the American people in a state of ferment. Amid the clash and din of conflicting interests we often stood perplexed, not knowing which way to turn. A heavy pall of gross materialism was settling over the land and stifling the finer sensibilities that had dared to withstand the corrupting influence of wealth. The situation was well expressed in the observation of Professor Small, who said: "We are face to face with the fact that to-day's men have gradually cut the moorings of ethical and social tradition after tradition, and that society is to-day adrift without definite purpose to shape its course and without a supreme conviction to give it motion." In politics the secret methods of the boss and the ring were triumphant. The majority insisted upon legislating in its own behalf and in stifling the opposition of the minority. Business was regarded as a game to be played according to certain rules not well defined, and with little common basis of authority. Commodore Vanderbilt's classic expression, "The public be damned," was in the minds, if not on the lips, of many captains of finance. Politics and business joined hands, and while shameless corruption ran riot, the dearest possessions of the people were bartered away. It was thought that the private

code of ethics, which demands that there be common honesty in the dealings of man with man, had no application to public relations.

Blind to the results of this system of public morals, men of large influence and high standing, when shown their acts in their proper relations, were appalled by the magnitude of their crimes. To this indefensible system of business ethics, the insurance president, McCall, fell a victim. Conscience-smitten and hissed by the very newsboys on the streets, the wretched old man was driven to his grave by the lashings of a guilty conscience, the tortures of a broken heart. If such be the result upon the individual, how much more serious must be the collective effect upon society of the same blindness and indifference to the results of lawlessness and crime? History bears convincing testimony to the fact that the most frequent cause of the decline and fall, not only of human lives, but of nations as well, is the decay of individual character. Literature has presented the same truth with completeness and power. The poetical imagination of the Anglo-Saxons for many generations had dallied with the problem until the laureate of modern England gave form and color to the story in the rise and fall of the mythical kingdom of Arthur. What happens in this mythical kingdom happens in fact whenever and wherever "wealth accumulates and men decay." The constructive imagination of the poet brings out strongly the lines of influence that link the most private life of the individual with public issues and that make national success finally dependent upon personal morality.

The failure of the American administration of criminal justice, the reckless disregard of the sacredness of human life, and the maudlin sentimentality that the public increasingly display in regard to dramatic crimes, together with the pernicious sympathy that prompts the appeal

to the pardoning authority, all tend inevitably to weaken the whole structure of government and to make all liberty insecure. That the United States to-day leads the civilized world in the crime of murder, especially unpunished murder, should cause every citizen to hang his head in shame and tremble with anxiety for his country's fate. The number of homicides has grown from one thousand eight hundred in 1885 to eight thousand in 1905, an increase of nearly five hundred per cent in twenty years. During these twenty years more than three thousand people met death at the hands of the mob; whereas lynching has been unknown in the whole British Empire for more than seventy-five years. In addition to this, it should be noted that of those prosecuted for homicide in Germany more than ninety-five per cent were convicted; whereas in the United States — what is almost unbelievable — only one and three-tenths per cent were convicted. Surely these facts justify the conclusion that homicide is with us the safest crime that can be committed.

From this record we turn away in disgust at our boasted civilization. And yet this is but a part of the story. When we consider the fact that there is general and widespread lack of reverence or even respect for age, attainment, authority, or for law itself, that there is either open defiance of law or secret nullification of its effects; when we consider the idea, which is prevalent in many places, that the community has the right to say whether or not it shall be bound by the laws it has helped to enact, a social cataclysm appears imminent, and we are almost forced to draw back shuddering from the dark abyss which yawns at our feet and let "darkness be the burier of the dead." Is this conclusion inevitable? Must Liberty's torch, transmitted to us by heroic men, become a feeble flame at length to flicker out in smoke and dark-

ness? And must our civilization be cast upon the ash-heap of forgotten nations to mingle with the dust of dead empires? These questions will rise to the mind of every thinking American, and, like the ghost of the murdered Banquo, they will not down.

But a change has taken place. If society has been adrift, she is no longer loose and driving free before the storm. To those anxious watchers on the shore it is apparent that a pilot has come aboard. That man must be blind indeed who does not see in the tremendous social changes, in the unmistakable expression of moral sentiment, and in the crystallizing of social ideals, the directing power of a public conscience. Milton's conception of the moral awakening of his country, where he saw her "rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks," has been realized in America. Let him who doubts that there is a new order of things behold the Insurance Investigation in New York. Let him follow the spirit of reform as it lays bare the shameless corruption in the municipal life of St. Louis, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. And let him observe how it has touched every phase of life, both public and private, demanding cleaner men and a more efficient administration of affairs. Let him grasp the significance of these movements and be convinced that the American people have taken a long step forward toward the establishment of higher standards of commercial and civic morality.

What has produced this change? To reply in a word, publicity — an exposure of the naked truth, a direct appeal to the intelligence and conscience of the people. He was not far wrong who defined our government as "government by public opinion," if by public opinion is meant the mature conviction and settled determination of the people. For whatever public opinion decrees, that is law. It may not be the law of statute book or legal

precedent, but it is the law which controls. It may be a cruel tyrant or a most obedient servant. Without its approval the statute is impotent, and the court is shorn of its strength. With its approval no man dare defy its slightest caprice. With its protection communities have with impunity trampled upon laws and gloried in their crimes. With it has come the family feud in Kentucky, the night-rider in Tennessee, and throughout the North as well as the South, for the nameless crime, short shrift at the end of a rope. For the same reason, whatever ends public opinion brands as dishonorable, strong men will refuse to pursue; whatever means public opinion discountenances, men of force and character will reject and spurn. President Hadley says, "This dependence upon public opinion is not simply a present fact; it is the necessary basis of all free government, the active agent in its achievement, and without it civil liberty is impossible."

The career of Governor Hughes is a powerful example of the change that has taken place. Beaten in the legislature by the corrupt tools of the machine, he carried his message straight to the people. They rallied to his support and gave a stinging rebuke to their faithless representatives. His recent race-track fight, in which a sick senator, carried from his bed to the senate chamber, cast the deciding vote to abolish the racing evil in New York, concluded one of the most dramatic campaigns in this civic war. It has shown that an apathetic majority may sometimes barely escape defeat at the hands of a militant minority, and that "eternal vigilance" is still "the price of liberty." These race-track gamblers, fighting with desperation, with their cry of "Let us alone," are typical of the whole opposition movement. This cry of "Let us alone" was uttered two thousand years ago by the demons whom the Perfect One ordered to come out of a poor devil-possessed man. Those who corrupt the national char-

acter, those who debauch the public and insist upon poisoning society, utter, at the command of enlightened public opinion reflecting the public conscience of the American people, the same despairing cry.

This civic war has revealed the fact that in quiet, unassuming citizens will be found those same qualities of heroism and devotion as were found in those whose careers loom large on the horizon of national achievement and whose names linger upon the lips of childhood, inspire the dreams of youth, and guide the counsels of reverent and resolute manhood. It has demonstrated that the real battles of the future are not to be accompanied by all the glittering paraphernalia of rifle, fife, and drum, but are to be around the ballot box and in the busy haunts of the market-place, the forum, and the fireside. This new order of things has given those who have never yet lost faith in the American people renewed confidence in the final triumph of democratic principles; it has shown them that the moral fibre of the people is still strong; that the Puritan type which accepts responsibility holds the ascendency, that public office is still a public trust, and woe be to him who does not so regard it. If any one doubt this conclusion, let him ask Depew, Platt, Quay, and a number of others whose days are numbered. It has settled once for all that the private standard of common honesty must be applied to the world of business, that the minority have rights which must be respected, that the bad citizen is not Abe Ruef or Mayor Schmitz — not the professional politician who corrupts a legislature or the man who accepts a bribe, but it is that man who permits such transactions to go on before his very eyes and never raises his voice in protest. It is that citizen who is indifferent to his civic duty and to the wrongs of an outraged public.

The greatest fact in the whole movement is the awakening of the listless and lethargic public to the consciousness

of their own power. Enough has already been accomplished to show the people that if they tolerate fraud or inefficiency, it is their own fault. It has presented with renewed vigor the old truth that government is a thing which will not run itself, that liberty solves no problems, that for the citizens of a republic each day is a preliminary judgment day in which the voice of doom comes echoing and reëchoing through the halls of history, "Improve, live, grow, or the forces of putrefaction will begin upon you at once." That continuous cosmic enterprise which forever unmakes the things of to-day to recreate them in the things of to-morrow must of necessity leave behind many of the traditions that have guided us. Human life does not allow an individual to grow to be a man and still remain a boy. To insist that the man shall wear the clothes of the boy is productive of absurd misfits. What must be insisted upon is that when he becomes a man, he put away childish things, that he assume the garb and exercise the powers of responsible manhood.

In this struggle for honesty, decency, and good government, all that is manly in American citizenship must be enlisted. Not mere love of country nor willingness to fight and die, if needs be, for her fair fame is enough, but to an understanding of her needs and the promotion of her welfare, the American citizen must devote all the intelligence with which he is endowed. For him who believes that the Golden Age is in the past, that all the heroes are numbered among the dead, and that the future holds nothing but a dull waste of mediocrity, little sympathy should be entertained. He who is alive to present facts, whose heart is not in the "sere and yellow leaf," knows that the Golden Age is yet to be, that heroes greater than those of Grecian mythology or ancient fable are your contemporaries and mine, and that achievements far surpassing any dream of man's yet lie secure in the bosom of the future.

THE ERA OF CONSCIENCE

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(Awarded first place in the Virginia State Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest of 1908)

Sweeping over the vast expanse of this broad land of ours, extending from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the shores washed by the Pacific to those beaten by the Atlantic, has been a mighty movement which has shaken this glorious republic to the very roots of its being. This movement has permeated its every nerve and tissue and has sunk down deep into its inmost fibre. Various have been the names by which this movement has been called, but I think that you will agree with me in naming it the force of conscience and the present day its era.

Powerful has been the opposition which has been placed in the path of this movement; seemingly unconquerable forces have fought its every advance with a doggedness worthy of a better cause, but as a mighty fire which, with a violence that cannot be checked, sweeps over a tract of forest shrouded in the black cloak of night, so has this land of ours been subjected to the resistless purifying flames of reform.

Not only has it affected us politically, but it has also shown itself along social and economic lines. Americans have come to a greater love for their fellow-men and to a realization of the terrible suffering that, within the borders of every state, has ever existed among the poor and

sick. Never before has so much money been donated by private individuals for the establishment of hospitals, sanitariums, poor-houses, and homes for the aged. I say never in all the past has any people given itself over as unselfishly to labors of love among its fellow-men, and, in this, does it not seem that we have caught a little of the spirit of the Master? Can you and I imagine a nobler tribute to pay to any people?

Man, who is essentially a social being, has come to a realization of the fearful danger which rests in the divorce evil, and all over the land a demand has gone up that this crime against civilization must be remedied. That which God has joined together let no man put asunder.

Then, too, the marvellous wave of temperance that has swept over our Southland and is beginning to surge over the states west of the Mississippi is one of the most important manifestations of this wonderful movement of reform. The breasts of American citizens at last throb in sympathy with the hosts of mothers who have seen their children dragged down to a drunkard's grave, and the prayers of the millions of wives who have seen their homes and their happiness ruined through this demon of drink are being answered.

The papers of the land have been filled with insurance scandals. The fact that this dishonesty has crept in is lamentable, but the fact that it has been unearthed and brought to the light of day is something for which the American people should be deeply grateful, for it shows the trend of the public mind.

Glorious is the movement that has been set on foot for the further education of the youth of the land along technical and classical lines. We have become aroused to the moral obligation resting upon us for the more equipment of the children of America for the battle of life.

Then, too, most powerfully does this movement show

itself in the revelations as to the employment of minors in the large manufacturing plants of the country. The lives of the children, the brightest flowers of the land, had been ground in the wheels of commercialism, until their cries had gone echoing out without an answering cry or a succoring hand. In vain had they resounded at the gates of heaven, until the whole universe had reëchoed with their mournful wail, and not till then did it reach the adamantine hearts of men, and not till then was a hand reached out to stop the demons who were using these young lives as fuel for the awful furnace of avarice. None the less clearly do we see this movement as it has affected the political conditions. Who can forget the revelations of graft and dishonesty in the city of San Francisco? Who can forget the lamentable conditions brought to light some time ago in Pennsylvania? Who can forget the serious charges brought recently against public servants in Virginia? I say who can forget them; for while it brings a blush of shame to our cheeks that such conditions should exist in America, at the same time songs of praise are being sung that we as Americans are at last demanding purity in our politics and unblemished characters in our public officials. Though long delayed, this movement has come at last, and although ruin and desolation appear to be in its wake, the country purged and cleansed will rise to heights unthought of.

When the awful war cloud of the sixties rolled away, leaving in its wake fresh-made mounds of clay, which were the shrouds of death, ruined fortunes, burned homes, and torn and bleeding hearts, then it was that wearied nerve and muscle sought repose from political warfare and strife. Minds and hearts were centred in the single object of recuperating lost fortunes and the rebuilding of ruined homes. Political interests were not the interests of the majority. We became commercial; the bread of life had

to be earned; homes had to be supported; children had to be educated. Then later the great railroads, the huge arteries of trade intimately binding the whole country together, were built. Vast projects were undertaken and completed.

Is it then to be marvelled at that we became commercial? And is it any wonder that, as the people of the nation were recuperating their lost fortunes, their interest in their state legislatures and municipal governments waned? As their interest in their democratic institutions lessened, so corruption, as the death-dealing canker which destroys the full-blown rose in all its beauty, has eaten its way in and has been destroying the democratic life and vitality of hundreds of our cities and scores of our state legislatures.

Unconscious were we of this bane in our national life until some years ago when the governor of one of our states had the bravery to oppose the forces of bribery and corruption in his legislature and left not a stone unturned until his state was clean. Thus started, the public mind was attracted to various places. Reputations have been ruined. Men have been put behind prison bars. Call it muck-raking, if you will, but the sunlight has been let into these fever pools in our national life and has cleansed them of their filth and corruption. A brighter day is dawning for America. The Era of Conscience is here. As the reformation with all its attendant changes and blessings swept over Europe, so has this spirit of reform swept over this our land.

This monster of bribery and corruption was attacking many of the state legislatures of the land as the awful octopus of the sea envelops its victim in its slimy, sinewy folds almost without his being conscious of the danger, and then, when the unhappy one recognizes his fearful peril, the loathsome monster of the deep but closes in,

and the doomed sufferer, groaning and writhing in his agony, chokes himself with shrieks, which die away unheard, while he perishes unseen by any eye, unaided by any arm. But as the lamp of Aladdin unlocked vaulted doors revealing vast treasures, so we in this era of conscience, unlocked from this deadly embrace, stand at the portals of a period rich in wonderful opportunities and vast possibilities. As the golden sunshine with all its marvellous power of healing and of cleansing filters into a room that reeks with filth and disease, so will the light of civilization from this glorious land of ours enter into the recesses of the world filled with oppression and sin and from its very cleansing power uplift and help to a nobler plane of living.

Virginia, too, has been rocked by this movement, and although it grieved her sons that she too needed purging, they were brave enough to carry on the work. We have seen that some of our public officials were stained in character, and with the lofty ideals of what was right we have forced men of such a reputation to retire from the service of our state. Some have been able to remain, but O Virginians, we want clean men to serve our state, we want men whose moral character is above reproach. Virginia's ideals have been high in the past. Great and noble men have served her, and by the help of the Almighty the Virginians of to-day will not lower one inch her standard. We want no tainted men; for no state, no country can ever survive if her public servants are not above reproach. Can we as Virginians and as Americans allow such men to represent us in our legislative halls as at one time filled the capitol of Pennsylvania? Shall we as voters and hence as the rulers of the land allow men there to represent us and make our laws whose sole purpose in being there is to gratify private aims and further private interests, and whose chief occupation is log-rolling and the granting of

franchises to those corporations who can put up the most money? Oh, do not our souls rather revolt at the idea, and do we not rather bind ourselves by solemn oaths that such shall not be the case and that our public servants shall be as far above reproach as the star-studded sky overhead is above the restless sea beneath. Our ideals have been high in the past, and shall we not be determined to keep them high with a purpose as firm and unshaken as the rocks of Gibraltar? Can we allow men of tarnished character to sit upon the highest courts in this grand old commonwealth of ours and dispense justice? Is it not rather a mockery on the name? Can we afford to have our shield tarnished by men of this type? Oh, would, sirs, I had the conviction of Saul of Tarsus, the wisdom of Solomon, the power of expression of Shakespeare, and the eloquence of Demosthenes to send this message in ringing tones throughout the length and breadth of this fair land of ours.

There is a character dear to every English heart and sacred to all in whom the blood of old England flows. That character is King Arthur. Call him a myth, if you will. Call his reputed deeds the fruit of legend, of story, and of song. But whether real or mythical, he lives to-day, and living, ever speaks to us in the highest ideal of English manhood. His labor was the highest endeavor for the common good; his mission, the truest manhood possible; his glory, the happiness and prosperity of his people. He it was who made each of his knights to swear

> "To reverence the King, as if he were
> Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
> To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
> To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
> To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
> To honor his own word as if his God's,
> To lead sweet lives in purest chastity."

It is to the regaining of lost ideals that the era of conscience points, to the time when we all shall be as truly knights given over to the common weal as were the knights of the Round Table. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfils himself in many ways." Let us make the new order one in whose spirit the force of conscience will be the leaven working throughout the body politic, cleansing and purifying, healing and renewing, until the golden age comes again when we would have ourselves do unto others as we would have them do unto us, when America, marching foremost in the ranks of progress, shall lead the rest of the civilized world.

When awakened thoroughly to any problem and its dangers, this nation is powerful to grapple with that problem and work on to its successful solution; but a nation asleep like some giant Samson can be shorn of its powers by forces whose pygmy strength to the awakened nation would be bonds snapped as easily as fetters of straw. And in the nation thus awakened we see the minds of men aroused to the full powers which are theirs, to their unparalleled opportunities and to a grander appreciation of their mission on earth.

Most fittingly may this movement be compared to the magnificent struggles which have taken place in the world's history. Joan of Arc succeeded in her effort in uniting all Frenchmen in a common cause and freed her land from foreign rulers. Then, too, the same people, although forced into the throes of a bloody revolution, freed themselves from their bondage to their kings, and, too, when the reformation swept over Europe, ignorance was supplanted by knowledge and bigotry by Christianity. So, too, in the last decade Americans have thrown off the spirit of commercialism which has choked our every effort and have risen to a nobler plane for a period of world-wide influence and power.

But, gentlemen, I contend that this movement is grander than the movements of former ages; for it is as the leaven working, and what may not be the results? The grandest nation on the globe, filled with lofty ideals and imbued with love for their fellow-men and a devout desire to assist in the amelioration of their condition, have a future that is not to be measured and a power that is not to be estimated. As the country has striven to do honor to the hero of Valley Forge, by raising a monument that in height surpasses the massive dome of St. Peter's or St. Paul's or any of the other monumental structures that mankind has built, so has America raised her ideals above the hopes and fondest ambitions of all other nations on the earth; and as she has raised her ideals, so will her achievements surpass those of other peoples. If America keeps her flag untarnished, she will not flash across the sky of time as a whirling comet flames in momentary splendor across the black brow of night, but, as a steady sun, firmly fixed in the dome above, will she send out her rays of healing and of cleansing.

O Virginians, yes, Americans, as you love the Stars and Stripes and all that they mean to you, let us carry on this movement of conscience, and as the mighty Mississippi rises and overflows the dikes which attempt to hold it in its narrow course and floods the surrounding fields, enriching them and making them yield a double crop, so may we let this movement rise above the obstacles which stand in its path and attempt to check it and keep it in a narrow circumscribed course, and let it penetrate to every nook and corner of America with its cleansing, fertilizing flood, so that the yield will be tenfold and the portions of our political and social life which are as barren deserts will bloom and blossom as the rose of Sharon. Lofty have been Virginia's ideals, pure have been her public servants, magnificent have been her gifts to civili-

zation, and, gentlemen of Virginia, we have shown our determination to keep her public servants pure, and, with this purpose ever held in mind, as certain as there is a God in heaven, her gifts to her fellow-men will grow richer, more powerful, and more magnificent as the revolving years go by. Let us carry on this work and plant the Stars and Stripes upon the battlements where they belong, whence the grand old emblem may send out its rays of civilization from where the sun sinks to rest in the Western sea to where the golden dawn begins, and from where blow the zephyrs of the farthest South to where the matchless Aurora spreads her flaming banners in the Northern sky.

And so, if then we make this era of conscience not a passing excitement, but, if it is here to abide until the works of man's hands shall crumble into dust and his institutions cease to exist, then with confidence may we tear away the veil that separates us from the future, and with an inner eye unclouded by doubt or uncertainty may we behold the war horse stripped of his glories, the sabre moulded into ploughshares, the battle flag furled, and our nation ministering to the world even as did He who, born in an humble manger near the restless sea of Galilee, ministered to sin-sick humanity.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIENCE

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(Awarded first place in the Contest of the Northern Oratorical League, 1908)

WHEN a biologist places upon the slide of his microscope the thin sections which show the development of the cell, he has upon that bit of glass the primary wonder of the whole living world. Since Darwin the intellectual world has been coming to realize that in this universe are certain definite paths of development, and has seen not only natural organisms, but also nations and worlds in divers stages of progressive development. The discoveries of Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, the victory of Darwin, the triumph of modern evolutionists, — all enlarge the significance of human life. They show us distinctly that man's perfection is the goal toward which nature has been ever tending; so the biologist sees in the thin sections of the cell not only the beginning, possibility, and promise of an organized universe, but he sees also himself — himself, the last final development. With the results from the study of geology and organic life the truth of evolution is affirmed. To deny this law to-day would be as Gladstone said of England's mistaken aid of the Confederacy — like opposing the law of gravitation. The human mind to-day recognizes that life is a constant growth from lower to higher forms. The world presents many examples of the evolution of the physical. We need only

recall the life story of the horse, the pigeon, the ox, man himself, to be assured that evolution has brought us a finer type of being. We marvel at the difference between the primitive pigment spot and the developed eye which grew out of it, and we are coming in these days to appreciate the broad fact that life, in the age-long course of its development, has gained capacity for higher exercise and richer happiness. According to our best science the perfecting of humanity is to be the glorious consummation of nature's work, and in this deadly struggle for existence which has raged throughout countless eons of time, the whole creation has been groaning and working, fighting and dying in order to bring to its fullest completion the highest forms of life.

Yes, the biologist can see in the thin sections of the cell himself, but he knows that if he interprets his science correctly, the man he sees is not merely physical. He knows that mind and body are one, and that if science is to be justified, he must think of his evolution as being not only physical, but also mental. Man in his upright position is regarded as the highest form of physical life, and our physiological psychology says that the future perfection of mankind shall not be by the development of new hands, eyes, or organs, but by the evolution of conscience. As the crouching slave walks a free man, as man himself has risen from all fours and now walks as a god, even so conscience crowns our mental evolution.

The world presents also many examples of the evolution of conscience. The highest civilization of Greece was but an embryonic stage of what we to-day call morals. The difference between the fanatical Indian thug, who regrets that he has not strangled so many travellers as did his father before him, and the doctor, engineer, or good Samaritan, who enter the jaws of death to save their fellow-men; the growth of the moral sense in Cardinal

Wolsey, who sums up the mistakes of his self-assertive, avaricious life in these words, "Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition," — such growth, from the thug to the Samaritan, from the Wolsey of youth to the Wolsey of age, shows us a progressive evolution of conscience. Read the story of Jean Valjean, a reformed criminal, who lost wealth, position, influence, happiness, for the sake of saving a miserable, low-down, but innocent human creature. Follow his bowed white head to the court room after conscience won its fight and hear his words — words that have stirred the hearts of men for sixty years, "Gentlemen of the jury, he is not the man whom you seek. I am Jean Valjean." Could any primitive man have believed such self-surrender possible? Could any savage moralist have understood such action? Yet we to-day undoubtedly look upon the lines of Wolsey as ideally true, and the story of Jean Valjean, the finest bit of ethical analysis in the world's literature. Yes — we to-day regard that declaration of Valjean as the best action of the human conscience.

We might trace the rise of conscience from primitive to modern man, from the first crude scruple to the highest soul sense; but instead, let us consider three world movements where conscience plays a dominant part. One of these movements began in 1802, when a distinct advance marked the nineteenth century. Conscience through the vow of Sir Robert Peel awoke the whole world to the fact that it was wrong to imprison children in shops and factories. The movement has grown. Yet who in ancient Rome, in looking down the years, could have imagined these words of the twentieth century: —

> "How long, how long, wilt thou, oh, cruel nation,
> Content to turn the world on a child's heart,
> Trample down with your nailed heel its palpitation,
> And tread onward to your mart?"

Could Nero have considered for a moment the heart of a child while the Christians were burning in his garden? Conscience has evolved. The bitter cry of the children with the wintry lines on their faces full of seas of sorrow has been hearkened to, and because a child is a child, we are reading in these days of progressive evolution the eighteenth chapter of Luke with better understanding. And if some one should ask what is typical of our world to-day, we should reply, "It is not that child labor is any worse, but that which marks our period is the awakening of conscience to the fact that it is morally wrong."

These last few years have seen conscience battling in another movement for the ideals of universal peace and brotherhood. How Alexander, Ptolemy, Cæsar, Napoleon, would have laughed at the prospect! But their laugh would sound hollow now. Long indeed have men failed to see that they were brothers, that color, race, speech, were not distinctions in a universe of souls. In spite of the elaborate preparations for war, that god of destruction is no more terrible now than he was when Charles Martel battled with the Moorish hordes on the field of Tours in sunny France, or when Cæsar slaughtered one million lives in adding the vine-clad hills of Gaul to the Roman Empire; no, he is no more horrible now than he was when that great Englishman defeated the Old Guard, staining the lilies of France with the red blood of the Britishers. That which marks our period is not the fleets of war nor arsenals of cannon, not the building of navies nor the marshalling of armies, nor is it the decrease in the horrors of war, but in spite of standing armies and warlike preparations, in spite of martial music and the sound of tramping soldiers, the true index of to-day is the awakening of conscience to the fact that war is morally wrong.

In another movement conscience has been fighting a

danger more disastrous to the life of a nation than child labor, more destructive to the constitutions of men and of republics than the demon war. A plague, a pest has poisoned not only the Halls of Justice, the Highways of Commerce, but also has infected the very fountains of life, the home, — the very foundation of our social and moral standards; the home, — the source of the strength and perpetuity of our republic; the home, — "that little cottage with the hollyhocks growing at the corner with their bannered bosoms open to the sun, with its spring of water bubbling day and night like a little poem from the heart of the earth, with the lattice work across the window so that the sunlight falls checkered on the baby in the cradle." Into such a paradise the demon drink has come. In such a land as ours, in such homes, how horrible is that! Oh, the desolate homes! The broken-hearted mothers! In the words of Cassio:—

> "Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths,
> To steal away their brains;
> That we should transform ourselves into beasts."

What a tragedy! That men and women should be sold into such a slavery! Oh, the pathos of it! That such a serpent should control the destinies of men! Yea, of nations! But an emancipator has come! A century ago there was no public opinion against the "traffic"; to-day conscience has started over the South a great wave of temperance which is sweeping on, on, over the world. Before the later temperance movements the grog shop was not discriminated against; to-day sixty-five fraternal organizations with a membership of seven millions of men now bar all liquor dealers. Even before the Whiskey Rebellion men paraded in all their drunkenness; to-day the world sees a grand temperance parade in Sweden. A score of years ago saloons were everywhere; to-day Oklahoma adds a star to the flag and a "dry" constitution

to the Union. In Alabama, Kansas, Georgia, Mississippi, throughout the great South, old political issues are discarded, and the question of temperance is supreme in the hearts and minds of all. It is not that intemperance is any more insidious to us than it was to Rip Van Winkle, who "wouldn't count this time," but that which marks our period is the awakening of conscience to the awfulness of such an ignoble condition.

We recognize that conscience has laid open for us the wrongs of child labor, war, and intemperance, but we are failing in some measure to so interpret the wrongs of our national life. We have critics to-day like Jonah of old who went up and down the streets of Nineveh prophesying, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed." Forty days passed, and Nineveh stood. To-day the American doctrinaires are heralding the utter degeneration of the American people. In proof they cite the appalling instances of dishonesty, rapine, and fraud, lawlessness of men and corporations, the use of office for private ends, the mad scramble for wealth. To these and many more they point as evidence of the utter degeneration of the times. The indictment is a terrible one. Can we answer it? Can we say that the dial of human progress has not been going back? To this spirit we can reply that from the lowest evolution has gone upward and onward. That the moral contest of man has been, not only between the bad and the good, but progressive evolution also makes that choice between the good and the better. Emerson says:—

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
> The youth replies, 'I can.'"

Human life from the beginning has just simply been saying "thou must, thou must!" and conscience evolving re-

plies, "I can, I can!" To those who doubt the "I can" we say it is not that the present times are any more corrupt and degenerate, — and we have good reason to believe they are less so, — but that the conscience of man has progressed; and he is now coming to insist as never before that high standards in public and private life shall be maintained, that, as Grover Cleveland says, "public office shall be regarded as a public trust," that the sanctity of family life be insisted upon, that the man who discards the virtues of life shall receive the anathemas of all good men, that the rule of the square deal for every man shall be the dominant rule of national no less than of individual life. What we are demanding is true, brave, honest men! "The law declares it! The court awards it!" The progress of humanity is based upon its possibility! The evolution of conscience prescribes it! Our hearts — yes, our hearts endorse it!

But to picture to ourselves this wonderful and significant law, presiding as it has through illimitable ages, we behold on the physical side the building of protoplasm into nerves and flesh and blood, evolving the gauze of the gnat's wing, the sheen of the humming bird, the lark's song, the rose's splendor, the violet's perfume, the gorgeous tints of the butterfly; evolving in the battles of conscience a life which is larger in its outlook, richer in its sympathies, nobler in its aims, and more joyous in its hope for humanity than it ever was for Father Abraham with all his flocks and herds.

On an ancient Egyptian tablet, carved in the language of the past, there stands one word, and that one word renders the Old World near akin to ours — it is the word "evil." Many generations of men have known that word. In some near-by future century should there be unearthed a buried monument, record of our present world, that historic word "evil" would be still found

written there, but over it would be seen that other word, so expressive of our evolution of conscience, that other word which humanity now begins to know as the greatest of all — even "love."

But in the final analysis the most scientific evolutionary theory can be only a description of the process by which God has worked, and conscience and love only the results of the method He has used. It was such a thought that Tennyson had in mind when he wrote: —

> "That God that ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.'

THE TRIUMPH OF THE INDIVIDUAL

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(Awarded first place in thought and composition in the Iowa State Oratorical Contest of 1909)

In the onward progress of the ages there has been a constant struggle between two forces — conservatism, tending to preserve what already exists, and progression, striving to better established conditions. The one holds back; the other rushes forward. The one clings to the past; the other looks to the future. The one walks the old and well-known paths; the other strikes out into untried ways. Conservatism is expressed in laws and customs, in social stratification, in petrified systems of religion and philosophy. Progression manifests itself in the longing for liberty, in personal initiative, in the breaking down of social caste, in the rejuvenation of faith and creed. Conservatism tends to the suppression of the individual; progression tends to his development. Every innovation of civilization has been accomplished in spite of the forces of conservatism. Every great inventor, every great apostle, every great political leader, every great reformer, has had to struggle against the tendency of society to let well enough alone. There is a natural disposition among men to take things as they come, to make no radical changes; and this disposition is fostered by those who are satisfied with present conditions, — the rich, the powerful, the noble-born, — those who are not desirous of imperilling their own prosperity

by the amelioration of the condition of others. Progress has always had to fight its way. It has fought because some one was willing to suffer the stigma of ostracism and to brave the sneers of conservatism for the introduction and enforcement of reform.

For centuries conservatism was in the ascendency. Individual liberty was non-existent. Initiative was the prerogative of kings. Originality of thought was a crime punishable by death. The gigantic systems of caste, of aristocracy, of monarchy, made it impossible for a new idea to gain recognition. China stood still for three thousand years because of the influence of Confucianism. Egypt reached a certain height and could rise no higher, because it was imperative for the son to follow the occupation of the father. India still offers no brighter hope to her teeming millions than poverty in life and Nirvana in death, because her caste system has crushed all spirit out of the men and women who compose the lower classes. In these countries the value of the individual is not realized. System, law, society, is everything; the individual is nothing. The lower orders of society are forced to a continuous heritage of stultified intellects, of serfdom and misery. Ultra-conservatism perpetuated the traditions of the past and the power of the ruling classes and the status of the civilization that had been attained, but the same force made the progress of the masses and the development of civilization impossible.

And these effete civilizations have had to pay the penalty. No new thing has sprung from their worn-out systems for thousands of years. No individual genius has asserted itself. No amelioration of the masses is in sight. In these countries there is no progress, no hope, no future. The individual is absolutely subordinate to the forces of law and custom. In these countries real liberty cannot exist. The individual is not free to think

for himself, to exercise his own initiative — how can a man's acts be free when his very thoughts are slaves?

It is a serious statement to make, but the signs of the times bear me out when I say that here in free America there is a limited class of men who advocate the return of such conditions. These men have no faith in the individual. They urge that the liberty of the people results in moral corruption, lawlessness, and crime, that the ballot belongs only to the man who has property to protect, that the state ought to foster a paternalism which would keep a lazy man from starving and prevent an unwise man from making bad investments. They even hold that the strong arm of civil law ought to be invoked to keep men submissive to the moral law. They hold that men ought to be coerced to think alike, if allowed to think at all, and that every individual ought to be forced to submit in conduct and custom to the dictates of society.

But these conservatives are wrong. If their theory means anything, it means that a paternalistic government furnishes greater incentive to individual genius than a democratic government. It means that all men ought to subscribe to the same creed and stand on the same platform. It means that men are not fit to be free, and that a monarchy furnishes better conditions for progress than a republic. But the common sense and the universal heart of man cry out against such a theory. Let all be free. Let each man develop his individuality and assert his initiative, even if a few abuse the glorious privilege. Let the sun shine, even if some weeds grow rank, else all the flowers of virtue and genius would perish in the inglorious shadows of unproductive uniformity. The pyramids of Egypt, the ruins of Babylon, the hungry populace of India, are powerful witnesses of the truth that stagnation results from the suppression of individuality. Genius blossoms only in the sunny atmosphere of liberty.

Progress never results where all are conformists. Who would attempt to say how history would read to-day had Mirabeau, Cromwell, or Washington subscribed to the conventionalities of their times? No! Spontaneous talent and initiative never assert themselves where all are patterned after the same mould. Even morality is impossible where men are forced to do right. The best-behaved community in the state of Iowa is in the penitentiary at Anamosa. But it would be ridiculous to call those men moral. They do right because they must, and there is no virtue in such conduct, perfect though it be.

The strongest refutation of this doctrine that the liberty of the masses is a bad thing and that conformity and uniformity are necessary conditions for the final realization of a Utopian state — the strongest refutation of this pernicious doctrine is the progress and development of the American republic. Here, if ever in the world's history, liberty has been more than a dream. Here the individual citizen and his right to develop are paramount to all questions of political and economic expediency. Here the individual has asserted himself, has dared to think and act for himself — in politics, in religion, in business enterprise, in the refinements of social intercourse. What is the result? With a smaller standing army and a weaker police than any other nation we have the best behaved people on the face of the earth. With no compulsory church attendance there is more genuine religious devotion in America than in all the world besides. With no social restrictions, the daughter of our laboring man can aspire to the most coveted position in society with grace and conduct as queenly as that of the most pampered daughter of wealth or royalty. And more than that; here business enterprise is limited only by the capacity of the individual. Here any man can aspire to whatever he will. The doors of our colleges swing open for all.

The cabin boy, the rail-splitter, the canal driver, assume the initiative, and forth from their ranks step the orators, the statesmen, the financiers, the captains in the marts of commerce, the leaders in thought and action. Nowhere else in all the world are there such possibilities. Nowhere else can the individual knock at so many doors and choose so many opportunities. And what is better far, nowhere else is the individual more mindful of his obligation to others. We Americans cannot think of ourselves alone. We are the most generous people in the world. Let there be a Russian famine or an Indian pestilence, and the wealth of America flows to those distant parts. And we are not compelled to do these things. We want to do them. The heart of America is big with philanthropy. Should the Prince of Peace pass this way, He would not find it necessary to minister to the maimed, the blind, the lepers cast without the gates, nor to the madman in the wilderness. He would find hospitals, asylums, and comfortable homes for the alleviation of the suffering of the poor and distressed. America has helped more unfortunate people than any other nation; she has elevated more lives to a higher plane; she has bound up more wounds and quieted more suffering; she has educated more children and sent out more missionaries; she has built more schools and furnished more hospitals; she has touched more hearts with human sympathy. She has stricken the shackles from the enslaved of other nations, sacrificing her sons and daughters upon the altar of human liberty, human progress, and human development.

America is the hope of the world! All eyes are fixed upon her as the land of promise for the millions yet unborn. And the hope of America lies in her sons and daughters. We have nothing to fear from outside foes who would gain a foothold on American soil. We have nothing to fear from inside traitors who would fetter the spirit of

individualism that has made us great. And as long as the spirit of liberty lives, we need not fear that any form of paternalism will ever strike root in our institutions, that ultra-conservatism will ever stifle American genius, or that any form of slavery will ever shackle our American manhood. Thank Heaven, America is free! We can shape for ourselves whatever future we please. We are placed upon our own responsibility, we have freedom of choice and liberty of thought. But under the stress of that responsibility and in the sunshine and atmosphere of that liberty the individual has triumphed — in war, in peace, in art, in commerce, in social development and moral integrity — he has triumphed in the past. And the beauty of his ideals beckon him to a still higher development and a still grander destiny. Let him go forth manfully to meet the responsibilities that are sure to confront him. And going forth, if he always asserts his power and influence upon the side of justice, if he fights the good fight against wrong and error, and oppression and superstition, girt with the whole armor of righteousness, if he stands firmly by the right as God gives him to see the right, he shall be instrumental in ushering in a new era even for America. Our cities will be purified, righteousness will be enthroned, and there will be a better America because he has lived, and a grander liberty for all the downtrodden of the world because America has held high the banner of hope — and this shall be a triumph true and glorious, the triumph of the individual.

THE TRIUMPH OF INDIVIDUALISM

Towne Young

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

(Awarded first place in the Contest for the Skinner Prize in Oratory, held at the University of Texas March 1, 1909; also delivered in the 1909 Contest of the Texas State Oratorical League)

A GREAT statesman has said, "Every discovery by which human relationship has been improved, by which the civilization of man has progressed, has been produced by the creative power of the individual, never by the power of a combination of men. The great discoveries that have opened up new fields of improvement, that have elevated human thought and action, have been created by the private judgment of bold and able men."

In these clear-cut statements is found the expression of a simple truth that has survived the shock of ages. The individual as the unit — the individual as the only factor in the great multiple of a nation — these are powerful ideas that run through the entire social fabric and through every sphere of organic life. In the material world the forces of nature act through the unit, and in the realm of science it is the cell and not the mass that is the subject of cultivation. As the laws of chemistry are largely concerned with the atom, so the laws of republics are concerned with the rights of the individual man; as the scientist must study the individual plant to reach his general law, so the moralist must make his appeal to the individual conscience to establish any rule of moral conduct. History teaches that all nations determine their

progress and shape their destinies by the light of personal ideals, and in every crisis of history men have exalted the individual as the saviour of their kind. Yet there are those in the world to-day who denounce the doctrine of individualism and declare that the subordination of the individual to the mass results in the maximum of human happiness. They protest against the elevation of the individual. They oppose the civilization he has created. They idealize government as a blessing to humanity, and would organize its people into a governmental army where every man and every woman would be a soldier in a vast industrial band, each guaranteed the opportunity of earning his daily bread, but in the interest of industrial equality enjoined from earning more. These communists spread the thought that the individual is nothing, the organization everything. They dream of an ideal state in which man has no choice of lot or toil, but moves according to the superior wisdom of the organized mass. This, we are told, is the liberty for which the ages have toiled, the liberty for which the earth has been crimsoned with human blood.

But the doctrine embraced in communistic teaching strikes at the very foundation of liberty. If the doctrine they uphold means anything, it means that men are not worthy of individual freedom; it means that a paternalism furnishes a greater incentive to genius than a democracy, and that an oligarchy is more conducive to progress than a republic; it means that in every department of life the individual must be crucified for society's advancement, that the progressive instinct in the universal heart of man must be stifled to make possible the dream of a theorist. Shall we accept without question this pernicious doctrine? Shall we abolish the laws of nature and let government distribute the rewards of human toil? We must develop to the fullest possible extent that

divine gift of individuality which Providence has stored within us. The individual must be exalted that through him the state may be preserved.

A nation's progress must cease when its people are forced into one mould of thought and action. This is a truth, clear and luminous, that has stood since the dawn of history, "when governments first reared their proud structures to the sky" and paved the way for organization of society. Celestial China has stood still for thirty centuries because of adherence to an outworn creed. The thousand years of mediæval night that enveloped the empires of Western Europe resulted from the total suppression of individuality. The chaos of Russia to-day bears living testimony to the fact that the depths of human misery can be reached by a nation when the spirit of the individual citizen is crushed, and his every thought held in mental serfdom. How vastly different would have been the result of the great crises of American history had Washington, Jefferson, or Lincoln submitted to the ways and customs of their time! The success of Marconi is a triumph of individualism. He has performed the miracle of telegraphing without wires and of projecting messages across the ocean through space. His achievement could never have been accomplished in a state held in communal bondage. Brains and energizing forces similar to those of Marconi are doubtless possessed by thousands of men whose environments hold them as with bands of steel in the clutches of mediocrity. The incentive lacking, the spirit refuses to act, and disuse performs its unfailing function as the agency of swift decay.

A striking disproof of the theory that social uniformity is essential to the creation of the perfect state lies in the marvellous development of the nineteenth century. In the growth of population, in the expansion of commerce, in material advancement of every kind,

this century has eclipsed the record of all centuries. Steam, electricity, gas, and telegraphy have enlarged the field of human opportunity. Science and philosophy, literature and art, have felt the impetus born of new conditions. In the Aladdin-like day of the present, great continents have been girdled with steel, the globe has been encircled with lightning, and through these instrumentalities the wealth of the world has multiplied. The condition of the masses has improved beyond all precedents in history. The laboring man has climbed the social ladder, until to-day the distinction between patrician and plebeian is no more. Beneath his humble "vine and fig tree" the American workman lives a more elegant life than the feudal lords of old.

What wrought these vast social and scientific advances but free man given full control of his individual genius? During the nineteenth century, for the first time, the individual was free and could use his freedom to advantage. He broke the bondage of tradition, he "threw aside the superstition of the past, he shattered the political despotism of the period," he established his right to think and work and worship according to his private judgment, and the civilization of the hour is the result. And so the conclusion inevitably comes that the individual always precedes society in the march of universal progress. The individual has fought the battle and won the victory. He has broken away from the masses, he has fought the prejudices of his race, and, battling against the elements of chaos, he has come forth triumphant with the lines of a great social order taking their place about him and the star of a wonderful republic rising before his eyes.

But while the individual, by right of merit, has been crowned king in America, and while his labors in the past have made for our nation an unparalleled advance, a dark seam has been disclosed in the strata of our new civiliza-

tion, which, ever widening, threatens the safety of our most cherished institutions. New conditions beget new evils. The individual is still menaced with crucifixion by enemies who would destroy the spirit of individualism as completely as would the believers in social government. Our great republic, dedicated to freedom of conscience and liberty of the individual, has paused to-day in its marvellous career under the pandering of financial vampires who demand a confiscation of the fruits of honest toil. The hallowed principles for which our forefathers so gloriously struggled, rested, primarily, upon equal rights and unhampered competition. Private monopoly, in crushing the independent competitor and trampling the small dealer in the dust, assails with deadly precision these great tenets of our boasted liberty. Plundering capital, in its greed for financial gain, sins against the individual; and, from the stifling of private enterprise and competition, there has resulted everywhere a decrease in human happiness and an increase in human woe. Men and women have been commercialized to satisfy the appetite of monopoly, and the victims of the mill, the mine, and the factory can be charged to capitalism. Around many a wife it has thrown the sombre weeds of widowhood. From the lips of many a babe it has drawn the wail of orphanage. Unnatural dividends of toil have been wrung from the bodies of little children, and, to the pessimist, our nation seems destined to repeat the example of imperial Rome, which flourished while its people were strong in manly virtues, happy in individual freedom, but perished when special privilege entered to strip from the race their liberty and thus make Roman virtue and power a tradition of the past.

Is the fate that befell mighty Rome our hidden destiny? Will selfish greed for money and power hasten our disintegration and decay? No! A thousand times, no! The

heart of our civilization is yet sound, the fountain-head of our national life is yet pure. We Americans are descended, not from Roman, but from the great Teutonic family, and through our veins runs the unconquered Teutonic blood. The strongest attributes of the ancient Teutons were love of personal freedom and reverence for native land. They sprang from a royal race, and sons of such men were never meant for slaves, nor have they ever patiently endured the yoke of any servitude. Even now, the united people of a common country are steadily restricting the forces of capitalism to legitimate spheres, and are moving onward toward the future with the confident step of those who feel that they are marching into the dawn.

Only six score years and ten have passed since the old Liberty Bell proclaimed our Independence. In this brief period our Republic, conceived in liberty, nourished by individual enterprise, fortified against paternalism and monopoly, has advanced to the forefront among the assemblage of mighty nations. This glorious triumph of individualism is the crowning political achievement of sixty centuries. As we approach the future, confident of strength, as against the weakness of one hundred years ago, let us not forget that upon the individual sons and daughters of this Republic rests the burden of maintaining our national integrity. We face the duty of preserving the civilization for which our fathers labored, and of defending the liberty for which our fathers died. We face the more sacred duty of building upon the foundation of the present an image of the future republic, for the ideal American will be the result of our thoughts, our aspirations, and our sacrifices in behalf of this commonwealth. A noble task! A glorious duty! and one which the individual American approaches with supreme courage and patriotism. Profoundly conscious of his personal

responsibility, let the citizen of to-day strike his bravest blow to fashion this ultimate standard of individualism, and in the centuries to come America will reap the reward of her exalted ideal, "for her stars, radiant with its vivifying light, are set high in the firmament of national destiny, and while they shine this nation can never, never die."

THE CALL OF DUTY

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(Awarded second place in the Montana State Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest of 1909)

IN our war with Spain, eleven years ago, there were many deeds of heroism. None, however, can excel the act of a common soldier named Rowan. At the commencement of hostilities President McKinley desired the help of Garcia, the leader of the insurgents, who at that time was somewhere in the interior of the island of Cuba. It was important that a message should be carried to Garcia. Telegraph lines were down, the mail service unsafe, yet it was necessary that the message should be transmitted at the earliest possible moment. The name of Rowan was suggested as the most likely man to carry the message. He was summoned before the President, and given the document. Within four days he landed under cover of darkness off the shore of Cuba, and with his trust he disappeared into the night. Three weeks later he emerged from the dense underbrush on the farther shore, unharmed and triumphant! He had traversed the island, had suffered many hardships, had imperilled his life; but — he had carried his message to Garcia!

A message to Garcia! How significant! Before him there had been but one course, and he had followed it. This course lies before us all. To possess an earnest

desire for furthering the interests of mankind, is indeed a worthy motive, but it is not sufficient. We must have not only the willing spirit, but the skilled brain and the trained hand. To attain these acquirements, and to use them — this is the summons of the twentieth century, this is the call of duty!

Duty is the essential element of our American spirit. It is the bugle call, which, drifting faintly along the dormant line, summons us to the field of battle; it is the bugle call, that mounting in volume sounds our advance; it is the bugle call, that, ringing out its challenge of defiance, kindles within us the indomitable and resistless spirit which forces us on to victory. This battle-field is not one of contending batallions, armed with weapons of destruction, but rather the battle-field of progress, whereon the victory lies not to the man behind the gun, but to the man behind the transit; not to the man behind the trench, but to the man behind the desk; not to the man behind the firing line, but to the man behind the machines of production!

The history of the world has been a history of conquests — conquests for existence, conquests for territory, conquests for liberty, and conquests for democracy!

Centuries elapse and the struggle has assumed a new form; the herald of time has announced the conquest for territory. The Angles and Saxons invade Britain; the Norsemen swoop down upon the empire of Charlemagne; the Tartars swarm into Eastern Europe; the Mohammedans intrude into Spain only to be driven out two centuries later by the Christians!

From these mighty struggles there rises only a greater one — the conquest for liberty. The vain efforts of Greece and Rome to maintain republics; the pitiful attempts of Poland to establish a free government; the heroic struggles of the Dutch for freedom; and the suc-

cessful rebellion of the common people of England against a tyrannical sovereign, — these are the waterfalls in the course of the mighty stream of liberty!

The last quarter of the eighteenth century witnessed the revolutions of the Americans and of the French, and in the wake of these mighty tempests, we see, fast approaching, a broader and a higher conquest — the conquest for democracy. The bloody conflicts over, the question of government arose, and men like Mirabeau, Hamilton, and Bismarck shaped the political course of Europe and of America.

The echoes of Waterloo issued in a new awakening, a new conquest, the struggle for commercial supremacy. Battle-fields have been replaced by factories; generals have been succeeded by captains of industry; and the fighting steeds of the sea have given place to the gigantic vessels of commerce — not in the conquest for selfish gains alone, but in the struggle for civilization. This is the new evolution, the new change, the new Renaissance!

In the present era, the world has assumed a more rapid stride. It swings along in its resistless course like the mechanism of a mighty timepiece, ever rapid, ever powerful, ever impelling! The world is moving along with an added energy. It sends forth its summons for men to do its work, to answer to its ever increasing demands. Whether in the pulpit, or on the battle-field; in the halls of Congress, or in the universities of learning; in the office, or on the construction crew, we must respond to its call — the call of duty. We must acquire the willing spirit, the skilled brain, and the trained hand to answer to its call.

The burden of the work in the call of duty will fall upon the strong, that is, upon those who are best prepared to take up the work of mankind. It demands the best in manhood and in womanhood. There is little room

for the weak. The labor must rest upon the men and women who stand prepared to face the storms of life.

The task which lies before this generation is not an easy one. The days of Alexander, of Hannibal, of Napoleon, of Lincoln, are passed. In the periods of history in which they lived, the strenuous activity of modern life was yet undreamed of, and the channel to success was not so difficult or so long to traverse. In an age like ours, even efforts like theirs would have been in vain. Had they attempted to gain their relative positions in this century with only the opportunities offered in their own, it would have proved a task superhuman. To-day the progress of the nation, in its strenuous life, claims only the fittest, only those who are adequately trained to compete and to maintain themselves, only those who are able to answer to the broader and higher call of duty.

The man of the coming generation is the one who will give his entire energy to the development and to the progress of society. It matters little in what occupation he may devote his efforts, but in order to maintain his position, he must give the best within him. It matters little whether he be farmer, or poet; artisan, or jurist; engineer, or teacher; business man, or President of the nation, he must contribute the best within him, if he will answer to the call of duty.

Not only should he prepare himself adequately for his work before him, not only should he devote himself entirely to its promotion, but he should feel his obligation to the world. A man may know his duty, he may be conscious of it, but it will avail him nothing if he fails to practise it. The citizen must realize his duty to himself, to his fellow-citizens, to his nation, to the world! and should perform it with a willingness and a spirit sensible of the numerous favors bestowed upon him.

This duty devolves not alone upon the head of the

nation, or the members of his cabinet; not alone upon the governors, or their assistants; not alone upon the great industrial magnates and their boards of directors, but upon all to share in the struggle for advancement. The struggle is one for commercial supremacy. To fit ourselves to fill a spoke in the gigantic wheel of progress; to expend our entire energy in impelling the wheel ever onward; to maintain its course in the proper channel; this must be our watchword, our aim, our duty!

THE ROUGH RIDERS

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(An oration delivered in competition for the Junior Historical Oration Prizes, Colgate University, 1899)

THEY said we were divided; that the long scar between the North and South was still distinctly marked; that the keen knife of sectional contention had drawn its bitter edge between the East and West. They said democracy was lost; that capital sat upon the throne of empire; that an aristocracy of wealth were peers of the realm; that labor must beat with naked hands against the barred and bolted gates of privilege. They said that patriotism was dead; that the spirit which fired the flintlocks at Lexington and drove the charge at Saratoga, which ran the batteries at New Orleans and stayed the high tide of the Rebellion at Gettysburg, had been dissolved in sordid lust and mercenary greed. They that said it have been answered. Stirred by the cry of human need, touched by the magic of a hostile hand, martial America has made reply in the crowning representative of her life and character, — made of the stuff that makes America, trained with the discipline that shall preserve America, laurelled with victory which is America's destiny, — Roosevelt's Rough Riders.

They were made of the stuff that makes America. They were the most cosmopolitan regiment that ever charged in battle. The importunate cry of suffering man, pleading for human sympathy and human help,

rang clarion-like from East to West, gathering from mountain and valley, from city and town, from hut and mansion, America's martial might; charging with America's wrath the steel throats of cannon. Rich and poor, ignorant and learned, they came, of every race, occupation, and religion, intrepidly driving their mailed fist between the Spaniard and his victim, until, victorious, upon the crest of San Juan Hill they stood, democracy triumphant!

In that embodiment of America's character, the ends of the earth met together. Race, rank, and creed were blended in that blazing forge of a people's indignation. There was the negro, under the flag that once was the symbol of his serfdom; the Indian and the Irishman were there, paying the utmost tribute of their lives, into the general coffers of the world's freedom; the sons of Plymouth Rock were there, whose fathers fought at Lexington, and Buena Vista, and Gettysburg; Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, Confederate and Unionist; from Maine and Carolina, from the inland and the coast, — all welded on the anvil of a noble purpose by the hammer of a human cry.

Well may the world pause at that first burial service on the summit of El Siboney. Far to the right, lifting their stony heads from the rank luxuriance of tropic forests, reach the hills of Santiago. To the left the dark gray of the ocean, and Sampson's ships, like watch-dogs, crouching about the door of the beleaguered harbor. Here upon the crest of Siboney they lay their martial dead, — a millionnaire, an Indian, a cowboy, a college athlete, — shoulder to shoulder in the common earth, wrapped with the same flag, all in the sombre community of death. "If a man die shall he live again?" Standing beside this mountain tomb, where America's character lies typified, we declare: "Men may die, but democracy is not dead.

She liveth, and over these graves hath this day 'climbed the ridge of the world,' to her final duty and her appointed end."

The Rough Riders were made of the stuff that makes America, and were trained with the discipline that shall preserve America. From club, camp, and cottage, with the untamed spirit of personal pride, with the undisciplined sense of individual freedom, impatient of dictation, restless under law, they came to forge from their unamalgamated strength a thunderbolt of avenging justice. From commonwealths of luxury where wish was law, from frontier cabins where human life grows rank in unchecked impulse, they came an untrained, unwelded mass, to do their country's bidding. There were men from the wild, loose warfare of the Western plains, from the prestige of aristocratic clubs, from the honorable influence of the Christian pulpit, from the intellectual culture of college halls; large, strong, commanding men, coined of true metal, stamped in the remorseless mint of life, used to being rung on the counters of the world.

In three short months they were the trained and steady soldiers of the republic. The strong fingers of stringent training blended the discord of their separate strength into the march and roll of irresistible harmony. They were composite as America is; they were swayed by boundless love of personal freedom; they were unenduring of compulsion or restraint. And yet, from the white heat of a nation's wrath they were run into the rigid mould of incorrigible discipline. There was neither variableness nor shadow of turning in the inexorable law. Through heat and rain, through sickness and fatigue, regardless of social rank or moneyed aristocracy, they who had volunteered to save their country, learned the lessons of obedient discipline, moulding their individual strength into one mighty engine of war.

It was the discipline that shall preserve America. East, West, North, and South, the people of the earth are trooping to our shores. They come from lands of light and darkness, from homes of ignorance and culture. With every shade of racial disposition and inherited habit, with every stamp of religious bigotry and fanatic hatred, they are pouring their incongruous, inharmonious mass into our commonwealth; and through the lowering clouds that overhang the nation's future, lightning possibilities dart menacing tongues. Unassimilated, undisciplined, the hordes of immigration throng our gates, more potent for evil than the invading armaments of a Napoleon, more pregnant with disaster than the hostile armadas of the world. Startled by the portentous imminence of dissolution, the anxious heart of the nation thrilled with deep, unutterable joy, at sight of this representative regiment of composite America, drawn to unity, moulded into common effort, blended into an irresistible force by the inspiration of a principle and the magic of discipline. For in that resistless flight from Guasimas to Santiago, they typified the hope of America and the permanence of her democracy. From the broad edges of the world, thrusting their blind disunion on the nation's life, shall come all races, all ranks, all creeds, to be made one in sacrifice; and the educative discipline of civic growth in a land worth living and dying for, shall, with an inexorable seal, stamp them citizens of the republic.

The Rough Riders were made of the stuff that makes America, were trained with the discipline that shall preserve America, and were laurelled with the victory which is America's destiny. That was the glory of it all! Newforged and all untried, they bent themselves to break the throttle-grip of Spain upon the Cuban. All hot with their new enthusiasm, they struggled through the tangled swamp and tropic forest, where the wispy spirits of the

fever lay, through jungled glens where Spaniards kept their ambush. On hands and knees, tearing their tardy way with sabres and naked fingers, undismayed by barriers, unwavering in the face of fire, unblanched by the crawling arms of pallid mist that brought the death, they threw their line, a slender, attenuated line of brown, about the base of San Juan Hill. No cannon, no reserve, no intrenchments! Alone, with the work laid out, and before them an avenue grim and foreboding, stretching under the glare of high noon, away up there to the black muzzles and dark faces.

> "They heard no bugle peal to thrill,
> As they crouched in the tangled grass,
> But the sound of bullets whirring shrill
> From hidden hollow and shrouded hill.
> And they fought as only the valiant will,
> From the glades of Guasimas."

For in the jungle where they sweltered no man could see his fellow; only the enemy, and that one figure away to the front, gathering his forces like magic with the fervor of his presence. It was Roosevelt and the men were ready. "Come on, boys," and the thrill and pulse of the charge stirred the line. "Come on, boys," — and the roller of the wave of brown swept towards the crest as the Atlantic sweeps on the cliffs of Newfoundland. Torn by plunging shot, they did not hesitate; raked with bursting shell, they did not turn. The thunder of cannon bade them halt, the ping of the mausers whispered it in their ears, the slash of the machete engraved it on their flesh; but the spirits of the cannon's breath beckoned them on, on to the crest, until with messages of victory, the hills were blazoned!

And the men who had swung the gateway of a new era rested in their trenches.

THE CONSERVATION OF OUR NATURAL RESOURCES

Shirley W. Allen

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(Awarded second place in the Iowa State Oratorical Contest of 1909)

The history of our nation teems with stories of threatened disasters which have been apprehended and dealt with in a wise and statesmanlike manner. Wherever a call has been made to fight for principle and country, thousands of noble men have responded. But the duty of citizenship in time of peace is as great as in time of war, and the practical problems of our national household present no small opportunity for the display of genuine patriotism. Never before have we been face to face with so serious a menace as now confronts us — the rapid exhaustion of our natural resources. The very fact that our national stores have been so vast in extent has blinded us to the truth that their exploitation must be regulated if they are to be sufficient for the needs of our rapidly increasing population. The time has come for an invoice of our mineral and timber wealth, for a clearer understanding of the value of our waterways and of our swamps and desert lands.

Let us glance for a moment at conditions as they exist and have existed.

The story of the waste of our fuel resources is characterized by a prodigal lack of foresight almost beyond belief. Thousands of years in the colossal laboratory of nature have converted vegetation, which once covered

this land, into the fuel which to-day produces heat and power for hundreds of purposes. In the early days of our history, this fuel, which we call coal, had only such a value as the labor of mining could give it. If one-third of a seam could be removed with less labor and more profit proportionally than the whole seam, such a course was invariably followed. Later, when coal became more widely known and used, the capitalist sought out only the most available deposits, where, by the use of immense pillars of the coal itself as supports for the protection of roadways and workrooms, and by subsequent accidents due to mistakes in mine engineering and other causes, vast quantities of this useful substance, varying from ten to fifty per cent of the total deposits, were reëntombed, to be recovered only at an enormous expense.

In the production of coal and oil the waste of natural gas is tremendous. At this very moment, according to an eminent authority, while exploiting corporations send up the whine of "Let us alone," this splendid fuel is escaping into the air within our boundaries from uncontrolled gas and oil wells, and from leaking pipe lines, at the rate of one billion of cubic feet daily — the heating equivalent of one million bushels of coal. What excuse for such extravagance shall posterity receive at the hands of our own generation?

Few of us, I dare say, have paused to consider the great necessity of such a homely commodity as wood, in the growth and development of the country. What is true of the individual must be true, to a great extent, of the nation. As an individual, the babe is rocked in a wooden cradle, his toys are made largely from wood, from childhood and on to maturity he is sheltered by a wooden house, he eats from a wooden table, is perhaps warmed by a wood fire, reads and becomes educated because paper, made from wood, by the aid of the printer's ink transmits the

best of thought and knowledge. If such a programme, then, is necessary to the individual, how much more is it essential to the nation itself. In Europe sixty feet of timber board measure per year suffices for each man, woman, and child, but here in America the amount consumed annually per capita is five hundred feet. It is an alarming fact that, during the past year, we have removed from our forests a quantity of timber equal to more than three times the yearly amount of growth. Cutting at such a rate, our virgin forests will last less than thirty years, and the method of treatment used on our timberland heretofore has not been such as to insure even a half crop as a second cutting. More of our timber has been burned than has ever been cut and used. Journey with me upon one of our fast trains to the North, to the West, or to the South. When we enter a dense forest of pine, glance from the window, and there you will see veterans beneath whose branches bloody wars have been waged and forgotten, within whose lifetime nations have become great and died. As you view for miles and miles the vast array of forest, with only now and then the gleam of the surveyor's steel or the blaze of the timberman's axe, perhaps a feeling of security, born of the assurance of a bountiful harvest, dispels from your mind any thought so alarming as that of timber famine. But continue to gaze from the window as we dash over a pine barren, as we discern in the distance the smoke of a forest fire, as we note the waste in the tall stump left by the lumber-jack, as the screech of a dozen sawmills drowns the roar of the train, — then think as we steam into the city: Have we in all our journey seen the young tree, the bending sapling, or the swaying pole? "Ay! there's the rub!" They who say that we face a timber famine are not "calamity howlers," as certain people have been wont to believe; they are far-sighted, practical statesmen who sound a

warning cry that must not be ignored. The conservation of this resource does not require that our forests shall be locked up, nor that the cutting of trees shall be prohibited; it looks to the use of the timber, but it demands the practice of forestry, which means the rational treatment and use of the forest with due attention to its protection and reproduction. The very nature of the forest resource, namely, that it is renewable, adds enormous weight to our responsibility, and we may expect but the curses of posterity, if we who have found an abundance destroy without thought for the needs of the future. The careless sportsman who leaves his camp-fire unquenched, the greedy lumber-king who allows his slashings to become a very tinder box to set the woods ablaze, the misled state which overtaxes timber land within its borders, and we who sit idly by and claim to know nothing of conditions, — all must answer for such criminal waste.

No phase of the great conservation question is of greater importance than that which deals with the dependence of stream flow upon forest-covered watersheds. A canopy of foliage serves to break the force of pelting rains, and the heavy mulch upon the forest floor acts as a great sponge to hold the water and to give it out slowly to the thousands of springs and to the streams which rise in the cool mountain woods. But our highlands are deforested, and in the springtime great gullies are washed in the hillsides, as mighty torrents rage down to destroy thousands of homes and lives. The floods subside, and the fertile bottom-lands are covered with stones and useless clay; agriculture is impossible; streams are filled with sand, and as the dryer season comes on, factories depending upon water-power are paralyzed. This has been the awful truth in many localities of the southern Appalachian region, and be it said to the eternal shame of certain politicians,— a bill calling for the purchase of such land

as is covered by these watersheds, to be regulated with regard to the cutting of timber, has failed session after session to come to a vote in the lower house of our national legislature. Nor are these politicians and so-called statesmen, who have blocked such legislation, from the region to be affected by it, but from the North, whose people at the close of the great Civil War bade their southern brothers to beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and practice peaceful arts. Is it not a positive duty of the government to preserve for the loyal Americans of the South this greatest of all resources — an agricultural soil?

In the West great reservoirs of forest growth, on the higher slopes, shall store the snows and rains, meting out moisture in regular flow to water arid lands and bring them into fruitfulness.

Strip off the trees from our watersheds; neglect to restock areas already denuded, and the thirty millions of horse-power, now available in our streams, will be rapidly dissipated; the development of inland waterways, and the consequent solution of the internal commerce problem will be impossible; the millions of money spent annually on river and harbor improvements will be all but lost, and the old French proverb, "No forests, no rivers," will be almost a reality.

Should our supply of fuel become suddenly exhausted on this very night, should floods and fires devastate our land from ocean to ocean, burying every fertile valley in hopeless debris, should we not curse the hand which caused such ruin? Should we not be driven to other lands or die on the miserable desert? And yet, although by our present course such ultimate ruin is inevitable, we sit with folded hands, without so much as forming definite opinions concerning the use of natural resources, to say nothing of telling our congressmen what we think of legislation upon this subject!

We have in these United States a Conservation Commission, a body of statesmen and experts recently appointed by our chief executive, whose business it is to take stock of our natural resources, to carry on an educational campaign, and to recommend necessary legislation. This commission is made up of able, patriotic men, a thoroughly representative group, which believes that "the great natural resources supply the material basis upon which our civilization must continue to depend, and upon which the perpetuity of the nation itself rests." The commission works in coöperation with the individual state commissions recently appointed for the purpose of investigating local conditions, and with the various scientific bureaus of the government. The Geological Survey, the Reclamation Service, the Bureau of Soils, and the Forest Service are all able to assist in this great work along their particular lines of activity, but their work shall be coördinated, — the use of each of our resources shall be made to aid in the development of all the others. Conservation is a single question, and the commission, to which the leadership of this movement has been delegated, is doing splendid work; the publicity which its reports are receiving is making facts which heretofore have been known only to a few experts the property of the public at large. It has given to Congress data on the subject which makes legislative duty clear and definite.

Here is an instance of practical statesmanship. Practical, I say, because it is not led merely by the cry of the sentimentalist, "Woodman, spare that tree!" but because it makes a direct appeal to the common sense of every thinking citizen! It is a grand campaign, a war against waste and vandalism, and every private citizen must help; he must be in sympathy with the work; he must keep abreast of the times and support the policies which look to the wise use of our national stores, for not

until American public sentiment demands it, will such policies be written in the law. Let not the pessimist open his mouth in protest. Let not the optimist feel himself secure. Let not the practical man fail to act. Each must bear his own share of responsibility in this great work, for while it is not ours to bleed and die for our country, it *is* ours to stand by her in this gigantic struggle in time of peace. "Let us conserve the foundations of our prosperity."

A CRISIS IN AMERICAN ECONOMICS

CRATE DALTON

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(This oration was awarded first place in the Texas State Oratorical Contest of 1907, and was later delivered in the Southern Oratorical Contest at Monteagle, Tennessee.)

THE mission intrusted to the infant American nation was one of unparalleled opportunities and tremendous responsibilities. Nation after nation, given wealth and power in the past, had misused its endowment and paid the inevitable penalty of decay and death. To the sturdy Anglo-Saxon, lately liberated from an Egyptian bondage both governmental and economic, was now intrusted, on a vast and virgin field, the sacred cause of democracy in doubtful and deadly conflict with political and industrial despotism. The continent of North America, ploughed by mighty glaciers, torn by tempest and torrent, leveled and enriched by vast inland seas, and later lifted and adjusted by titanic upheavals, presented both an isolated and favorable field for the triumphant establishment of a glorious republic, and also a wide and wonderful laboratory where might be worked out for all ages and all peoples those economic problems which often mean more to the multitude than government itself.

The revolutionary political influence of the successful American republic upon the governments of the world has been told by a thousand tongues, and shall be told in tearful thankfulness by thousands more where now the lisping of "Liberty!" is treason. But not until we had

reached the divide between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and there paused for a backward look, did we realize the extent or importance of our magnificent achievements in the realm of economics. Standing there in proud surprise, some of our truest thinkers slowly came to realize the true extent of America's mission, — to know at last that our enormous economic endowment was not given merely for our aggrandizement, nor yet to sustain a great government, but that we might safely solve for all the world the pressing and imperative problems of daily life and living.

To our selfish indifference or greed in the past and to the dazzling splendor of our recent backward glance is due, however, the shameful fact that we have permitted, and still permit, to go unchecked many wanton wastes of our public wealth. These irretrievable losses threaten, unless checked and checked soon, to create complications which will endanger the dearest ideals of our democracy and seriously imperil our proud preëminence in the world's commerce, and promise ultimately to prevent America's fulfillment of her mighty mission.

Even when viewed from a strictly monetary standpoint, the aggregate of these economic losses is appalling. The wholesale destruction of our once far-reaching forests has cost the lumbermen alone more than a thousand million dollars, while the retail price of lumber is doubling every five years. Exhausting and deadening demands upon our once fertile fields have robbed them of their richness, and aided by radical changes in rainfall due to forest destruction, have made many of them permanently unproductive. The abandoned farms of New England and the gullied fields of old Virginia are alike monuments to public ignorance and private greed. The greater cost of coal, directly and vitally affecting both manufacture and transportation, is, again, largely due to greedy

methods of mining which, seeking greater immediate returns, have rendered forever inaccessible millions of tons of only medium richness. These same wantonly wasteful methods have also done irreparable damage in the mining of other minerals, thus decreasing for all time the world's available wealth. And often, notably in California, the Eden of America, not merely mining but agriculture has suffered, and whole valleys have been irretrievably ruined in man's greed for the gold which makes him mad. Rich as America was and is, she is infinitely and permanently poorer because of the past and present prodigality of her ignorant or selfish citizenship.

These wanton wastes of our material resources, besides lamentably lessening the national wealth as a whole, are daily affecting more adversely and more vitally our individual citizens. The home builder, for instance, finds the cost of construction alone a sum which, twenty years ago, would have built his house, furnished it fitly, and provided food and fuel for months, if not for years. Except where radically lessened by improved machinery, the cost of almost every article of consumption has greatly increased, especially within the last decade; and we to-day are paying prices which a proper conservation of our resources would probably have postponed for decades; if not for centuries.

This increased cost of living has created or brought to a critical stage both economic problems of tremendous import to our people, and social, political, and moral questions upon whose right solution may depend the very perpetuity of our republic. With the crushing cost of food and fuel and shelter and clothing for their families daily piled higher upon them, what wonder that workingmen make increased demands upon their employers, and grow to hate the hand that seems to withhold their due? What wonder that weak women and unschooled children

are forced into factories to eke out the weekly wage? What wonder that preachers of socialism and other radical and revolutionary remedies find ready converts among the masses? And what wonder that many men and women make moral shipwreck of their lives and become "dangerous and destructive derelicts on the sea of society"?

But more saddening than any loss of material wealth is the knowledge that so many of our most brilliant intellects have prostituted their superb powers to the direct damage of the public interests, betrayed the high trust, financial or political, reposed in them by the people, and set examples of greed and graft whose blasting influence upon American morals and upon our nation's fair name can be contemplated only with the deepest humiliation.

The final and by far the most terrible charge in the impeachment of American economics yet remains. Professing to place our imperial manhood in proud preëminence above all our material wealth, we annually maim and murder through criminal carelessness hundreds of thousands of our best and bravest. Upon some vast plain dispose in an awful funeral pyre the five thousand strangled victims of the Johnstown flood, call from sea and shore the blanched bodies of Galveston's sudden sacrifice, exhume the victims of Mount Pelee's wrath, and for the apex of the ghastly pyramid seek out the slain of San Francisco's shock and flame; and yet — and yet! — your sickening structure reaches not half so high as would the fifty thousand of our citizens killed outright through criminal carelessness during the twelve short months of 1906! Over the half million merely maimed or otherwise injured, we draw the curtain of pitying silence. But may we make mention of the millions to whom life — life in our glorious America — is but a living death? Of the half-starved, half-stifled inhabitants of our city

slums? Of the white-faced, prematurely aged "men and women of to-morrow" with strength and spirit sapped by slavish service in factory systems almost infernal?

And let us remember that these human sacrifices to the god of gold are not Chinese coolies nor Russian peasants; but free Americans, possessing potentialities practically limitless, in this, the most wonderful century the world has ever seen. The railway employee, sent crashing to sudden death, might have been a Harriman or a Hill to open to the world vast empires of productive territory. The young mechanic, mangled by some unmuzzled iron monster, might have proved a Whitney or an Edison to assist by his genius the solution of the practical problems which play so important a part in America's economic mission. The sadly stooped and sunken-eyed child-slave, going almost gladly to an untimely grave, if given his boyish birthright to a childhood of sunshine and schooling, might have been an apostle of some great gospel of peace, lifting his people and the world to a higher plane of brotherhood.

Such, then, are some of our wanton wastes, our economic failures, our careless crimes, of the past, the penalties for which will make posterity poorer through coming centuries. But even these appalling penalties sink into insignificance beside those we must inevitably pay if we continue our wasteful course. Our resources at last are limited. Even the domestic demands of a population now increasing over four millions a year cannot be met at present prices. Without the most careful conservation, prices must inevitably rise rapidly, and thus render desperately acute those conditions which now mean misery to multiplied millions, and constitute a serious menace to both our economic and political safety and success.

Abroad, the effects of these economic conditions already imperil our prominence in the rapidly widening markets of

the world. Keener competition by European nations and, in the Orient, by the New Japan, makes any increase in our cost of production dangerous, if not destructive, to our international trade. Moreover, our moral prestige among the peoples of the earth is endangered, not only through lessening commercial prominence in certain quarters, but also more directly by the inconsistencies in our political, economic, and moral conduct — inconsistencies only too eagerly seized upon and magnified by unscrupulous rivals. Already our nation, seemingly giving the lie to her professed principles of absolute equality and fraternity, and madly coining into gold the life-blood of her citizens, finds her professions of fitness as political and economic exemplar and preceptor for the world met with suspicion or with open scorn. In the light of such grave conditions, both at home and abroad, further wastefulness — of America's material wealth, of her mental acumen, or of her imperial manhood — becomes a conscious crime: in the name of her high and holy mission, it must stop!

To-day, after decades of selfish indifference, the demands of our faithful economists for reform are beginning to be heard and heeded. The study of economics is being fostered in college and public school; and press and platform are being enlisted in a campaign for popular education along economic lines. In this propaganda the national government is actively and earnestly aiding, especially by means of its many bureaus, with their frequent bulletins delivered free at factory gate and farmhouse door. The heavy hand of federal law has been laid alike on little lumberman and senatorial timber-thief; and seventy thousand square miles of forests have been rescued and set aside in national reserves. State and national legislation, recently enacted or now pending, promises many other reforms. And of even greater importance and richer promise than legislation or leadership, is the wide-

spread awakening of our citizenship to a realization of the inevitable result of selfishness — individual, incorporate, or national. The revelations of "frenzied finance," of filthy factories, and of governmental graft have served to shock us to our senses, and for the moment the god of gold has lost his fatal fascination. Shall we selfishly and slavishly sink back into his service and be forever shorn of our strength; or shall we rise in the might of American manhood and seek to insure against every foe, within or without our borders, the safety of our democracy and the success of her mighty world-mission?

America's high success or shameful failure hangs in the balance not only at home, but abroad. Her commercial position, upon which so largely depends her political, educational, and moral influence upon the world, may be forever fixed by the deeds of this decade. Strong and strenuous rivals stand in eager readiness to seize her every vantage-ground should she fail or even falter. South America, at our very doors, is slowly but surely slipping into the grasp of the German; Africa, "ready from Cape to Cairo," finds us only half prepared to play our part; China, an empire of empires, her countless millions awakening hungry from the sleep of centuries, is turning her eager eyes from money-mad America to patriotic, victorious Japan, the ally of England and the logical rival of America throughout the East.

An hour may precipitate a crisis with which our nation, sapped of her pristine strength and power, cannot expect to cope. Already the fateful balance slowly turns toward failure. To-morrow the dread sentence may fall. Shall we stand selfishly aside and see our beloved land, stripped of her rich insignia at the bar of Eternal Justice, surrendering her mighty mission to more worthy hands, and going out into the darkness to sleep in shame with forgotten failures of the past?

Shall we not rather, scorning to count the cost, throw ourselves, our all, into the rising scale of her success, rejoicing in our sacrifice if only we may hear from the lips of our nation's awful Judge the glorious decree: "America, example and teacher of truth and righteousness to all the tribes of earth, thou hast atoned thy early selfishness and sin; come thou to thy rightful kingdom in the hearts of all mankind!"

THE NEXT STEP IN OUR ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

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(An oration delivered in the contest of the Southern Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, 1909)

THE world belongs to us. Some of it we have sold to our customers. Some of it we have kept for ourselves. Some of it we have left undisturbed. Some of it we have cheerfully wasted. What shall be done with that which remains to us? What shall be the next step?

The greatness of any nation is dependent in a large measure upon the wealth of its natural resources. The discovery of a commodity of trade is opportunity's call to wealth and power. The history of the rise of England, for instance, is the history of her coal and iron trade; the islands were filled with savages, until the merchants of the Mediterranean and the Rhine began to dig out her metals; then marts of trade grew up; England climbed into industrial prominence; London became the centre of trade.

Not for nothing have 40,000,000 people been living for a hundred years on this side of the Atlantic. We have been levelling forests, digging mines, reaping harvests, with ceaseless energy; Carlisle thought that we were trying to exhaust our resources before South America's were opened up. But out of our forests, fields, mines, and plains have come great cities; civilization has selected its capital in the West, and by virtue of our great wealth London

has a twin rival just across the Atlantic in the city of New York.

In the exchange of trade, in the dictation of international policy, in the delicate work of mapping out the boundaries of the various nations of the earth, America has figured largely. More space has been covered during the century and a quarter occupied by America's national life than during the preceding six thousand years which take us back to the earliest monuments of Egypt and the first city of the Babylonian plain. America has shifted the lines of trade till they play across her borders; she has established the highways of the earth; she has cleared the way to the East by way of the West. In fact, Mr. Gladstone declared upon the floor of the Parliament of England that the growth of this nation marks one of the most striking and important chapters in the history of the world. And the basis of all of America's activity is her wonderful wealth in natural resources. A nation's progress may be measured very accurately in terms of smoke stacks.

Now, the conservation of our natural resources contemplates doing away with the wanton destruction and the careless waste of whatever remains to us. Such a doctrine does not advise any curtailment of benefits; it simply advises the use of our wealth for the greatest good of the greatest number for the longest time. It means much that we turn our land from desert conditions into teeming industrial and educational activity, but it is just as important that the next generation be prosperous.

America's resources divide themselves into two well-defined classes, — the surface and the underground resources. The underground, which supplies the light, heat, and power, are made only once in the creation of the world, and they will be exhausted as certainly as if the time of their total depletion were at hand, unless sensible,

practical conservation is now and hereafter enforced. Since they cannot be renewed, we can do nothing but adopt a practical system of economy. Our surface resources include the land upon which we live, and which yields our food; the waters which fertilize the soil, supply power, and form great avenues of commerce; and the forest which yields the material for our home, prevent erosion of the soil, and conserve the navigation of our streams. These are parts of a system of natural economy, and are interdependent. It is useless to try to save one without saving them all. These are renewable and may be made everlasting. Forests equalize precipitation, and protect the soil. The soil supports the forest. The rivers carry surplus water to the sea. So we must go into the business of wholesale conservation, or stay out altogether; retail conservation will bankrupt the government and accomplish nothing.

The conservation of our resources is based upon an urgent and imperative industrial and commercial necessity. Forestry does not make its appeal through the sense of public duty. It is "to be or not to be." You cannot have a country worth living in without forests, and the proof of it is the history of the world. Tell me why the far-famed valley of the Euphrates, the cradle of the human race, once as beautiful as a dream with its forests and waters, is now a dreary waste? The country in which the forests have been swept from the hillsides, the land denuded and made worthless for agricultural purposes, has drained the sources of its wealth. New York City spent $150,000,000 to build a reservoir at Kingston from which to get water for her 4,000,000 people; but if New York City does not protect the fields upon the historic Catskills, that reservoir will have been built in vain. If they destroy God's reservoir under the trees, they can never build one as good. England and Germany are

looking towards South America, because South America's resources have not been depleted. If we expect to hold our place of unrivalled prominence, we must preserve unimpaired by foundations of commercial advantage.

Now, the question is squarely before us: How can forests, rivers, and soils be made everlasting? The answer is complex, but there is an answer.

Forest life has a vast deal more to do with the surface condition of a country than the average layman is willing to admit. Both soils and streams are dependent upon our forests. Our timber lands equalize the rainfall, distribute drainage, and prevent erosion of the soil, so that silt and sediment are not washed into the rivers to choke the channels, and floods are not so disastrous. Compare the Hudson, which rolls in lordly grandeur to the sea, visited neither by dangerous floods nor low water, and the Rio Grande, which is now a raging torrent ten miles wide and now a dry sand bed. The Hudson is the product of the northern forests, and the Rio Grande is the offspring of the treeless plains.

If forests are not invaluable to a country, what would be the conditions to-day, if, through some great force in nature, every tree should be swept from the face of Tennessee? Would not the home of every wild bird and untamed animal be destroyed? Would not every stream be uncovered? Would not the surface of the land be like the roof of a building, on which the water would fall and run off immediately to the streams and down to the sea? Would not the price of agricultural land depreciate 50 per cent in 50 minutes? Would not chaos reign to-morrow? If these things would not follow, then the history of France is false. Three hundred years ago France swept her forests from her hillsides, and its soil was eroded and washed into her harbors. If what I say is not true, then France in reforesting her mountains has spent

$200,000,000 for nothing. We must save our forests first if we would save the foundations of our commerce.

This is the work of the government; its magnitude overpasses the sphere of the State and the individual. Natural resources are not restricted to the lines of a county or State; their extent is as wide as that of the nation, and their benefits reach every citizen. The improvement of the Mississippi, which should be made a loop of the sea, will traverse the length of seven States and concern half our people. The protection and replanting of forests by the square mile cannot be done by a few. It is not possible to frame so large a plan without the consent and authority of the federal government. The people reap the benefits, the people should pay for them. If a policy is outlined by the national government, every organization from State to corporation should press the issue. Let us be dominated for once by a patriotic imperialism! Sectionalism and disunion have been the most terrible realities of our nation's history; New England threatened secession; years before South Carolina, in a blind way, led the way. But as North and South alike rallied on the field of battle in 1898, so let North and South rally to the prosecution of industrial conquest. This is America! Whatever must be done, can be done; and we believe it shall be done.

But what shall be done? First, funds must be placed at the disposal of a National Conservation Commission. Second, each State must have an active Conservation Committee. Third, Congress and the Legislatures could back these commissions in their work. This is not a question of States' rights, it is a question of a State's perpetuity.

Now, the work of these bodies — and this is the whole proposition — shall consist in lessening the waste of our timber, and in making our streams navigable.

The great foes of our forests are fire and waste. Of the standing timber, $160,000,000 worth goes up in smoke in the course of each fall and winter. These fires burn occasionally for days and weeks. It is surely a fearful thing to see the demons of nature at their work, and their work takes on terrible proportions when it eats away the foundations of a country's prosperity. The waste of the lumber business, if not so terrible as the ravages of fire, is more pitiable. Sixteen million cords of yellow pine were cut in 1907, and half of this was allowed to go to waste. The great problems of forest conservation cannot be solved by the emotional hysteria of a country; we need such cold facts as fire patrol and entire absence of rotting logs.

There are 25,000 miles of navigated water within the borders of the United States, and 30,000 miles more which may be put into navigation. This total, 55,000 miles of navigated waters, the finest system of water transportation in the world, may be perpetuated by the construction of locks and storage reservoirs along the courses of the streams, by planting forests along the head waters, and by dredging the beds. We shall need this system because our railroads cannot handle our traffic to-day, and shall become increasingly deficient. We shall need them for the protection of our international commerce. Canada will build the Georgian Bay Canal, and this will demoralize our Atlantic export grain trade, unless we have a deep-water mouth from the Lakes to the Gulf, by which to offer equal advantages.

The great foe of our waterways is the deposit of sediment. Sand bars are built up in a night by floods. Every river has its coterie of channel workers; $8,815,000 was spent by the government in 1907 in dredging the streams of the Mississippi Valley. The State of Mississippi must dig the farms of Minnesota out of the river before large boats can pass. In such erosion there is a double loss, —

loss in the value of the land and in the expense of removal from our streams. If the drainage status of our river system had been unchanged in the last four hundred years, our streams would take care of themselves. For countless ages they rolled their living waters to the sea; upon their bosoms might have floated the mightiest fleets of the earth without undue fear of shoals and bars. These streams, however, are rapidly becoming sluggish and heavy with mud, and we must save them while we can.

In conservation lies our industrial future. Carelessness is fatal. We must, and we shall, reforest our wide mountain areas. We shall hold back the water to irrigate our arid land, to turn the wheels of industry, to maintain the channels of navigation. Soon our conservation scheme will be working with reasonable precision. Our wastes will be reduced to the minimum; the river channels will be kept open to commerce. In a word, the basis of our wealth will be saved to us.

This is no small undertaking, but the benefits are worthy of the price. First, we shall have an improved individual. Richer farms and cheaper transportation will bring their first benefits to the man who works for himself. This will make for character; and character is the selectest bulwark of any people. Second, a united people. When the chief arteries of commerce carry the streams of trade from State to State, provincialism shall give way to altruism. Altruism will draw still closer the bonds of good-will, confidence, and respect. We shall become one people, — one in impulse, one in action, one in thought. In such an event the South shall become chief beneficiary. Her resources are vast and by conservation may be made everlasting. This means domestic and international trade; which in its turn brings power. The Mississippi River will turn much of her flow of trade from our Central States across the South to Gulf ports. This

will relieve the South of her provincial atmosphere and place her in direct touch with the outer world. The cities which have been builded upon the banks of our streams shall become the central pillars of the republic. Chattanooga, Knoxville, Nashville, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, St. Louis, shall become great centres of finance and industry. Lastly, the basis of greatness shall be made eternal. We shall put all our idle powers to work, and save the waste for national defence. It becomes us to have a care for the future. Poverty no less than crime brings doom. Here is the South's opportunity; her resources need only development; the North must win hers back.

And yet the nation that puts its trust in wealth alone is a weak nation. Wealth must give leisure for the making of character, the writing of oratorios, the cultivation of art and letters. Wealth should make men worth giving to the world. To America shall all nations look for leadership in the manly graces. The virtues of this land should strengthen the weaker peoples of the earth. In such a sphere shall we find our best work. The conservation of American resources, the building up of American manhood, the perfecting of American ideals, and the intelligent and friendly use of American power, — these are the elements which shall make an everlasting covenant between America and the world.

ALEXANDER STEPHENS

Earl Stewart

STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

(Awarded second place in the Contest of the Northern Oratorical League, 1908)

The fire of genius must be fed by the vigor of physical health, if greatest success would be attained. This seems to be the elemental law of nature. The works of strong minds in strong bodies are the favorite themes of history and literature. The wrath of an Achilles or the splendor of an Alexander is sung through countless generations. United Germany reveres her Bismarck, and the "Iron Chancellor's" perseverance was supported by a giant frame. We esteem the memory of Washington, and he rejoiced in the strength of a superb manhood. We admire the record of Lincoln, struggling up from the log cabin, and this man was thrilled with abounding life. Whether born of greatness, or achieving it in spite of hardship, the master intellects who have received the applause of the world, have gloried in a rugged vitality impelling them to accomplishment. But when a man, deprived of the prestige of power, denied the refinement of the cultured, stripped, even, of the joys of the sordid and mean, wrestling night and day with pallid Disease, — when such a man rises to meet the crisis of a state, then, passing the bounds of admiration and esteem, we arrive at a lofty enthusiasm for the indomitable will, that, scorning the trammels of circumstance, makes stepping-stones of dead

selves left behind, and gains the heights. We feel ourselves kindling with that exaltation that comes from spiritual contact with a noble soul.

Down in the lonely swamps of pioneer Georgia, grew up a boy amid rough scenes of drunkenness and profligacy. Poverty oppressed his being with the dire question of existence. He was denied the tenderness of a mother's love and the strength of a father's influence. Ravaged by fever, the orphan grew into manhood with a body frail, diseased, emaciated. Without home ties, without friends, without money, without health, the future gave no gleam of hope, no promise but despair. Yet he faced all with that grand, Stoic motto: "Accept the inevitable with joy." He caught the same inspiration from those red, sterile hills, as were voiced across the hills of Galilee by the lowly Nazarene. Charity opened the way to college. Sunlight entered. He was graduated with first honors. Following Aristotle, he chose as man's highest vocation, true, real politics. But ere the dawn of the grander day had lighted his face, the doctors said his maladies had become incurable. With a great loneliness clutching his heart, he tore himself away from the girl who was to be his wife; tore himself away, realizing that the endearments of the hearthstone, the graces of womanhood, would never be for him. The shadows deepened. To the unremitting pains of a disease-racked body, sufferings of mind now came to add their torture. Almost mad, he was driven to that question, which all strong hearts must face in the agony of solitude, the Gethsemane of his life, — "Shall I live, or shall I die?" But he of those tottering limbs and that sallow unloveliness held within the puny frame an unconquerable soul. With a forlorn courage, he went out from the barren shelter of a loveless home, resolved that though his body were shrivelled and knotted and ugly, God helping, he would

tenant it with a spirit knightly and noble. Like a cry that rises above the storm, he proclaimed: "My soul is bent upon success."

In nine years' time the invalid lawyer took his seat within the halls of the American Congress, by the side of Webster, Calhoun, and Clay. And that same year Abraham Lincoln wrote to his law-partner: "Alexander Stephens, a little, pale-faced, consumptive man, has just concluded the best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old, dry, withered eyes are full of tears yet."

Long before the cannon at Bull Run poured forth destruction, the greatest war of American politics was waging. No sooner had the constructive statesmanship of the Revolutionary period scored its triumph, than the cause of State Sovereignty rose again to struggle against Centralism through succeeding administrations, until the problem of slavery brought the two forces into final conflict. From the wilderness to the sea, champion met champion in combat of debate, — sectionalism against nationality; hatred of race against feeling of brotherhood. The roar of the mills and shops of New England became a cry for Centralization, for Protection, and for Abolition. From the South, her plantations teeming with harvest, her ships plying in commerce with the world, came the answering cry — a persistent demand for Free Trade, for the rights of the State and the individual. Daniel Webster attempted to save the Union by appealing to the North to put down her prejudice and check the Abolition movement. But Daniel Webster, gifted in mind and eloquence and renown, could not restrain the Northern spirit of freedom, could not accomplish the impossible. Henry Clay evolved compromise after compromise to no avail but postponement of the fateful hour. California was admitted as a free state and the North secured a majority in Congress. The South demanded the entrance of slavery

into the territories. From the floor of the national House, great, fiery, vehement Robert Toombs, leader of the South, thundered forth the warning: "Deny us this right, and I will bring my children and my constituents to the altar of Liberty, and, like Hamilcar, I will swear them to eternal hostility to your foul domination. Refuse this right, and I, for one, will strike for independence."

The right was refused. The slaveholders of the nation, every heart-throb quickening, convened in Georgia to consider disunion. Men reared under Southern skies to believe slavery righteous before God rallied to agitate the question of their honor.

In the North, affairs were all discord. The administration was divided against itself. Northern leaders watched anxiously this convention. Georgia was the Empire State: if she led, the solid South would follow.

In that hour appeared Alexander Stephens, imbued from childhood with the fatal principle of slavery; as a constitutional lawyer, as a leading thinker of his time, he believed thoroughly in the rightfulness of secession. Yet he cherished humanity, he loved liberty, he clung to the Union. As he beheld that throng of the most rabid secessionists, he realized that, did that aroused spirit prevail, the Star of Hope, whose light shone brightest in the West, would set. Throwing aside personal interests, he adhered to his honest conviction, that, though right in principle, the present crisis did not justify the disruption of the land won by the blood of patriots. Though his great heart yearned in sympathy with his countrymen, by the same majestic will that snatched him from obscurity, that statesman of tottering body transcended the unreasoning wrath of the surging crowd, and, in the sublimest effort of his life, pleaded for the Union. As he sat down, the same fiery, vehement Robert Toombs arose and said: "Fellow citizens, we have just listened to the brightest intel-

lect and purest patriot who now lives. I move we adjourn, with three cheers for Alexander Stephens."

Thus was the war delayed for ten long years. Thus was given the North a chance to husband her resources to withstand the awful shock of fratricidal strife; for, had not that sweeping sentiment been checked then, recalling our own weakness, recalling that Lincoln's guiding hand was not yet recognized, we tremble to imagine the consequences.

In the North, Stephen A. Douglas, believing in the rightfulness of secession, when the crisis came, bowed to the sovereign will of his people and took his place with the Union. History holds this his grandest act. In the South, Alexander Stephens struggled with fellow-citizens, whose ultimate decision he felt as inevitable. So we must recognize a like nobility of self-renunciation in the act by which he chose to remain with his people, the onrushing tide of whose conviction human power could not stem; chose to remain with them, chose, if need be, to perish with them. And he was privileged to watch the mightiest conflict of the modern day, as Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy.

When the war was over, and the Confederate soldier returned to find the once smiling South but a land of graves and memories, Alexander Stephens, denied a seat in the United States Senate, was confined in a Northern prison. There, shattered in health, crushed by defeat, he rose from the ashes of the dead past by no other might save his imperious will. Liberated, at length, he returned to Congress, he labored with patience and charity through sixteen years for a reconstructed nation. As a statesman, he believed in African slavery; he thought he was first a Georgian, then an American. As a man, the dispassionate decades tell us he had many faults; he was only human. But it was not for us to say his statesmanship was wrong:

it was not for us to say his statesmanship was right. The God of battles was the judge.

Seventy years old, and Georgia elects him governor. His last day at Washington arrives. The great American Congress is assembled to do special homage to him who was second among its foes, to dignify the statesman who is great in spite of a lost cause, to honor the man who is powerful in spite of suffering. Among its members are James A. Garfield, Blackburn, the Kentucky firebrand, witty Sam Cox, Robeson, the Constitutional orator, and scores of others with the magnetism of rugged vitality and commanding appearance. But the one man, famed before all others as the most eloquent of Congress, cannot so much as walk, cannot stand. Paralyzed and broken by seventy years of continuous suffering, Alexander Stephens sits in his invalid chair before the Speaker's desk. But, though the keepers of the house may tremble and the strong men be bowed down, yet the silver cord is not loosed, or the golden bowl yet broken. From the flashing windows of the soul leaps forth the splendor of a will undaunted, of a brain immaculate.

I see the frail, sickly boy weeping over the graves of his father and mother. I see the broken-hearted orphan repressed by poverty. I see the young man knowing not a moment free from bodily pain. I see the young lawyer with death in his soul brought almost to madness. And then I see him, captain of his soul, rise from scenes of abasement and blasphemy. I see him by one speech delay the war ten years. I see him second in honor in his native South. And now, threescore and ten, I see him exalted by the South and the North: unconquerable soul and will incarnate — Alexander Stephens.

THE POWERS OF THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

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(Awarded the Williams Senior Premium at the Commencement Exercises, 1909)

Armed with a plenitude of power beside which the authority of the President of the United States seems mean and insignificant, the Speaker of the House of Representatives is to-day the autocrat of Congress. He is the absolute arbiter of all proposed legislation, the judge from whose decision there is no appeal.

Circumstances did not always warrant this criticism, for there was a time, not long ago, when, instead of being the czar-like ruler of humble subjects, he was rightly the creature and servant of his peers who elevated him to his exalted position. When the Fifty-third Congress was organized, it contained a narrow majority of Republicans, and in order to thwart all possible interference on the part of the minority, a new code of rules was adopted whereby the Speaker became virtually a parliamentary czar. The most important innovation was the intrusting of the legislative programme to the Committee on Rules, with power to decide what particular measures shall be considered, the time to be allotted to debate, and the hour at which the vote should be taken. It is true that the programme of this committee is subject to the approval of the House, but partisanship is always strong enough to uphold the committee. This committee is composed of five mem-

bers, three of the majority party including the Speaker, and two of the minority. While its duties were formerly of a supervisory character, now, by the new order of affairs, they are of the utmost importance, namely, to pilot party measures through the legislative sea. The consent of the members of this committee must first be secured before a fair hearing can be accorded to any bill, however meritorious it may be. Although five is a small portion of three hundred and eighty-seven, such a delegation of power into the hands of so few men might be expedient; but, as a matter of fact, in the practical operation of this system all the power of this committee is absorbed by its chief member, the Speaker. The two minority members are merely figure-heads; their votes are of no avail when arrayed against the majority, and frequently they are not even consulted. With these two members eliminated, the remaining three are easily reduced to one, for the Speaker in constituting this committee is careful that the two members forming with him a majority are in full sympathy with his legislative programme; he may not make a bargain with them to that effect, but they know that to oppose any of his measures will be instant political death. As a result, the Speaker is the determining factor in the House. No debate, much less a vote, can be secured for any bill, however urgently demanded by a majority of the House or by the people at large unless it meets the approval of the Speaker.

The Fifty-third Congress affords a splendid example of the despotic power of the Speaker with regard to what was then considered throughout the whole country as a measure of the greatest importance, the Nicaragua Canal Bill. A written appeal signed by over three hundred members was directed to the Speaker, while before the Committee on Commerce over eighty thousand signatures were affixed to a petition praying for canal legislation of

some sort. Although a majority of the congressmen were willing and anxious to discuss and act upon some scheme that would insure the building of a waterway connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific, bringing the undeveloped resources of the West within reach of the large manufacturing cities of the East, and shortening the route from our eastern coast to China, Japan, and the Philippines by thousands of miles, their efforts were of no avail. One would think that Congress could not refuse legislation when so urgently demanded by the people. Congress as a representative body would not, but Congress as dominated by a single individual ignored the popular demands, because that individual was inexorable in his opposition to the proposed legislation.

In the long session of the last Congress we have another striking illustration of the way in which important legislation is arbitrarily sidetracked. In a special message to Congress the President recommended the removal of the duty on wood pulp, thereby lessening the demand upon our own forests and at the same time cheapening the price of paper. A bill to that effect, favored by a majority of the members and supported by popular sentiment, could not pass the House because the Speaker was averse to a revision of any tariff schedules before the then pending general election; and when asked by a member with reference to this bill, whether there was no redress against this one-man power, replied that, being elected to the chair to shoulder responsibility for all legislation passed, he could not possibly suffer such an enactment. Where in the Constitution or in any rules of the House is it stipulated that the chair shall be responsible for all the doings of that body? Should not, on the contrary, the responsibility be divided among the individual members who should render an account of their stewardship to their constituents?

Many may indeed wonder why a member does not appeal directly to the House in behalf of a measure of such national importance, especially when, as in the case of the Nicaragua Canal Bill, he would be supported by a majority of his colleagues. The answer again demonstrates the power of the Speaker. No member can secure from the speaker the promise of recognition until he has obtained the Speaker's approval of the measure which he intends to introduce into the House; and without such recognition his efforts would be in vain. No matter how important in point of wealth, commercial enterprise, or population may be the district which the member represents, chosen though he be in the same manner and for the same purpose as the gentleman who is temporarily elevated to the custody of the gavel, his power to serve his constituents is such only as granted from the chair. Many a congressman has been relegated to private life because he failed to obtain legislation of great importance to his constituents. He would not have been rebuked in the form of a defeat at the next election had the longed-for measure been discussed and then defeated; his constituents upbraided him and held him responsible because the question had never been laid before the House. Yet the fault was not his own. He was not negligent. He was the victim of a legislative system that made him the slave-like servant of the Speaker. It is no wonder that a man of such absolute power is wined and dined and fêted and initiated into the enjoyments of the highest and most exclusive society of Washington. Any man inclined towards such amusements might be disposed to give undue aid to members in a position to offer such advantages.

But we must not forget what is after all the most potent factor in the shaping of the destiny of proposed laws. The appointment of the House Committees, which first

sift in a thorough manner all the measures as originally brought to the attention of that body is absolutely and solely in the hands of the Speaker. Is he against the guaranty of national banks? He composes the Committee on Banking and Currency of men that he can depend upon to report adversely upon any bill designed towards that end. Is he opposed to a large navy? The Committee on Naval Affairs can be counted upon to do his bidding. Is he inimical to a reduction of the tariff? The Committee on Ways and Means will defeat any such attempt.

Certainly, it needs no further argument or citation of fact to prove that the Speaker is a veritable autocrat. He frames his committees to suit his ideas, he decides what measures shall be discussed, he recognizes or ignores any member. Is the clothing of him with such inexhaustible power wise and expedient, when the way by which a reform could be effected is not difficult? First of all, the rules should be so framed as to compel his obedience only to a majority of his own party, which would relieve him from much responsibility. Again, the absolute power of naming the committees should be taken from the Speaker, and the selection left to a committee named at the caucuses of the two leading parties of the House. At least the Speaker should be placed in a position where he would be compelled to recognize the demands of his fellow-members; for great as he is, he is not greater than those who intrusted him to the speakership.

We do not of course favor radical changes, contrived by doctrinaires, for our political organization is a growth and not a scheme; yet something should be done, and to some such solution of the problem as has been suggested no valid objection can be raised.

THE POLICY OF RICHELIEU

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(Awarded first place in the Interstate Oratorical Contest, at Indianapolis, Indiana, 1894)

Near the close of his memorable reign, Peter the Great stood one day by a lonely tomb in the city of Paris. He had viewed the institutions, studied the governments, and judged the statesmen of every court in Europe. An exponent of power, he came to worship at the shrine of power. Modern Russia did obeisance to modern France as, standing with uncovered head, the man of iron will and purpose bowed to a master spirit. "Great man!" said the monarch, "I would give one half my kingdom if I could learn from thee to rule the other half." And from the standpoint of absolutism, the world confirms the judgment. For all history reveals no character so depraved, and yet so majestic as that of the model of absolutists, the master spirit of two centuries of French polity, the man "fitted to rule chaos" — Cardinal Richelieu.

Entering the vicious politics of the court of Louis XIII, he found a nation incapable of self-rule. Facing the alternatives of absolutism or national disintegration, he chose the former. Obsequious to strength, tyrannical to weakness, a Jesuit in intrigue, a Robespierre in cruelty, a Napoleon in indomitable will and purpose, over broken oaths and treacherous alliances, he climbed his way to fame and power. He held them in the face of a capri-

cious king and a hostile court by his sleepless cunning and the relentless punishment of his presumptuous rivals. Between the kings and absolute power stood three barriers, — the nobles, the parliaments, and the Huguenots. All were met and crushed by Richelieu. Before his iron sceptre disorder fled affrighted. Beneath his magic touch the Golden Lilies blossomed forth on every plain and hill top. The Chaos Ruler found France a collection of petty principalities; he left it a strongly centralized and powerful nation.

Nearly two centuries passed away. Richelieu's policy, carried to its legitimate conclusion by his apt pupil Mazarin, had struck the key-note of French absolutism. Over the long, terrible nightmare of Bourbon misrule the Cardinal's mighty spirit hovered like a phantom. He had checked disintegration, but he had also checked the natural expansion of individual rights; he had chained Liberty and set the Bourbon dynasty to watch her dungeon cell; he had crossed purposes with the great economy of God. Behold then a strange anomaly ! A government growing more despotic in the face of free thought, — a despotism "tempered by epigrams" ! Absolutism with enslaved thought and a shackled press made Russia. Free government with free thought made America. But absolutism with free thought, free speech, and a free press made the French Revolution. What a strange, sad spectacle ! Voltaire and Rousseau dreaming of fraternal Utopias, a nation's bosom heaving with the new-born sacred thought of liberty, — yet all the while the clanking chain grown heavier and the cruel lash of tyranny plied more fiercely over the backs of bleeding millions. While French philosophy discussed ideal government, and French statesmen erected visionary schemes of finance, gaunt famine stared the nation in the face, and the Bourbons wrung the last penny from the peasant's store to deck

with golden lilies the glittering bowers and palaces of gay Versailles, — aye, to circle a lewd harlot's brow with gleaming gems and golden coronets. With every new régime the power of king and court increased. "The state," cries haughty Louis; "I am the state." Ah, proud Richelieu, with thy dreams of absolute power, of universal empire, and a world subservient to a Cardinal's beck and call, didst thou e'er dream of this? Didst thou wear out that mighty life of thine in plots and schemes and projects universal, that this base Bourbon should through thy plans proclaim himself "the state"? Ill fared it for thy Bourbon brood when Liberty took up the challenge, and with fire and carnage taught all tyrants that the people are "the state."

While the great Cardinal lived, he mastered his system and repressed its evils. But his death, like that of Mirabeau, unchained the mischief of which he had been at once the author and the restraining power. The victor march of the seventeenth century became the funeral dirge of the eighteenth. Richelieu invoked the spectre of aggressive absolutism, and it would not down; no hand was strong enough to conjure with the dead man's wand. Could such a system — false in principle and fatal in results — have been a necessity in the evolution of modern Europe? Did the logic of the times demand absolutism for France? Did the Ruler of Nations miscalculate when he threw this factor into his century problem of national development?

For answer stand in the light of seventeenth-century conditions. See a nation without central power, a weakling king on a tottering throne, a treasury depleted, and a degraded peasantry exorbitantly taxed to meet the revolts of petty princes. Such diseased conditions must foster diseased policies. Governments change as men change. Only when God reigns in the hearts of the people can the people

reign. Democracy is conditioned on self-control, born of humanity's upward struggle, cradled in education, warmed by the radiant sunbeams that emanate from Calvary's holy cross. But a strong central power is a necessity for nations steeped in ignorance and vice. The knee unbent before the higher law of self-control must bend before the lower law of force. For everywhere and always the first requisite of all society is law. Without it governments fall and society disintegrates. "Its seat is the bosom of Almighty God," its power bent the azure dome of Heaven and fretted it with star fire, its voice speaks in the thundered harmonies of ten thousand whirling spheres. The atheist is the only consistent anarchist; for wherever God is, there is law. And him who strikes in its defence, judge not too harshly though the world proclaim him a tyrant.

Such an one was Richelieu. Cruel, unscrupulous, false, he was still the champion of order. Like Socrates of old, he heard above a nation's tumult the murmured warnings of embodied law. Through the mists of disorder and revolt he caught dim visions of her fair face and felt the majestic touch of her queenly hand. If he was a tyrant, he believed tyranny better than anarchy. If he preserved the dross of absolutism, he preserved with it the gold of social order and permanency. Rejecting the glittering casket of individual license that held destruction to the state, he chose the laden casket of tyranny that concealed the sacred treasure — *law*.

But still wider was this policy and wider the necessity that called it into being. European conditions were chaotic, — the German states hopelessly divided, triumphant Austria ready to hurl Wallenstein across Europe like a thunderbolt, crush Germany, and change the destiny of a continent. Then it was that the adroit diplomacy of the wily Cardinal outwitted Ferdinand and united with

the valor of Gustavus Adolphus to win a mighty triumph over the hosts of Wallenstein. To save Germany, check Austria, preserve the balance of power, and adjust society along modern lines after the decay of feudalism, was the European problem of the seventeenth century; and the policy of Richelieu was an essential factor in its solution.

To condemn the evils of this policy has been a favorite work of superficial philosophy. But the patriot's task should be to learn those evils only that he may avoid them, to read for the nineteenth century the lessons of the seventeenth. And no example of state-craft is more replete with warning for our present social tendencies than this. It is preëminently important because pre-eminently typical — fraught with the same dangers that threaten our own civilization. Power in the hands of corrupt men and national disregard of principle were the giant evils that the Cardinal fostered and developed. He placed an absolute sceptre in the hands of a dynasty of false kings, unfitted to rule, unkingly in character and act. He courted men and hated principles. Expediency was the sole standard of action, and personality the sole basis of patriotism. But the polity that lives must be built on principles mightier than any man. The heart, unmoved by a mere policy, throbs and quickens under the touch of a principle. Men worship a nation's emblem because it stands for an idea. Right or wrong, let it be a tangible, glowing ideal, and they make of it a victorious battle-cry, emblazon it on their banners, love it, live for it, die for it. Aye, if it be a right principle touched and quickened by the holy fire of God's eternal truth, it is invincible, and the nation that disregards it is doomed to destruction.

Let not America forget the lesson. The same disregard of principle is threatening our public life. Striving in the mad struggle for wealth, deaf to the sacred demands of

citizenship, forgetful of the great principles which under God have made this nation, we demand class legislation and make sectional interests the measure of national policy. We surrender municipal government to misrule because clean-handed citizenship is too selfish to trouble itself with politics. Our millionnaires tread gold-paved pathways to the capitol while frenzied fanaticism deploys "common weal" armies to meet them there. Here, thank God, is no hereditary curse! But have we not bowed the knee before false kings? Are we not crowning selfishness, avarice, mammon? Has not the voice of demagogues and mobs proclaimed, "Long live these kings"? Shall disregard of principle curse America as it cursed France in times gone by? Shall Anglo-Saxon blood and Anglo-Saxon lineage furnish forth a Danton, a Marat, a Robespierre?

On the eve of the fatal day that saw the fall of the Bastile, ill-fated Louis exclaimed, "What! this is a revolt!" "Sire," said Liancourt, "it is not a revolt; it is a revolution!" and the death sentence of the false kings of Richelieu had been pronounced. To-day in the first dawning twilight of the twentieth century King Avarice, backed by the mighty hosts of his twin ally, Ignorance, strong in the hope of vicious class legislation, hears above sectional clamor an ominous note of warning from the great intelligent, God-fearing middle class — the bone and sinew of our Christian civilization. "Can this mean revolt?" comes the anxious question. Ah, let every heart that throbs responsive to the great heart-beat of the Republic give back the mighty answer, "It is not a revolt, O king; but, by the sacred banner of the Crucified One, it is a revolution." Heed the cry, false king! Never has it sounded for humanity in vain. Heed it! For it shall ring destruction's knell around thy craven soul. It is the voice of principle that thundered of old from the lips

of seer and prophet; that thrilled the breasts of Arnaud and Coligny and stern old John Knox; the voice that Richelieu hated and France despised, but which sang the birth song and shall yet sing the triumph song of our Republic. That voice was heard in the sentence that placed a corrupt political leader behind New York prison bars; it rings out in the demand for cleaner municipal politics; above all it calls to-day for clean-handed citizenship at the primary and the ballot-box. Obey the summons, O patriot brother, and there will be "a revolution" — not a Reign of Terror, but a bloodless revolution that shall win back the sceptre for thorn-crowned Truth, dethrone King Avarice and crown King Immanuel, conquer selfishness with love, the rule of gold with the Golden Rule, Gibraltar's power with the Rock of Ages. And in that dawning day of a redeemed Republic, the glow of blood-red Mars shall fade away; but clearer, brighter, grander still shall gleam forth Bethlehem's holy star, — the star of universal empire.

DEMOCRACY AND THE TRUST

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(Awarded the Mangum Medal for Oratory at the Commencement Exercises of the University of North Carolina, 1909)

For the last generation, the energies of the South have been consumed, her life has been spent, in the mighty struggle of recovering from the war and the period of reconstruction. Now at a very critical point of business history, she is called to enter the arena as a world factor. She must prepare to resume that position of proud leadership which she formerly occupied. But the prominence is to be one of a different kind. Then it was political, now it is to be industrial. The South of the future has for its mission the satisfaction of the material wants of a large part of mankind. Then the problem was to govern men and lead them in the paths of wise statesmanship; now it is to clothe and feed them and lift them out of that ignorance which is the inseparable accompaniment of poverty. The man who will teach the South to spin its own cotton crop and thus double its value is an honorable comrade for Thomas Jefferson or John C. Calhoun. On us the task is imposed of leading the South into a position of industrial supremacy. And in order to do this we must understand and appreciate that without which industrial supremacy is impossible — the corporation. Because the corporation is the basic fact of modern life, a fact that we must all accept. Not as it now exists, — for its present

state is transitional, — but the corporation of the future, changing always its particular form but maintaining throughout its identity and its individuality, this corporation is to be the corner-stone of industry. History indicates it; philosophy demands it.

Progress in civilization is a product of two factors, individual activity and the machine in which this activity is exerted. A group of individuals join in an organization and develop within it until a more perfect one is needed. A new one is formed, another period of development follows, and so the world goes on. Therefore philosophers say that progress is either a growth from the individual to the universal, or from the universal to the individual, meaning by "individual" the individual man and by "universal" the institution or the organization. And in the course of history, the emphasis has been placed first on one and then on the other. For many centuries, civilization concerned itself with the formation of strong, central governments. But in modern times stress has been laid more and more on the individual as the essential factor in government, and this we call democracy. In the world of business, success has been largely a growth in organization. First came the individual trader or producer, then came the partnership, then the firm, then the corporation, and finally the trust — the steps are both natural and inevitable. As conditions changed, the prevailing business type changed. As economic life demanded greater and more perfect organization, the demand was met and, as the summit, the apex, the culmination of this organizing process, we have the modern trust — the result of the legitimate principle of organization at work in the world of business, the last link in a long chain of natural and necessary development. And the end is not yet, the hand of Time is inexorable; it may pause, but it never remains stationary.

The trust problem is therefore not a local issue, but the product of a world movement. It is important, then, that our consideration should be sane; that we should view the matter as a world problem and decide it in a large, broad, far-sighted way. To do this we must dispossess our minds of the mistaken idea that the corporation is a creature of the devil and face the fact that it is a legitimate business product. The trust, I say, is a legitimate business product, not only because its origin is a natural one, but because its mission is a worthy one. It is true that the history of corporations in this country has been marked by unparalleled greed, graft, and corruption; it is true that some of the greatest atrocities of modern life are perpetrated by trust operators; it is true that the present avalanche of public opposition is the accumulated result of a long and consistent disregard of all the principles of honesty. The attitude of the trust buster is not caused by groundless hatred of corporate life, but it represents the righteous indignation of an outraged public conscience. But these things are the necessary jarrings of a new machine, a machine by no means perfect; these are the abuses of power that we must curb; these are faults in our management of corporations, and not inherent defects. And the reason is a simple one. If all the railroads in the South were under one system, which would be the ideal trust condition, and if the management of this system were open to the public eye so that the capital represented truly and honestly the money invested, unreasonable prices or rates would be a physical, nay even a mechanical, impossibility. For if the earnings were too great the swollen dividends would reflect the fact. Capital would be attracted into the field and the monopoly would be destroyed. In other words, there is a great reserve force called potential competition which regulates prices and acts as a perpetual safeguard against extortion.

Control your trust and let it exercise only its proper functions, and if it begins to rob the people, capital will come in, produce competition, and break up the monopoly. Add to this the element of wise government regulation and extortion becomes impossible.

Now this trust, this legitimate business product, is a permanent institution. The natural outcome of business conditions, it will disappear only when those conditions disappear. As those conditions change, the form of the organization will change. But the trust idea, not in its present shape, but in its inner significance, — the trust idea is here to stay because it supplies a permanent demand in civilization. The big corporation plan is the one which will produce the maximum amount of wealth with the minimum amount of capital, labor, and time. This is the essential fact, this is the ground cause of the existence of this industrial type. This is the reason why the whole progress of the century has been toward combination and single-headed management. This is the reason why Edward H. Harriman controls enough railroad tracks to girdle the globe one and a half times. This is the reason why we are compelled to realize that the evolution of business points directly and inevitably toward the principle of combination. To recognize it means industrial life; to fight against it means industrial death. Combination and progress go hand in hand. It is the ultimate end of modern organization because of this peculiar power of decreasing the cost of production. This is the quality which recommends it to the American people; this is the quality by which it stands the test of the public conscience. By thus cheapening the cost of production, combination has become the keystone of America's industrial growth. It is the shibboleth of the commercial advance, the "Open Sesame" of the twentieth century. The word is written across every page of the biography

of material civilization. It was the terror of the past, but it is the genius of the present and the power of the future.

Facing now the fact that the trust fills a legitimate place in our civilization, and facing the further fact that it is a permanent institution, we ought to be very careful that our attitude towards it be a proper one. The big corporation being the keystone of industrial success, it is a business proposition that we should pursue towards it a policy of helpful control. I do not say that all corporations are honest and praiseworthy. I do not say that every particular combination promotes the general welfare. I do not deny the existence of pernicious monopolies. But I do say that the general Southern attitude toward corporate life is little short of suicide. The hostility of the carping politician appealing to the lowest instincts of his constituents, the demagoguery of the blatant newspaper raising only clouds of prejudice, the short-sighted selfishness of the private citizen who makes a vicious stab at wealth wherever he finds it, — these things, I say, by confining the big business organizations to the North, East, and West, are crippling our industries and retarding our development. With the new South quivering with the new life about to course through her veins of steel, with the dawn of a new era of prosperity and growth ahead of her, with the Panama Canal ready to throw upon her shores that Oriental trade which in the tide of history has successively enriched every city or nation that it has touched, with a position of leadership, of national, yea of international, preëminence almost within her grasp, is it not strange that our people should be so averse to accepting their marvellous opportunities? Is it not strange that they should be led astray by those whose only desire is political preferment? Is it not passing strange that they should turn their backs on that which they most need? "Why will ye reject so great salvation?" Peace will not

come to us through fighting the inevitable, we must recognize it, yes welcome it, and gladly adapt ourselves to it.

What form, then, shall our control take? Into what restraining channel shall we direct our corporate activities? Where will this course of business aggrandizement end? The fault with the present system is not that the trust operator has too much power, but that this power is uncoupled with responsibility. The trouble is that the individual has been lost in the organization. The solution, then, should come from the application of the principle of democracy. Look about you and see the solution of other problems of sociology which have vexed mankind. Read in the solution of the problems of education, of government, yea verily of religion — read here, I say, the solution of the problem of corporate activity. Contrast for a moment, if you please, the state of society now and that of five hundred years ago, and face the future. Then education was confined to the ranks of a small band of monks and scholars; now every state in the American Union provides for the education of its citizens. Then government was exclusively in the hands of the despot or the king or the baron; now the essential fact in government is the individual man. Then religion was the property of the priest; now you and I have as much right to our religious opinion as the preacher in our pulpit. He probably knows more about it than we do, but he cannot dictate.

The problems of government, of education, of religion, have been solved by the application of the principles of democracy. Even so let it be with the trust. The pendulum of industry has gone the limit of institutionalism; let it sweep back to individualism. To practical men of wealth Andrew Carnegie points the way. His policy has been to make his laborers stockholders in the corporation for which they labor. The stockholders

in the United Steel Trust number an eighth of a million souls. The details we leave to time. But this much is clear. The trust of the future is to be more and more the trust of the people. Wider and wider is the ownership to spread, until the time comes when every railroad man in the country, be he magnate or laborer, is a railroad stockholder. Narrow and more narrow is to be the sphere of the despot in corporate management. More and more like political government is industrial government to become, until the vast body of stockholders is a true body politic and the trust managers are as truly servants of the people as are their political governors or senators. Greater and greater is to be the power of the individual as the integral unit, until he dominates the world of business as completely as he dominates the world of government. But this is not to mean industrial confusion and inefficiency any more than individual political liberty means anarchy or license. The advantage of universal production is to be coupled with the advantage of individual ownership. Yes, the future has no terrors that an aroused Southern democracy cannot solve. Then may we see the South proudly leading the van in the coming march toward industrial greatness. Then may we see her doing her appointed share of the work of the world, her cotton mills clothing and her farm lands feeding humanity. Then may we see her corporations perfect industrial machines; the directors, captains of industry; the stockholders, intelligent citizens. Then we may see in those corporations industrial democracy at work: the universal and the individual, the forces of expansion and the forces of integration, the idealized realization of the perfect industrial machine — a trust, sheltered by an enlightened public conscience, founded on an eternal principle, a child of democracy.

SAVONAROLA — PRIEST AND PATRIOT

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(Awarded first place in the Contest for the Breen Oratorical Medal, 1905)

ENTHRONED in the heart of Italy's garden land lies the beautiful city of Florence. Behind her, raising their massive shoulders into Italian clouds, stand the lordly Apennines; before her, stretching away into the distant purple, spreads Italy's loveliest valley; within her, stately edifices and magnificent form a great forest of stone and marble; and down from the vine-clad hills and through it all and out into the peaceful valley flows the crystal Arno.

To tell the story of Florence is to tell of her beauty, her glory, her art, and her men. But it is of her men we would speak, great, gallant men, who living consecrated their lives to the uplifting of humanity, and dying left their impress on history that all might read. Of such was Girolamo Savonarola.

Born in the middle of the fifteenth century, he came into a world submerged in the pagan renaissance. For centuries over Europe a spirit of carelessness and epicurean indifference had swept. Roman misrule and oppression had given it birth; then came the destruction of the old world, bringing with it the ravage of Hun and Avar. For a thousand years man was sunk in gloom and sadness. Vainly he tried to blind himself to existing conditions; vainly he cried out in stoical resignation, "Let us forget!"

But it was ever the same — oppression, corruption, impotency. At last the great dawn rolled back the darkness and he awoke. America was discovered; manufacturing and industry sprang up; commerce and trade received new impetus; science stole from its laboratory with new experiments; and literature and art, imbibing the spirit, burst forth to tell the grand story. Surely it was Europe's Augustan Age, and, looking on, man marvelled at the change. New ideas flooded the world; the great vista of self-advancement and opportunity spread out before him; its golden treasures, its joys, its happiness, all urged him on. Life took on a new aspect, and from the stoical he rushed to the opposite extreme. He threw down the battle-axe and quitted the dismal fortress. Ease, comfort, and luxury in new palaces supplanted the soldier life in sombre castles, and there in grandeur he gave himself up to Plato, indolence, and pleasure. Amidst all this neo-paganism, this prosperity and Orientalism, it was but his nature that he turned from God. In Italy was this especially true. Like a Cæsar or a Pericles ruled Lorenzo at Florence, and like them too, did he, whom men called the Magnificent, pervert his people and buy their liberty through pompous shows. Frivolity and dissipation ruled. Corruption in high places had an evil effect on society, and the profligacy extended to the lower classes. Immorality and sensuousness marked the carnival. At length prolonged dissipation and ribaldry worked its effect. Well had Lorenzo learned from Tacitus that to enslave the people was first to corrupt them. But all the time the show went on, though Florence groaned and rotted beneath it.

Into this Athens, worn from fasts and tears and vigils, came the monk, Savonarola — a John at the court of Herod. Even as a child, the sight of sin and vice had sickened him. On entering manhood he turned his back to the world and sought contentment in the cloister.

Fasts and mortifications filled his days. But not in his new life was he to find peace. Cruelty, treachery, and assassination, the offspring of sin, spread over Italy, whilst within that Church where he sought refuge he was shocked to behold the relaxation in morals and the scandals in ecclesiastical life. Great indeed was the sorrow of this devoted son as in vividness he perceived the evils that were to come in consequence of many sins. And oh! the terror of it all, as he beheld the evil spirit like a vampire that had spread its great wings over the prostrate form of the Church and slowly sucked its life's blood from it. How his indignation arose, how his proud Italian blood rebelled, and in anguish he cried out: "O God, O Lady, give me that I may break those spreading wings, that I may slay this monster, that I may lift up and restore your beloved Church," — thus his life's purpose. Day by day he besought God in his cell to give him strength to carry out his ideals, until at length his prayer was heard.

The great Duomo was thronged with penitents, and Florence turned from her crime and revelry to listen to him who preached of Christ. Hundreds came at midnight and waited patiently for the opening of the doors. Men of all classes flocked to hear him. There was something magnetic in the frail, delicate body as it arose in the pulpit and thundered out against sin. What man could resist him whose eyes burned with the zeal that fired his soul, whose earnestness convulsed his whole frame, whose threats were dreadful, whose appeals were awful. His influence on the people was powerful, and Florence arose from her shame. Instead of the old pagan songs hymns to the Creator arose, men and women abandoned lives of sin, the churches were filled, and the city took on a new appearance. So much did Savonarola do for morality in Florence. Never flinching, never

abandoning his purpose, he worked harder each day. His was a grand ideal. At night when he retired to his cell he prayed God to help him carry it out. At morning when he arose in the pulpit he exhorted his people to lead new and better lives. By degrees his popularity grew; and as the mist cleared away, in fancy he saw Jesus of Nazareth enthroned over a city cleansed and purified, Then the vision became a reality, and the people took up the cry that told of life and love and liberty. Up from the valley it came and striking the hills echoed back again; into the heart of Florence it penetrated and stirred men. who cried out in joyful exultation, "Live Christ our King!"

And now was the hour of triumph, and to crown it all political circumstances aided him. Lorenzo died, leaving the reins of government in the hands of Piero. This prince further outraged the republican form of government and alienated his subjects. Florence was terrified to hear of the approach of the French king whose expedition, runs Gibbon, "changed the face of Europe." Piero fled, leaving the city in a state of anarchy. Through the streets men roamed, casting jealous eyes on palaces built from extorted taxes. A spirit of lawlessness pervaded everywhere, and Florence was on the threshold of a bloody riot, when suddenly the great bell in the Duomo pealed out, calling all to prayer, and rising, Savonarola, the man of the hour, quelled his people's fears and sent them away peaceful citizens.

Thus did he enter political life. Historians have criticised him for it; but when we consider the circumstances, we must admit there was no alternative — only one man could have saved Florence, and he was Savonarola. So now we see him in a new role, that of the statesman. Nor was he a mere moralist and theorizer: "Do you citizens," he said, "wish to be free? Then above all love God, love your neighbor, love each other, love the common

good." And what a grand code that was which resulted in the reduction of taxes, the improvement of justice, the returns of money unrighteously acquired, and the abolition of usury. Into the hearts of the Florentines he instilled a love for true liberty, a love for a just, well-ordered government, the basic principle of which was the temporal and spiritual welfare of all. He was no faction politician, no street demagogue, no moral agitator, but a cool, clear-minded statesman, who by his breath called a people back to life and set up a government that has been the admiration of sages. His ideal was grand, and for two years at least Christ ruled in Florence.

But it is characteristic of history that men must work and sweat and bleed, and then fall victims to the cause they uphold. And so with the saviour of Florence. Men were ever fickle, and the Florentines were no more constant than that rabble that, fifteen centuries before, had slaughtered the Lamb on Calvary. It is not a mark, but an effect, of greatness that great men have enemies. Unconsciously they make them, and so with Savonarola. In Rome the adherents of the Medici succeeded in stirring up a quarrel between him and the Pope. This resulted in excommunication. Though he denied the validity of Alexander VI, still he never failed to recognize the authority of the Church, and so when excommunicated abstained from preaching and retired to St. Mark's. Nor was his fall due to papal anger so much as to the fickleness of the Florentines. When he no longer moved among them, reassuring and counselling them, when conspirators arose and determined to have his blood, when silence meant suspicion and suspicion meant guilt, then did the crowds turn against him and there arose the accusation heard once before — "This man blasphemes." "A miracle, an ordeal," cried they; and when none were forthcoming, their anger rose to hatred, and fire and malice filled their

hearts. In that moment of passion the prayers and work of a lifetime were shattered. Enemies rose up on all sides, and only death could appease.

For days his frail body was torn on the rack, for weeks he was tortured. In vain did his tormentors curse and burn in an attempt to wring from him a confession of guilt. And when all had failed, and the frantic mob grew restless and cried out for its victim, then was he condemned to be hanged and burned. As he ascended the ladder he paused and looked down on the multitude, and what a look it was: so full of pity, yet strength; of reproach, yet resignation — the last fond look of a dying man on those whom he loved. Down there in that surging sea of jeering faces were those whom all the night he had watched like a tender mother in sickness, to whom he had whispered God's eternal pardon in the confessional, for whom he had prayed and pleaded and wept; and now all was forgotten in the madness of the moment. So his body was burned and his ashes thrown into the Arno, and Savonarola, priest and patriot, was dead — convicted of heresy. Convicted, and why? Was it for heresy? No; but for political purposes alone. Intriguers saw that the only hope to restore the Medici was to secure the fall of the friar. Accordingly, with a ban of excommunication as a starting point, they evolved a scheme that stands unequalled in history. In its diabolical and unprecedented rottenness not even the corrupt mock court that tried the sainted Joan of Arc can stand as a parallel. Forcibly torn from St. Mark's by a lawless mob, scorched on the rack and pulley till his mind wandered and his body writhed in excruciating pain, to the last he maintained his innocence. And when fire and torture failed, the foul Ceccone was brought in to record the prisoner's answers and so distort them as to incriminate him. Not even truth was given the accused man.

Looking back we stand in horror at the dreadfulness of it all, and wonder where there is justice; for that court was a mock court, whose every proceeding was a breach of law, an insult to truth. Where is there justice when blackened cowards and unscrupulous men render judgment by fraud, and sanction it by religion? We are amazed at the thought, and wonder how a people consented; but those were times when allegiance belonged to him in power, and the Florentines were only as the rest of men. There is and can be only one reason for his death, and that is, because he was an obstacle in the path of the ambitious Medici. It was not for heresy that he died; not once did the Church pronounce him an heretic. Tell me, you who read history, you who love truth, was it heresy in childhood to kneel at God's altar and leave it damped with tears? was it heresy to give up a career so full of promise and joy and glory to lead a mortified life in a cloister? was it heresy to gather up the instruments of sin and Satan, and piling them into a great pyramid, fire them that the smoke ascending might proclaim the perishableness of things, the vanity and nothingness of sinful pleasures? was it heresy to establish a kingdom of God on earth, and destroy the false reign of the usurper? Was all this heresy? I ask you, you who know the facts and love the truth; and yet they were his only sins. Oh, he was no heretic, but a martyr, who died because he believed in a mighty principle, because he struggled for freedom and purity and justice against innumerable odds, because the world loved vice and sin and he despised them, because his ideal was too heavenly, his life and love too Christlike.

Though he died like his God in shame and ignominy, yet not in vain had he lived. For blood and tears and stainless lives must bear their fruit, and there's a place for high ideals and noble aims. No life is lost, no purpose

gone, that shadows Calvary's cross on struggling men. It is enough to have lived and given the world an ideal; it is enough to have held the torch and lighted the way; it is more than enough while living to show men how to live and dying teach them how to die — so his claim to glory, to your admiration. For I would have you draw the curtain back and let the resplendent light of martyrdom break through the darkness of mediævalism, and there, above calumny and prejudice and controversy, behold, wrapt in glory, the grandest, the purest, and the noblest of fifteenth-century heroes.

Four hundred years have passed since he moved among men. Famine and feud have ravaged Italy, strifes and bloody wars have shorn her of old-time glory; but along the Arno where he trod in sorrow and sadness there is peace. The solemn Apennines watch over the sleeping city, and the stars, like burning sapphires, keep eternal vigil; but down in the depths of marble and stone, down near the spot where he met his death, a grateful people have erected a noble statue. The frail form tells of fasts and mortification, while suffering and care have left their marks on furrowed cheeks and forehead. The compressed lips evidence a mighty firmness and an indomitable will; but in the dark gray eyes, gleaming from under heavy brows, there is written the tragedy of a life, spent like Another's, in "doing good," and sacrificed like His because he had loved too much.

THE PASSING OF WAR

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(An oration delivered in the Ohio State Contest, and in the Contest of the Central Oratorical League, 1909)

There is a great difference between the people of to-day and the people of one hundred years ago. The mode of life has changed. The stage-coach is placed on exhibition in the museum; and the "Twentieth Century Limited" runs from New York City to Chicago in eighteen hours. Modern science has utilized natural forces to break down the then almost insurmountable barriers of time and space, and by its magic touch the ends of the earth are brought into communication. The view of life has changed, and the feeling of one people toward another has changed. The frequency of personal contact resulting from modern freedom of intercourse has tended to eliminate the idea that a foreigner is a natural enemy. Convenient means of communication, travel, and commerce are rapidly making the world a unit. Multitudes of philanthropic and industrial combinations have ceased to recognize natural boundaries. It is this unity which seeks to establish means other than war by which to settle international difficulties.

Humanity is one. The original unit of society was the family. Primitive conditions widely separated the members of that family, and their descendants regarded each other as foreigners and enemies. Modern conditions have

made the world a unit; and that unit is the human family. War is so grossly inconsistent with the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God that the moral sense of the human family demands its abolition. Evil may prosper for a time, and the foolish may say it has triumphed, but right ultimately gains the victory. In its onward progress material considerations and commercial advantages are often made to hasten its advance.

All great reforms must have a fundamental cause and an exciting cause. The Reformation had for its fundamental cause the awakening knowledge of the world, and for its exciting cause the debauchery of the priesthood and papacy. So the abolition of war and the ultimate federation of the world has for its fundamental cause this fact of world unity, and for its exciting cause, the commercialistic spirit of the age. This is an age of dollars. The leaders of the world occupy themselves with commercial problems. If Daniel Webster were alive to-day, he would probably be a great corporation attorney; and Alexander Hamilton in this generation might be a J. Pierpont Morgan or an Andrew Carnegie. Men seek convenience and money. They appreciate the advantages of peace in terms of dollars and cents. The desire to avoid financial loss and especially to avoid restrictions on the development of industry and commerce exerts a powerful influence in all worldly affairs. In it the Hague Conference had its origin. It came about in this manner. In the spring of 1898 the political world was somewhat unsettled. China was in tumult. France was fretful. Spain and America were working themselves into a passion which very soon terminated into war. France and Germany had supplied their armies with the latest improved artillery, involving enormous expense. It behooved Austria and Russia to do the same. Russia hesitated. Expenses were assuming huge proportions. Gen-

eral Kuropatkin, Minister of War, figured out a plan by which he sought to obviate this burdensome outlay of money. He proposed that Austria and Russia come to an agreement by which neither would change their guns. He reasoned thus: "If we incur the expense, Austria will do the same, and we shall be no better off than before relative to military efficiency, and we shall be considerably worse off financially." Count Witte, however, absolutely refused to support the proposition. He said it would impair Russia's credit abroad and make her the laughing-stock of the world. It would be a confession of impecuniosity. Count Witte, however, further stated that if all the nations could agree not to increase their armaments, the plan would be well worth considering. He believed that the prosperity of the United States was due to its unity and freedom from militarism. This opinion was reported to the Czar, with the result that he issued his rescript to all the diplomatic representatives at St. Petersburg. The other nations had already realized the far-reaching significance of the various points involved and readily agreed to give consideration to the problem. Thus while the fact of world unity remains the fundamental cause, it was the commercialistic spirit of the age that set in action the movement that is destined to abolish war, adopt the peaceful means of arbitration, and culminate at last in the United Nations of the World.

It seems to be the fate of all great undertakings to be judged by what the world expects and not by what is actually achieved. So the impatient world has passed its judgment on The Hague. The result of centuries of growth is clamored for in a few brief months by the sensational press, and when denied it vents its disappointment by a public condemnation. Let us be grateful that the clamor for sensational achievement was denied; that evolution and not revolution has triumphed.

A careful study of the field of work considered at The Hague reveals no cause for disappointment or regret. Three subjects were discussed and passed upon. First, the laws of modern warfare were considered and numerous provisions were adopted which tend to mitigate the evils and the cruelty of war. The second great subject was arbitration. To this the friends of peace may point with hope and pride. No ridicule of condemnation by the sensational press can conceal the progress so clearly evidenced. The provision for the International Court of Appeals is a distinct advance which cannot be denied. And when we consider that upon it is conferred a legislative function as well as its judicial power, no reason can remain for condemnation. Still greater is the magnitude of the American proposal which provides compulsory arbitration for contractual debts. This is the beginning of the end; for it restricts the field of war. Disarmament was a third great project contemplated. Here the failure is obvious and complete. The reason is also apparent; it is sought to remove an effect without first considering the cause. When arbitration has so far taken the place of war as to result in a formal world union, then the reduction and the final abolition of armaments will inevitably follow. Until that time the nations of the earth will increase and not decrease their armaments. In fact, they may become so burdensome that the utter stupidity of it all will become so evident as to constitute the strongest economic argument for a world federation.

The progress onward to the world of peace is slow but sure. Force rules the world still. The god of war contests each step of progress with a mighty host. Throughout the ages to the present time his reign has been supreme. His force is used to fight the brotherhood of man against the peace and honor of humanity. Disarmament is denied; the god of war must keep his battle-axe to the

last. Yet he must bow his head in silence to the restrictions of The Hague and enter not the places it forbids. And thus he finds his liberty denied and contemplates his vanishing power, — the forecast of an inevitable doom.

Progress points us toward the goal of universal arbitration. Arbitration is the logical precedent of world federation. The establishment of a permanent tribunal at The Hague means that a world judiciary is developing. As its field of activity grows and its functions increase, the conferences at The Hague must become more frequent. This means that a world legislative department is in the process of concrete formation. The culmination of the process, as in all governmental units, must be the creation of a world executive. And thus the federation of the world will come to pass. Though time is slow to mark the change, it may be nearer than we can believe; for there is a world constitution developing, unwritten, not called by that name, but existing as surely as the animal kingdom existed before it was named by Adam. Its basic principles are recognized by nations in their codes and treaties, for it contains the truths that involve the very nature of humanity as a created whole.

When the thirteen original colonies established their independence, you will remember that each one had the idea that it was a sovereign state, free, independent, and owing allegiance to nobody. Local prejudice and interests made them unwilling to yield their so-called independence to the central governing body. But the principle of natural unity, asserting itself through a disorganized currency, industrial distress, and political antagonism made evident the necessity of union. The test of time has proved the wisdom of the founders of that union. The United States stands as a witness to all the world of the peace and prosperity which union can bestow. The

United States of America is the prototype of the United Nations of the World.

So shall it be at last, when the war-cloud no longer casts its shadow o'er the earth, when the brotherhood of man is manifested by political world unity; then the teachings of the Prince of Peace shall spread: —

> "Till the war-drum throbs no longer,
> And the battle flags are furled,
> In the Parliament of Man,
> The Federation of the World.
> Then the common sense of most
> Shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
> And the kindly world shall slumber,
> Wrapt in universal law."

In the world's to-morrow the battle-field will have no place. For a higher civilization, intensified with each generation that transmits it, must culminate at last in an age of universal peace.

The world is weary of the past, the past of oppression, of physical tyranny, and of bloodshed. It is ready, yea, eager, to enter upon its noble inheritance in which the moral law of love shall reign supreme. Does not the trend of events in the present time indicate a coming age of justice, in which might shall quail before right, in which union shall take the place of antagonism, and harmony of discord? Then the rivalry of nations shall lie in the arts of peace and not of war: not arsenals and battleships and military array, but stacks and towers of commerce, great institutions, and broad fields of perfect vegetation! Development of body, mind, and soul, through science, art, and culture shall be the chief concern of man.

Napoleon with all his victories found no glory in them when the time of parting came. On the barren shores of St. Helena, where the mists of the stormy Atlantic oppressed him with gloomy forebodings, Napoleon, in his last

days, knew that it had all been wrong. No good to man or favor in the sight of God could bless his memory, for his had been the thought that might made right, that the battle's glory justified the cruelty, the pain and bloodshed, the inhumanity and strife and carnage of war !

By the peaceful waters of the Sea of Galilee, Jesus of Nazareth taught his neighbors the simple doctrine of peace and good will. And spreading outward o'er the earth in its simple, quiet, peaceful way, the influence of that doctrine has become a mighty power, and none can doubt that it is destined to rule the world in peace.

THE SUPREMACY OF IDEAS

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(Awarded first place in the Contest for the Brown Prize in Oratory, 1907)

EVERY created object is the embodiment of a mental vision. Great deeds are the offspring of great ideas. We conceive the universe to be representative of an infinite Intelligence. The world, stars, the solar system, and the myriad systems beyond it were thought before they existed. Answering a great idea, Chaos sprang into order and beauty.

We behold the bloom of the flower and the hues of the sky, and ascribe them to the delicate imagery of divine ideals. This conception was advanced by Plato while strolling through the delightful groves of the Grecian Academy. A more sublime thought the mind has never entertained. When God said, "Let us make man in our image," the ideal man at that moment existed; the real followed as a consequence. When man was given dominion over all created things, it was because he possessed, in a superior degree, the power of formulating ideas. "Thought is the seed of action," says Emerson, "but action is as much its second form as thought is its first."

Empires were never built until men dreamed of empire. The strength of a nation depends upon something greater than wealth and numbers, greater than forts and armories,

greater than armies and navies. It rests upon the ideas and sentiments that inspire her people, — "the quality of their thought."

History offers innumerable illustrations wherein the onslaught of outnumbering foes was warded off by a superior intelligence. We may still draw a lesson from Thermopylae, where the Persian hosts learned that valor and enthusiasm make better weapons than the strongest spears. The Spanish Armada, boasting herself invincible, was met and defeated by the fervor of Saxon patriotism. In our Revolution, the superiority of the American bayonet lay in the spirit of "the man behind the gun."

Every nation which has achieved greatness has risen by the influence of fixed ideals. Her greatness is of the spirit, and is immortal. The history of European intellectual progress has been the history of spreading Hellenization. Greece is not dead! The potency of her ideas stands as a lasting monument to her fame. It is only the visible that dies. The soul of a nation lives on, and its essence passes into civilization. "For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." In the laws of the land is embodied the wisdom of the ages. The march of civilization follows the march of high ideals. "Civilization is another name for thinking." "Civilized man is thinking man." The dark tribes of Africa may be perfect in body, in muscular and vital force, in physical energy; nevertheless, their ability to think is primitive, and as a consequence they are at the complete mercy of civilized peoples.

Lofty sentiments, great principles, and nobility of purpose make those who possess them the salt of the earth and the light of the world. Our absolute confidence in our Union is the fountain of our strength. America's greatness is her belief in her own destiny.

The principle upon which national success depends may

be applied with even greater force to individuals. The man who thinks is the master. The physical organs are given only for the service of the mental — a house for the spirit. Philosopher and imbecile are of the same clay. Both wither into inorganic dust. It is the soul which vivifies the body and gives it potency. The difference in men is the difference in intellects. It is the best head that makes the best place. The conception of a building exists in the mind of the architect before the first stone is laid. The plan stands out in his brain as a faultless model. The chiseller of a Venus de Milo or an Apollo Belvedere must have an ideal — a type more perfect than reality.

The great of the world achieved their greatness by tireless and unceasing effort. They have worked and studied patiently, persistently, silently, by torchlight, by candle, or by lamp; in riches, poverty, and want; in the solitude of the forest or of the city. Before a conflict the Emperor Napoleon thoroughly acquainted himself with every inch of territory to be covered; he carefully planned every manœuvre before a single gun wheeled into action. Upon the field of battle his ability was the equal of an hundred thousand men. Aristotle was the first to give philosophy a system; his thoughts are still the guiding stars of scientific thinking. It required a Galileo to solve the riddle of the physical universe by watching the falling of two stones from a leaning tower. We see the Great Admiral toiling in a dusty attic over a wooden globe.

Those who have accomplished great things have first thought great things. Every kingdom, every great invention and scientific discovery, every religious and political movement, had its origin in a single mind; they were wrought by a few great intellects. All men who have become great have had a remarkable clearness of perception, "a vision that worketh great marvels." A Bismarck

must possess this power; a Newton! a Humboldt! an Alexander Hamilton!

The pyramids of Egypt present a greater show of substance than a page in the New Testament; but, over the religious ideas written on that page, whole nations have been split asunder, while the massive pyramid remains only as a shade of the buried past.

Thought is the most potent force in the world. It is the motor power of progress. By thought the highway of improvement has been turnpiked from the wigwam to the palace; by thought steam has been shackled like a mighty giant to turn our countless wheels of toil; thought has transformed the lightning of Jupiter into a messenger that, like an obedient fairy, "puts a girdle round the world in forty seconds"; thought has taken a handful of sand and made a telescope with which we read the sublime mystery of the universe. By thought all things are done. Thought is the miracle worker of the ages. Mind must yet completely triumph over matter!

But, with all his power, the thinker seldom meets with immediate victory. He must fight his way against constant opposition, abuse, and failure. Only by clinging to his soul's ideals is he able to surmount the obstacles which surround the Hall of Fame. Concentration, hope, and enthusiasm are his only passwords. Paul the Apostle, from whose letters mankind gleans its noblest sentiments, was despised, reproached, and persecuted; but the ideals which inspired him were immovably fixed, and his influence must endure forever. Martin Luther, the soul of the Reformation, made his principles the goal of his life. It was only his unbounded enthusiasm that gave him courage to say, "Here I stand! I cannot do otherwise! God help me!"

But the most striking illustration of the topic stands engraven upon the minds of all. It is the crucifixion of

the Christ. He who fed the hungry, visited the sick, and comforted the mourning, gave his life for love! Unbelievers wrecked his physical body upon the cross of Calvary, but the ideas for which he strove come ringing down the colonnades of time with an ever increasing volume. Heaven and earth may pass away, but his ideals are a part of infinity. He cherished the sublime, and from his character have been moulded the morals of the world!

It is not every man who can be a great inventor, a great moralist, a philosopher, or a statesman. We have "gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us"; but every one can strive to reach perfection in what he attempts; and he can more nearly attain it by having his life firmly centred upon lofty ideals. When an immortal ideal is once conceived, it lends its followers a share of its omnipotence. In our prayers is written the history of our future. The lesson taught by nature and experience is,

> "to hope till hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
> Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
> This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
> Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
> This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!"

A DANGER SIGNAL — FOREIGN IMMIGRATION

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(Awarded second place in the Contest of the Central Oratorical League, 1909)

Self-satisfaction is often the sequel of success. As with the individual, so with the nation; and indeed the greater the national prosperity, the greater the indifference toward those social and political questions which, under less prosperous conditions, would be of the deepest moment. Accordingly the United States, during the industrial depression succeeding the Civil War, was intensely alarmed over a question of political economy that sinks into comparative insignificance with the same problem, which at the present day actually escapes the concern of many of our leading economists. By this I refer to that promiscuous stock of humanity now entering our political empire at the rate of a million and a quarter a year.

But we would not ungratefully ignore our debt to the foreigner. America owes her very existence to those sturdy settlers who braved the cruel hardships of a New England frontier. It was their conviction of justice and liberty which led them to face the untried sea, and to seek homes in an unknown forest. It was their indomitable manliness and public spirit which urged them to assert for themselves those inalienable rights of church and state, constituting the foundation of an empire — the unrivalled glory among the nations.

But the scene to-day presents quite a different aspect. Instead of those noble-hearted pioneers of civilization, we are flooded with a host of immigrants, forced here by foreign persecution, induced here by employed agents of immigration bureaus and steamship companies, and lured here by that erroneous, yet wide-spreading, conception of civil and religious freedom which characterizes America as the Utopia for the wildest dreams of the foreign fugitive. The very blood coursing through their veins marks them with such a stain of inferiority as to make the native American, proud of his royal ancestry, shudder at the thought of their repugnant association. What has become of that steady stream of emigrants from North Europe which formerly comprised the bulk of our immigration, and which represented that illustrious family of Teutons and Celts to which belonged your forefather and mine? What has become of them! almost entirely supplanted, if you please, by Iberians and Slavs; making the United States not only unparalleled for ethnic diversity anywhere else on the globe, but filling her with a congeries of beings representing races drained of those superior qualities to which democratic institutions owe their establishment.

But mere racial prejudice would not be so vital an objection were it not augmented by irremediable evils within our political domain. Immigration, to be effective, involves a twofold operation. There must be considered both the direct benefit we can derive from the immigrant, and the direct good we can do him; and on the latter depends our only safeguard to American institutions and customs. Both these incumbent steps are possible only by proper economic distribution; and right here lies the first unsolved problem of immigration in the fact that, in spite of the call of the South and West for labor, and in spite of a Federal Bureau of Information, utilizing

every possible means of distribution, two-fifths of our foreign population — the very class, as it were, destined to the slums — flock to our cities; thus inhibiting largely assimilation and that wide-spreading influence which might be exerted by proper diversification. Look at New York, that Babel of American municipalities, with her sixty-six languages and a population 85 per cent foreign. It is alarming when we consider that Chicago is the second largest Bohemian city in the world; that the largest Servian city is not Belgrad, but Pittsburg; that the largest Jewish city is not St. Petersburg, nor is the largest Italian city Rome, but our own metropolis — New York.

Such conditions as these not only transform our cities into a sieve to collect from that miscellaneous mass of immigrants as deplorable a bulk of refuse as the world has ever seen, but furnish the very hotbeds of disease and vice. Where poverty, ignorance, and greed exist there are found the hidden germs of degradation and desperation. No wonder, then, that in New York fifteen times as many foreigners die of tuberculosis as natives. No wonder that we find the foreigner 150 per cent more criminal than the native; and in spite of our reforming influence, there arises, from his very desire to become American, that ostensible feeling of freedom from civil and domestic restraint which results in the criminality of the second generation almost doubly exceeding the original. Direful as it is, yet the stringent exactions of the native politician possess not half so much terror as the inscrutable black hand of the foreigner. Anarchy itself is of foreign origin; and we shudder to think that, coiled beneath this foreign fungus, there lies, so secretly concealed, that fiendish serpent of lawlessness threatening to poison the very life-blood of a heart throbbing democracy. Yes, already have we laid upon the altar a costly sacrifice; not to the

glory of an obligated divinity, but to the lurking demands of a murderous foreigner.

Thus the unworthiness of the present-day immigrant forces itself upon the consideration of every proud and patriotic American. I for one confess a sense of shame when it is considered that along the eastern portals of our nation — on the very spots where the early settler stepped over the threshold of our youthful republic, bearing upon his brow that indelible stamp of justice, freedom, and nobility — there is now decanted such a vast mass of worthless peasantry from every foul and stagnant pool of Europe, a class with no apprehension of that view of man which is the organizing principle of American life, a class which, never having enjoyed true political freedom, has no understanding of the nature of civil liberty and hence is unqualified for its responsibilities. Yes, a hundred years ago we welcomed the foreigner, but since, from the standpoint of racial and individual inferiority, so many of our present-day immigrants bear such decided contrast to their early predecessors, there arises the first great demand for a change in policy.

Again, the American wage-earner demands protection from the cheap immigrant workman; cheap labor and low standards of living go hand in hand; and since the bulk of the foreign laborers live by such a parsimonious existence, it is certain that the American wage-earner, in order to compete, must lower his standards to that of his debased competitor. As a nation we have adopted the policy of protecting ourselves against the importation of certain foreign commodities chiefly because we cannot compete with the cheap labor abroad, and yet we forget that the competition of paupers is worse than the competition of pauper-made goods.

But you say there is a demand for this foreign labor. Yes, there is always a demand for cheap labor, simply

because it is cheap — and the disastrous results are evident. Indeed many of our workmen, with that true American pride, prefer to quit their job rather than drop their inborn ideals of American living; and hence there ensues a demand created not by the lack of the native to do the work, but by their refusal at the signs of degradation accompanying the foreign competitor.

But no matter whether this artificial demand, or the natural demand created by our abundant resources, the present-day immigrant cannot solve the problem. There may be 200,000,000 acres of land in the South, but what charm does that offer the majority of our immigrants? Indeed you can conceive of no greater absurdity than to depend upon the Italian push-cart pedler of our cities to supply the demands of our great manufacturing concerns, or to count upon the dickering Jew of our slums to fill the vacancy of farm labor by settling down with a hoe on a secluded farm in the midst of a lonely prairie.

Thus bearing in mind that the future of the American democracy is the future of the American wage-earners, and then considering not only how the foreigner deranges our economic adjustment, but regarding his inadequacy toward supplying our normal labor demand, we see from still another view point the need of some radical change in our present system.

But a still more appalling evil presents itself in the fact that our Anglo-Saxon lineage is not only diminishing but deteriorating. Francis H. Walker, that world-wide authority on this subject, demonstrates that foreign immigration in this country has amounted not to a reënforcement, but to a replacement of our native stock. The early history of our republic was marked by an unprecedented increase in native population, but at the very time and on the very spots that foreign immigration began to any marked extent the native stock began to wane. All

human history shows that the principle of population is intensely sensitive to social and economic changes. With the contact of a mass of foreigners, inferior in standing, degraded in influence, and repelling by association, we find just such changed conditions as might be expected to cause the American to shrink from the economic competition and social contact; and hence this "shock to the principle of population" led to the low and declining birth-rate primarily confined to the Anglo-Saxon contingent. What about New England? Once the exclusive abode of the glorious Yankee; now her foreign birth-rate three times the native, and annually 10,000 more native deaths than births. Once the cradle of Anglo-Saxon posterity; now to the foreigners an exotic rendezvous, to the American a sullen monument of lost racial aristocracy.

But in this connection we must bear in mind that to the extent that assimilation does occur, the absorption of such a subordinate type of humanity must result in a watering of our national life-blood. Racial improvement depends upon the birth-rate of the competent. Why, then, so much attention toward promoting engenic science among the lower animals, and yet man, the most important of all, be left to change? Human species must be subject to the operation of the same great natural laws applicable to all other forms of life, if human perfection is sought for; but since we have a class of immigrants, mentally, physically, and morally defective, human degeneracy is inevitable; and when we are forced to realize the fact that we are losing our Americanism, the chief attribute of our unchallenged national superiority and the sole factor by which the pride and glory of our future American republic is anticipated, it is time that every intelligent and liberty-loving patriot arose from his industrial servitude to a sense of the unconditional exigency

of saving our national family — for "Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Now with all due regard to the efficacy of our existing system, yet there are too many things which our present restrictive policy, even at its highest degree of perfection, can never attain. As we see, there is racial inferiority, but restriction can never change the leopard's spots. There is the congested city, but restriction can never mean distribution. There is the degraded moral and political influence, but while restriction can inspect the immigrant's face, it can never read his heart. There is the labor problem, but mere restriction can never satisfactorily solve it. There is race suicide, but mere restriction can never rescue. Our laws bear the stamp of half a century's perfection, and yet their inefficiency is seen in the fact that of all the anarchists, which are commonly known to come to America, last year only two were discovered at our ports. Again, the famous Hansen affirms that one hundred and eighty lepers of whom he has definite knowledge have emigrated to America since 1900. How are we to discover a beggar when he is loaned the necessary money to migrate? How can we prevent steamship traffic when we must guard the whole continent of Europe to do so? How can we detect an anarchist or a polygamist when we must depend upon their own certification? Indeed, the need of some change to-day is so strikingly evident that it cannot fail to convict any but the dogmatically obstinate or the irrationally indifferent.

Now we will confess that we need the foreigner. America could stand 150,000,000 of the right class. But we must also confess that there is an alarming proportion of our present immigration which under no consideration is competent for American citizenship or even fit for American association. The problem, then, before us is, to

get the right class with less of the wrong. We must note that immigration is gradually becoming a matter of state concern. New York has just recommended a commission to deal with her immigration problem. The whole question of labor is of state interest alone. The Federal Bureau of Distribution is but for the purpose of ascertaining state needs. The South and West are almost despairing in their call for labor, so that already it has become a state issue in Mississippi, Wyoming, Oregon, and Missouri, of which the latter just last month appointed a state board of immigration with an appropriation of $25,000 to induce worthy immigrants. Clearly, then, since the states are seeing that satisfactory results are to be obtained only by taking the matter in their own hands, and since the federal government is in utter bewilderment over increasing problems which she cannot solve, the most rational solution is to make the demand for foreign immigration entirely subject to state solicitation — to the one political body best qualified to satisfy its own economic considerations and hence that of the nation.

Under this plan provision can be made whereby the United States can admit practically every exceptional class in exactly the same manner that she now admits certain classes of the excluded Chinese. But since the chief need is the natural labor demand created by our natural resources, then the states can employ by contract labor such foreign supply as an appointed bureau in each state deems necessary after a careful study of their own economic conditions.

This provision is entirely legal, as seen by the recent decision of the Supreme Court in sustaining the action of South Carolina. It is wholly expedient, for if simple and effective results can be obtained by corporations, it will apply likewise to the states. It will not only solve the problem of distribution, but it will relieve the federal

government of the necessity of offending such friendly nations as Japan and China over matters of state concern. It will not only preserve the good features of our present system, by enacting on all admitted immigrants the same restrictions now in force, but it will, without official discrimination in regard to race or creed, stop of that heterogeneous influx of foreign fugitives and admit only such as are selected to support us in our upward march of progress and national development.

This is not a mark of selfishness and inhumanity on our part. Self-defence is the first law of nations. We have supported the foreign distressed, but we cannot offer an asylum for their refugees. We have regarded their rights, but we cannot permit them to drain their stagnant reservoirs on our soil. We have thrown open our gates to all the world; but on the sounding of the danger signal, we disregard our moral as well as our political duty when we permit to suffer our institutions, our standard of living, and our Americanism.

Our apparent inhumanity is often but a mistaken spirit of humanity; for our highest duty to mankind is to render ourselves worthy examples in the eyes of mankind, and by surrendering too freely our blood as a benefactor to a deteriorated class it but destroys our very power to uplift them. Yes, our ideals must be kept untarnished if our influence would be inculcated. And in sustaining our ideals we must be protectorates of humanity. What America needs more than pretentious pomp or monopolized mammon is men, high-minded men. We need men whose hearts instinctively throb with ours in defending the cause of home and happiness, men whose voices impulsively blend with ours in chanting the song of undimmed freedom and patriotic love; and as we gaze prospectively into the future, and see amid the constellation of nations the United States rising majestically in the

zenith of her splendor, shedding forth her rays of inspiration and enlightenment over all the gloom of depraved humanity, the glory can be attributed to no one more certain source than to the fact that present generations, in dealing with this immigration problem, have legislated in accord with that one sublime aim of preserving our God-given standards of American manhood.

THE FLOOD-GATE FLUNG WIDE

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(An oration delivered in the South Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest of 1906)

The nation's flood-gate is flung wide. One million and twenty-six thousand aliens landed on American soil during the year ending June, 1905, and the number is still increasing.

During eighteen months ending March, 1906, there were one hundred and forty-two Black Hand murders and attempts at murder in this country, and every ship from the Mediterranean brings recruits to this element of our population. Nunzio, an Italian immigrant, the day he landed from Sicily, was offered fraudulent citizenship papers and two dollars for his vote, and that vote counts as much as does yours or mine. The foreign quarters of our largest cities often house a thousand persons to the acre. Many of these are beggars, yet grain rots ungathered in the West, and much of the fair Southland lies undeveloped for want of laborers.

These and other equally grave facts demand our attention to America's rising problem, her peril, — the great white peril of unrestricted foreign immigration.

Theories are often good, and magazine statistics are sometimes strong arguments, but first-hand information is irrefutable. Then let us go to New York, the greatest port of entry, the flood-gate, and there study the incoming

stream. Day in and day out, year after year, vessels from the four quarters of the globe dump their human cargoes at Ellis Island. In the immigrant throng are people — citizens-to-be — of every race, every nationality. Before one inspector stands the intelligent home-seeker from Scandinavia; before another the simple peasant from Russia is legally being admitted to swell the ranks of ignorance. Here stands a liberty-loving German; by his side a cowering subject of the Sultan, or, perhaps, a stiletto-bearer from Sicily. The healthy and the diseased, the man of means and the pauper, at the rate of three thousand each day, they clamor for admittance.

Few are denied that privilege, for our immigration laws are lax. Inspectors are there, but their hands are tied for lack of authority, and immigrants regard them as easy keepers of the gates to this great looting ground. Each immigrant must undergo a so-called medical examination, but so rapidly is this grave task performed that I counted them passing the examiners at the rate of eleven per minute. On past the interrogator they file, and with an average of one minute's questioning to determine each person's fitness to land, they pass the gates and are safe.

This stream of immigration is as old as the country, but its source has shifted, its waters are contaminated, and herein lies the danger. Until a few decades ago the bulk of immigration was of the Teutonic and Celtic stocks, industrious, God-fearing, and liberty-loving. They found this land a howling wilderness; they have made it the nation of nations. But the immigrants of that stock from northern and western Europe are now far outnumbered by a less intelligent and less desirable class, which pours in from southern Italy and from Hungary, Russia, and Turkey. During last year alone these Iberic, Semitic,

and Slavic hordes added more than half a million to our already conglomerate population.

Unequal distribution of arrivals adds to the gravity of the racial feature of the problem. The government report shows that last year the state of Rhode Island received over nine thousand immigrants, while South Carolina, with twenty-four times as much territory, fertile and inviting to the home-seeker, received the pitiful total of three hundred and twenty-eight. Massachusetts, already so densely populated, got as her burden twenty-five thousand more immigrants than the number who found homes in the entire South. And now our largest cities can scarcely be called American. New York is a veritable Babel of tongues. The population of Rome itself is no greater than the Italian element of this great city. Belfast is not so large as the Irish colony. The Germans of Cologne are scarcely more numerous, while New York's Jewish population outnumbers that of any other city in the world.

An alarming feature of the racial question is the enormous rapidity of increase among the newcomers and the corresponding decrease in the native birth-rate in the communities where they settle. In 1900 the annual death-rate among the native whites in Massachusetts exceeded the birth-rate by one and one-half per thousand, while among those of foreign-born parents the birth-rate exceeded the death-rate by forty-four and one-half per thousand. In our slums this increase is enormous. Counting the children at play in six blocks of street in the East Side of New York, during the heat of an August day, I found an average of one hundred and twenty-one to each block, and in the cool of that same day I counted in Henry Street, near by, three hundred and fifty-one children making one block's length of dirty street their playground, while the older members of their families

sat at windows and on crowded doorsteps in the vain endeavor to get fresh air.

This enormous alien increase means not only an increase in the population but a substitution of one kind of man for another. The bulk of the immigrants before the war were of our blood; these are not. The assimilative power of the nation is being reached. A great "dilution" has set in. The American blood is thinning, but that foreign blood gushes in unstanched.

As the American type is lowered, so the health of the nation is impaired. The maimed and diseased of Europe are often disposed of by being shipped off to America. Crowded hospitals and insane asylums bear sad witness to this fact. Healthy and diseased alike are crowded like cattle into the holds of incoming ships, and contamination has free play during the voyage. Though a few are turned back, the infected and many of the diseased, by hook or crook, pass boldly in. Already trachoma and favus, those dread diseases of eye and skin so prevalent in southern Europe, have appeared here.

The way in which the bulk of immigrants live, flocking as they do to unsanitary railroad and mining camps and to man-stifled cities, is hardly conducive to public health. Having visited, in various guises, many of their so-called "homes" in different parts of the East Side, I am convinced that hundreds of thousands of our alien population live in worse surroundings than does the average Southern negro. It is true they have brick tenements, but a hut, yes, a hovel in the corn-field, where invigorating air and pure water are at hand, is preferable any day to man-choked tenements where humanity is banked five or six stories high, where the air is foul and sunshine is dear. From these seething centres of humanity what else can we expect than a breed-lacking stamina and strength?

Then, too, the bulk of present-day immigrants are lack-

ing in moral fibre. They have not those ancestral foundations of American character. Though many come to escape oppression, tens of thousands come for low purposes. They are coached to lie their way past the inspectors, and such people will hardly stand the test when moral questions arise. Our penal, reformatory, and charitable institutions are housing twenty-eight per cent of foreign-born inmates. Our population is burdened with a still greater number who should be there.

Religion is sadly forgotten in the great change of surroundings and conditions. Some of the American churches are making a noble effort to welcome the stranger as he lands, and save him to the church of his faith, but the enormous horde goes almost untouched. Many, however, cling to a false religion, — the religion of allegiance to the fatherland, and in such churches as those subsidized by Austrian societies keep alive a sentiment harmful to the alien's adopted country.

From a political point of view unrestricted immigration is a peril to this country. Dense ignorance forms a splendid field for political corruption, and two hundred and thirty thousand of last year's arrivals admitted that they could neither read nor write their native tongue. Naturalization frauds manufacture thousands of American citizens, while even the legal process is dangerously taxed. These made-to-order citizens are not imbued with American ideals. They know not the lessons of American citizenship, nor can they learn them in a day. They are more dangerous to this republic than they were to the kingdom of their birth. There they were dumb in the affairs of state; nothing was expected of them. Here theirs is the voice of the voter; all is demanded of them.

This danger is greatest in the centres of population, which, with their alien vote, have become festering sores to contaminate the body politic. As these cities go in

elections, so their states go; as a few of the largest states decide, the nation is ruled.

One of the greatest dangers of the problem is its effect upon the economic life of the country. Cheap immigration means cheap labor and a lower standard of living. The evils of unemployment, irregular employment, and the intensity of competition in commercial centres multiply the hardships of the laboring man. The maintaining of low wages by importing cheap labor increases the inequalities of wealth. Misery, pauperism, and crime must follow enforced idleness, and social enmities, dangerous to all, are bred in its wake. Thus the lot of the crowded toiler. Our lawmakers busy themselves protecting manufactured goods, but labor crowds in upon labor unrestricted.

Thus we have seen the evil effects of lax immigration, how it threatens the moral, political, and economic life, yea, and the very existence of the race itself. Truly the flood-gate is flung wide and belches forth a destructive torrent. Who, then, props the gate ajar? Who feeds the stream?

Fully one-half of the present immigration is unnatural. Steamship companies are growing rich in the human traffic, and their agents drum every hamlet in Europe to swell the exodus. Our settlers came here of their own accord to found homes, to secure freedom of thought and of conscience. This stream of immigration is forced here to swell the profit of transportation lines and local corporations, and they care not how foul its waters may be. The flow from eastern Europe can scarcely be exhausted. The cesspools of Asia Minor are yet undrained.

Shall this dangerous flow continue when the flood-gate is in our hands? Shall the scum-laden waters of Europe engulf us that purse-proud lords of finance may turn their wheels of industry? Shall an ideal republic, moulded by the toil of statesmen and the blood of patriots, be per-

mitted to become the looting place of Europe's adventurers, to be a dumping ground for the nations? This is not America's mission. It must not be her fate. A yellow peril threatened her, and that Western gate was sealed. A white peril threatens her, but we stand awed at its deathly paleness.

Action is imperative. Presidential messages contain annual warnings that go unheeded. Commissions and conferences meet and report conditions graver year by year. Deaf congresses sit, discuss, and adjourn, but that tide of immigration rolls in unending.

We would not have the flood-gate sealed. That would mean stagnation here. To filter the stream is our hope. When aliens are admitted who are of good moral character, who come here with the purpose of bettering themselves and adding to the prosperity of the country, and who can read and write their native tongue; when a more rigid physical standard must be met; when the legal requirements of American citizenship are made so rigid that it can no longer be made an article of merchandise, — when these just demands must be complied with, the stream will be purified.

Then will this country have added to her population more of that which she sorely needs — men, poor men, perhaps, but who are rich in that poverty, coming as they do for purposes of true betterment; men who have come to found homes, to till the soil, and not to crowd slums; men who are sound in body, in mind, and in morals, and who will perpetuate a race worthy of the name American; men who are citizens — citizens who will guard with a pure ballot the sacred rights bestowed upon them, and who, when the time comes, will defend with their blood the country they have made their home — yes, give us these. Then will that mad torrent that gushes through the flood-gate become a life-giving stream, and the nation's pulse will throb with stronger life.

DEMOCRACY AND FOREIGN IMMIGRATION

James Patrick Boyle

INDIANA UNIVERSITY

(An oration delivered in the Interstate Oratorical Contest of 1902)

After the burial of our late President, and before the nation had shaken off the gloom and the unusual seriousness which had fallen over it, there arose in the minds of many citizens this question: After all our experiences, in view of the assassination of three Presidents who were dearly loved by the people, is democracy right, is it fundamentally true? Some of us may remember the surprise occasioned at that time by reading in the newspapers that the first monument in honor of William McKinley was dedicated at Tower, a little mining town of northern Minnesota. Had that monument been erected in the nation's capital, it would have caused no surprise. If a statue in honor of his pure citizenship had been erected in the city of Canton, it would have seemed but the natural expression of neighborly admiration. But when we were told that the first monument in his honor arose in a locality where three-fourths of the people are foreigners or children of foreigners, it seemed as though something very unusual had happened.

And the surprise was a very pleasant one, for in this loyalty of our foreign element there is a truth of great significance. Governor Van Saut, who was asked to address the people on the day of dedication, did not speak of the admiration shown for Major McKinley. If

he had intended to eulogize the man McKinley, his mind changed as he looked down from the balcony of the little Vermillion Hotel upon the assembly. Seeing the flags of Austrian and Finnish societies hoisted in the air, gazing upon groups of Scandinavians, Germans, Irishmen, all the noble traits of our late President escaped him, while he spoke to those Americanized foreigners of their splendid patriotism and thanked them for their heart-felt sympathy.

Fifty years ago one might have travelled all day in Minnesota without coming in contact with the least sign of civilization. In the course of a week's journey he might possibly here and there have come across a small community of German or Scandinavian farmers. But from these little settlements there has come a growth which astonishes the world. Honest, industrious, proud to be citizens of Uncle Sam, they are always working for the public good, and very early become interested in the affairs of their adopted country. Yes, the larger number of the people who opened up this great territory were foreigners. They brought the fertile soils under subjection and felled the enormous pines which have been so instrumental in filling the state with comfortable homes. They opened up the big mines of the North, started the logs tumbling down the Mississippi, and harvested the wheat which set moving the wheels of the world's greatest flouring mills.

And to-day, the children of these sturdy pioneers, besides improving what was left them, have filled their state with meeting-houses and churches, and have built up a system of public schools, which, in the judgment of men from other states, is a model for the country. They fill their legislative halls with men who look with contempt upon the boodler and who make possible the building up of sound institutions. Republican as the state is, they

show their love of principle by rising above party creed in their choice of men, and by placing in power such able administrators as John Lind. And to-day it is among these people that we find a colony of newly arrived foreigners first to honor our late President. Strong in physique, full of sound common sense, tolerant in spirit, they are throughout this great country among the best of our people.

I do not know whether the little event at Tower affects you or not, but it does affect me, for in analyzing it I find a reason to believe that our form of government is essentially sound. In it I find a weapon to strike down the argument of the European philosopher, who says that the complete assimilation of our immigrant is not due to the fact that our country is a democracy, is not due to the responsibility laid upon the shoulders of every citizen, but that it is due merely to the country's unlimited resources. This philosopher goes on to say that no great thing, no grand idea, ever came from the brain of the many, and that for this reason, in a democratic country, social and intellectual standards must necessarily be low. Picture to him the magical development of the young republic since its foundation, tell him that all this is due, not only to the country's unlimited resources, but in greater measure to unrestrained representation, and he smiles; he says that we are young, that our form of government is but an experiment, that the two great republics of the past, Rome and the Athenian democracy, utterly failed after success and permanency seemed assured.

But there are things which this foreign critic does not consider. Laws and institutions existed in those days which must have worked the ruin of any state. Can we forget that then slavery prevailed, slavery with all its attendant evils? More important than this, can we forget that then the alien, be he ever so fit, was not allowed to

participate in the government? Democracy as we know it has no such weaknesses; in the life of democracy we find the death of slavery; and in this great country of ours the honest foreigner needs but wish it and he becomes in all respects a citizen. And if one stands out from among the reasons which confirm an American's faith in the permanency and the superiority of this republic, it is that this honest foreigner does become a citizen and eagerly accepts the doctrines of democracy, that he forgets his old ties and enters upon his new course with spirit and vigor, and that when the opportunity arises he is among the first to show his loyalty.

The great ease with which the immigrant adapts himself to our ways and customs is the more wonderful when we consider that he does not plant himself always in a developed community, but often strikes out for new fields and battles against the obstacles nature sets before him. Not only Minnesota but the whole Northwest is full of sturdy Germans and impulsive Irishmen, of Scandinavians, Russians, and Poles, who struck out from the railway and the town, and through unceasing toil and dogged perseverance turned the wild lands of the north Mississippi into a granary so large that the entire country may subsist upon its products.

The little band which landed on Plymouth Rock, the fathers of revolutionary days, the heroes of our civil strife, are no more worthy to be called Americans than are these conquerors of nature. Attribute, if you will, the material success of the United States to its unlimited resources. Attribute, if you will, the large immigration to this country to its broad expanse of territory; but never presume to deny that democracy is the best discipline to develop men. For when you see the foreigner who entered the world with the tendency to cringe to the man of higher birth, when you see him hold his head high as he

walks the streets of an inland American town, when you see the look of self-reliance upon his frank, open countenance, the spirit of freedom that hovers round him, then it dawns upon you that in the physical, mental, and moral development of this man there are bright prospects for the future, that even though the caste system has existed for thousands of years, democracy is henceforth a permanent institution.

And so, as one reason to prove the permanency and superiority of this great republic, we may safely set forth the rapid development of the immigrant. It is easy to see why the cultivated European, who believes implicitly in aristocracy, — aristocracy in politics, in wealth, and in education, — it is easy to see why he finds only danger in unlimited representation. But we, who firmly believe in the education of the masses, who daily see the law of equality stimulating men, who perceive the mental development which participation in the government brings the foreigner, we, who come in contact with all this, have reasons to believe in democracy and to uphold its doctrines.

Ask one of these sturdy adventurers in regard to the matter, ask him why he left fatherland, the family hearth, to create a home in the wilds of America, and listen to the answer: "I love the home, I love liberty. There the law took my sons from me and placed them in the army; here they assist me in my labors. There I tipped my hat for I was not my own; here I tip my hat out of respect. There my descendants were destined to follow my footsteps, to live in the same way as their forefathers had lived; here they are given a chance, they have a ladder to climb. There I had to guard my speech and control my emotion; here, thank God, a man is free to express himself. Who would not accept the toils and privations of the new life for these glorious opportunities?"

With this spirit they come among us and they work.

They quickly forget the Old World and become citizens of the New. And their progressiveness here contrasted with their former lack of ambition is proof enough of the superiority of this government in the developing of men.

And now, having reviewed the good things which the country does for the foreigner, let us consider a little further the other side of the question; let us see more specifically whether or not the foreigner does anything for us. We know how instrumental he was in making us a wealthy people. We know that he has furnished a large per cent of the force which has made us a great manufacturing nation. But, if this is all, if he is only a wealth-producing machine, then, for the sake of this great people, let us work with all our might to keep him out. For right it is to protect ourselves from the class of men who cheapen labor, and from him who comes here to earn a handful of money with which to return to his old home and lead a life of comparative ease.

But, on the other hand, this nation should heartily welcome those men who have in them a determination to rise and a longing to participate in the institution that governs them. We should welcome them not only because they help dig our ditches and work our mines, but because they bring with them a true ambition and a lofty spirit, a spirit the same as that which, in 1860, down in "Dutch St. Louis," cried out, "I'm not a German, I'm not a Missourian, I'm an American, first, last, and always." We should welcome them because their frugality and their sturdiness strengthen us, because their simplicity and the good health that accompanies it will keep us from the dangers of the pleasure-seeking life that our prosperity makes possible. And, finally, we should welcome them because their love and manifest appreciation of their new citizenship are a great rebuke to the carelessness and to the laziness of the native American. The easy life we

lead tends to make us forget the source of our happiness; the foreigner comes among us filled with energy and ambition; his every action shows how deeply he appreciates the freedom he finds here, and makes us realize how great are our blessings, how solemn our responsibilities.

And so, while we are helping the immigrants in a material way, they are pouring into our veins a fresh blood, to make us strong in the face of obstacles, to make us appreciate our many opportunities, — a blood that quickens our patriotism and keeps firm our faith in democracy.

THE RESTORATION OF THE SURPLUS BOXER INDEMNITY TO CHINA BY THE UNITED STATES

TAI-CHI FRANCIS QUO

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

(Awarded third prize in an Oratorical Contest at the University of Pennsylvania, 1909)

CHINA is indebted to the United States for an act of justice which will go down in history as an example of fair play among nations. Nine years ago there occurred in Pekin the so-called "Boxer Uprising" — the movement on the part of a mad, ignorant mob to drive out from China all foreigners. In defence of their representatives in Pekin, the powers laid siege to the Capitol and captured it. They imposed upon China an indemnity of four hundred million dollars. America's share was twenty-four millions. Not long ago, the United States government returned to China thirteen million dollars, the amount in excess of the actual loss suffered by the Americans during this uprising. The significance of such an act is manifold and far-reaching. Never before had her cordial friendship toward China been so concretely manifested. Never before had the policy of the "Square Deal" been so faithfully carried out. America is the first among the countries of the West standing for justice and fair play. And by advocating such a policy, she not only gives China a strong moral support, but also will bring about a great change in the world's attitude towards diplomacy.

Heretofore, diplomacy has been generally regarded and practised as the craft of securing advantages, even by dishonorable means; and woe to that country which heretofore has used its diplomacy only to effect fair adjustment. The contemporary history of the world offers only too many proofs of this fact. The Celestial Empire, whose traditional national policy is peace and honesty, has been robbed of her territories and rights. The European powers, whose motto is "Get as much out of your neighbors as you can," have enriched themselves with territorial accessions and increased their political prestige. The rules and principles which govern the conduct and determine the morals of an individual have not been applied to those of a nation. Selfishness and might of arms have reigned supreme in the world's politics.

But now America shows the Western world the right kind of diplomacy, based on equity and honesty. She has reimbursed China to the amount of thirteen million dollars — an act which goes far to prove that honesty is the best policy. By virtue of her prominent position as a leader at the world's council-table, the influence of America cannot fail to be felt among other nations. Sooner or later they will follow her footsteps, and the world's policy will be the policy that has characterized the Roosevelt administration — that of the "Square Deal."

The restoration of the surplus Boxer indemnity to China will have an important effect upon the spirit of European diplomacy. But it will have a more immediate and significant bearing on the relation between China and the United States. The present relation between the two countries is, no doubt, friendly, yet the one is in the greatest ignorance with regard to the other, and this ignorance inevitably results in bigotry and often in mutual contempt. Unscrupulous writers have misrepresented each country to the other, and undesirable emigrants have

seemed to confirm the reports of such writers. America regards China as a country filled with laundrymen, coolies, and rat-eaters; while China, to reciprocate this favorable impression, considers America the home of a people characterized by curly hair, long noses, deep-set blue eyes, and thick red whiskers, — characteristics which may often appear beautiful to the Americans, but which seem so ugly and frightful to the Chinese that they call your people "foreign devils." China has, however, suffered very much the more from such a state of affairs. But the recent generous act of America has opened the way for a better understanding in the immediate future. The Chinese government, to show her and her people's appreciation of America's favor, has decided to spend all the money returned by the United States in sending Chinese youths to this country to be educated. Beginning this year, she will send one hundred students a year for the first four years, then fifty each year as long as the fund shall last. The good results that will flow from this cannot be overestimated. At present the number of Chinese students in this country is like a few drops of water in a big ocean. But with the increasing number their influence will be deeply felt. They are messengers of China's good-will and friendliness towards this country. They will struggle, as an important part of their duty, to remove every trace of misunderstanding existing between their people and the people of the United States. Like merchants, they will exchange the products of Eastern institutions for those of the West. By amicable words and good conduct they will represent their race in its true worth and quality. Then the American public will see the Chinese race in the proper light. Likewise, after the return of these students to their fatherland, their countrymen will be corrected of their false impressions about the Americans. Then there will be brought about

a clear, thorough understanding between the citizens of the Celestial Empire and the citizens of the greatest republic. Then the oldest nation and the youngest of the world will be the best of friends.

Such, then, is the manifold and far-reaching significance of America's return of the surplus Boxer indemnity to China. Ladies and gentlemen, I congratulate you as Americans on creating such a grandly fair national spirit and policy and on maintaining such a friendly attitude toward China in her epoch-making reforms. In so doing, your country has exhibited a wisdom and foresight which will surely win the confidence and friendship of all the Eastern countries. It is, besides, a diplomatic triumph, American over European, the fair and honest over the crafty and selfish.

THE GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES AS A WORLD-POWER

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(Awarded the Rhetorical Honor at the Commencement of Rutgers College, 1909)

In 1863 Mr. Ruskin characterized Americans as having minds "frantic with hope of uncomprehended change, and progress they know not whither." Grotesque as we may feel this criticism to be, we cannot but admit its partial truth. We Americans are a little fond of change for its own sake, without taking a long look ahead at the probable eventuation of it all. And in the century and a half of our national existence, greater changes have been taking place, we can easily believe, than have been encompassed within the limits of any similar period in the history of man. We are being swept on in the current of destiny past unfamiliar shores. In the hands of that Power that controls the affairs of men, our national life is undergoing an evolutionary change that no force of man can stop.

See what has taken place. A hundred and thirty years ago, thirteen colonies were living here on the margin of an untrodden continent. In less time than it took Rome to overcome her rival Etruscan city ten miles away, those colonies had broken the sovereign yoke of the British Empire and formed a national union under a constitution that has excited the admiration of the world ever since. Out of thirteen jealous states a national union was formed such that the welfare of the whole was made dependent on the welfare of its members, and the welfare of the mem-

bers dependent on the welfare of the whole, thus making a perfectly balanced federative republic.

That constitution has proven so perfectly adaptable to changed conditions that it now suffices to govern a territory many times greater than was dreamed of by the fathers. And that Union is so perfect that one of the bloodiest civil wars of history has had the final result of cementing it more firmly.

Turn from political changes to economic changes. A century and a half ago there was a total population of only three millions of people, on a narrow strip between the wilderness and the sea. In that space of time, so short in the life of a nation, those three millions have become eighty millions. The continental wilderness has been tamed. The great rivers bear upon their broad backs the burdens of a world-wide commerce. The land has been threaded with railways and telegraphs, arteries of civilization. Mountain ranges are made to yield up their store of metal. The upturned soil of the vast prairies is fat enough to make them granaries of the world.

To this land of plenty and freedom the indigent and oppressed of the nations have been flowing, bringing with them the most vigorous blood of the Old World. The great national characteristics of many nations are commingling on our soil, by their amalgamation serving to produce a new character and a new civilization.

Herbert Spencer wrote: "From biological truths it is to be inferred that the eventual mixture of the allied varieties of the Aryan race forming your population will produce a finer type of man than has hitherto existed; and a type of man more plastic, more adaptable, more capable of undergoing the modifications needful for complete social life. I think," he continued, "that whatever difficulties they may have to surmount, and whatever tribulations they may pass through, the Americans may

reasonably look forward to a time when they will have produced a civilization grander than any the world has known."

And now we stop to ask ourselves whither all these mighty changes, this tremendous process of evolution, is bringing us? The final issue lies beyond our vision. But we see that now the United States is coming, has come, to the forefront in the activities of the world. The United States is a world-power.

The prospect of such an event does not seem to have been considered by the founders of our new nation. But instantly the establishment of a government based on freedom and the rights of man sent a thrill through Europe that began to show itself in the French Revolution, and showed itself last in the recent victory of the Young Turks at Constantinople.

And the United States is felt to-day as a great territorial power. We have been continually joining field to field. By discovery, by purchase, by conquest, we have extended our borders over mountain ranges and river systems westward across the continent, and then with a leap across the greatest of the seas.

Parallel with this has gone a commercial expansion. Here our empire has been stopped at no foreign boundary. American energy, American ingenuity, American fair dealing, backed up by the seemingly infinite resources of a new world, have penetrated almost every region of the inhabited earth.

And finally, there is quite another source of American influence in this world. American missionaries and American teachers have carried the ideals of our civilization to savage tribes and half-dead civilizations. Their influence has been a constantly increasing and ever more recognized factor in international development.

We need not regret this expansion, this seeming empire, as some have done. It is as inevitable as the action of any natural law; it *is* the action of a natural law. With all the resources at our command, with all the vigor and energy of our people, there has been nothing possible but the advance of the United States to the foremost rank among the nations of the world. And the advance will be greater in the future, we can easily believe, than in the past. We shall have an imperial future, if we can remember that our empire is to be one of trade and civilization, not of arms and war. We must not substitute battle ships for a mercantile marine, nor Machiavellism for the shirt-sleeve diplomacy of John Hay. And the future myriads who shall live on this soil must never forget that it is righteousness, and righteousness alone, that exalteth a nation.

THE AMERICAN CITY

Morris S. Lazaron

UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI

(Awarded first prize in the sixteenth annual contest for the Jones Prizes in Oratory, University of Cincinnati, 1909)

The development of the American city is one of the marvels of the age. Only three hundred years ago a small party of Englishmen laid the foundation of the greatest republic the world has ever seen. First came Jamestown, then Plymouth. After that the coast was rapidly dotted with growing communities, recruited from Europe. The colonial period passed, and the young provinces became a nation. With the introduction of steam power and the cultivation of our natural resources, the growth of the city received an enormous impetus. Our open-door policy made America the Mecca of the world, where millions made anew their homes. Overnight a village became a bustling metropolis; a railroad station, a thriving town. America was pervaded with an apparently unlimited energy, which, ever expanding, at last made her a power among the nations of the world.

Meanwhile problems arose. The demand of the people for public utilities gave birth to extensive systems of public improvements and benefits, maintained by the cities. The growth of the city brought with it the necessity to have waterworks, lighting, sewerage, and street-cleaning systems, police and fire departments, schools and educational institutions. This growth of function demanded a division of authority. Heads of various depart-

ments were created, elected by the people. At last the political mechanism became so complex that it was impossible for the average citizen to vote intelligently on all the candidates of an overcrowded ticket. The existence of many public offices, allowing the holder to be absolutely independent, made scientific corruption possible and alluring.

Out of these conditions a system of graft has developed which infects every fibre of our municipal life. Each day brings forth reports of new exposures in our largest communities. The American city, the representative democracy, is drained of her resources by her unscrupulous citizens. They lead themselves with her gamblers, they allow her thoroughfares to go unpaved, her people to drink impure water; they neglect her sewerage and lighting systems; they sell her franchises and bankrupt her resources before the very eyes of a careless populace. The American ideal of democracy, the American city, is debased and dragged in the dirt of corruption by the shamelessness of her citizens.

Such is the state of affairs. Even the most optimistic among us will admit that we are face to face with a serious problem. We ask ourselves how it is possible that in so democratic a country as ours such contingencies should arise. There must be something radically wrong with our present system, which allows such conditions to exist.

The reason is obvious. Our municipal government is not sufficiently flexible to adjust itself to rapidly changing conditions. Does it not stand to reason that the administration which succeeded in a town of five thousand cannot adequately govern a city of two hundred thousand unless some radical change be made, necessary to meet the requirements of a larger municipality? No such adjustment of government to growth has taken place. However, it is essential that something be done. We are

all agreed upon this. The question is, What change? The crux of the matter seems to be the suffrage. The right of the ballot is inefficient as an agency of administration. Let us see how this is possible.

In small communities, having common and well-understood needs, quite level with the ordinary capacity for citizenship, where each man can intelligently exercise his ballot, officers may well be chosen by election. But in any grown community diversity of needs and interest is inevitable, and specialization of function becomes necessary. The lengthy ticket is a mystical enigma to the average citizen, who does not take time to give his ballot the careful consideration it deserves. He votes for names, parties, — not men. In this way persons of whose ability the average voter knows very little obtain control of municipal affairs. In this way, also, administrative responsibility is greatly divided. The great body of public business is left to the honesty of representatives of localities, administrative servants who are practically irresponsible during their term of office, if they can keep within the bounds of the law. Thus they are in a position to control the people instead of being controlled by the people. We see, then, that the placing in power of independent municipal officers by election in reality removes them farther from public control, and presents opportunities for graft that are seldom neglected. In this way the ballot as an administrative agent, because of indiscriminate use, has failed.

We must get away from the idea that all our officers should be elected by the people. The ballot will save us. But it is the ballot as an executive, and not as an administrative, agent that will save us. Would it not be better to decrease the number of our elective officers, to make the majority appointive? Would not greater efficiency result by giving to the few elected the power to appoint

the officers of their administration? Why not make these whom we elect wholly responsible for the administration of the government, both by themselves and by their appointees? If you concentrate your responsibility, you will strike at the root of the matter.

Switzerland is a democracy of this style. English and German cities are successfully governed under similar systems. Executive authority is so concentrated, and the connection between the legislative and executive departments is so simple, direct, and immediate, that not even the mediation of party organization is needed to secure popular control of government. It is this principle of concentrated responsibility that is to mark the death-knell of corruption. To illustrate, let us take a definite example in our own government. We justify the popular election of public treasurers on the ground that it is necessary for the safety of the public funds to put them into the custody of an independent official, not subject to removal by any other authority save the people themselves. The facts do not bear out this contention. Not one dollar have the people lost through the appointed treasurers of the United States government. Millions have the people lost through the elected treasurers of the state and municipal governments. The manipulation of public funds, a high development of graft, under the elective system, is unknown under the system of federal appointment. This, then, is the first step toward a betterment of conditions — the realization of the true function of the ballot. Graft exists in all our commonwealths to-day, and will exist until we so adjust our municipal organism that it will meet the demands made upon it by the growing metropolis. When we realize that to develop good government we must concentrate authority in responsible hands — when we realize that the ballot is the most efficient executive agent, we shall have taken the

first step toward reform. With this realization will come growth. It is in the natural course of events. The law of evolution as applied to political development demands it.

The American is young and enthusiastic. Blinded by the phenomenal material success which he has attained, he has for a moment forgotten the ideal democracy which Jefferson framed and Lincoln saved. I appeal for the awakening of a new patriotism, — not new in spirit, but in manifestation; "not one which rallies around the flag, so much as one which rallies around the ballot box; not one which charges into the deadly breach, but one which smashes the machine; not one which offers itself to die for the country, but one that is willing to live for it. Such patriotism calls for courage no less than that which devotes itself to military service. It calls for men brave enough to face the hatred of pothouse politicians, who are as mean as they are unscrupulous; it calls for men who dare to be unpopular, who dare to be misunderstood, misrepresented; men who dare to be ridiculed and lied about and abused; men who dare to suffer in their business, and if need be, in their bodies; men who can wait for vindication because they are working not for applause, but for principle."

Already has the true American awakened to an understanding of this high ideal. He has begun to regard his city as an extension of his home. He feels a love for that larger home, and seeks to make it beautiful and artistic. In his heart there is a broader sympathy with his fellow-citizens, his neighbors. A new social spirit is born. Participation in the life of the masses is the ideal of the moment. To the multitude are carried some of the fruits of prosperity, leisure, and culture; from them are gained democracy, fraternity, freedom of social expression; with them is developing a new dynamic force capable of re-

making the American community, by inspiring the American citizen with a new civic spirit. With the rise of the civic spirit, the ideal democracy is born,—its people so enthused with love of country that corruption is impossible, political degeneration unknown; a democracy rich in the experience of its failures, inspired with the enthusiasm of youth and victory; a democracy which shall stand before the world as the highest type of man's political achievements.

THE CITY AND THE STATE

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(Awarded first place in the Contest of the Southern California Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, 1908)

"To be a citizen of a great and growing state or to belong to one of the dominant races of the world is indeed a legitimate source of patriotic pride." Surely the citizen of no country has more reason for such pride than the citizen of the United States, and no people play a more important rôle in the world's affairs to-day than the American.

The eyes of the world have been turned toward our shores since that day when the dauntless Columbus launched forth on the unknown Atlantic from the port of Palos. The torch of liberty, typified by the light which that hardy mariner saw on the shore of the New World four centuries ago, has continued to burn, and to-day the world beholds on this continent a nation whose people enjoy the fullest liberty, religious, social, and political, of any on the earth.

The thirteen decades of our history as a republic have been characterized by unceasing activity. Never has the world heheld such a spectacle ! Our progress and expansion have far surpassed the most sanguine dreams of our fathers, and their sacrifice and devotion have been repaid in the glory of the nation which they made possible. During the first half century our frontier was pushed back beyond the Mississippi, the valley of the Father of Waters became the seat of a mighty people, the archives of the

patent office were filled with specimens of our inventive genius, and since the war of the sixties, our growth called forth the applause of an admiring world. Not the growth of Athens after the Persian wars, nor of England after the defeat of the Armada, surpasses ours. In the last two decades it has been our unparalleled privilege to carry a glorious liberty and freedom to the islands of the sea, bringing to them the light and blessing which the Stars and Stripes may afford to oppressed peoples.

A study of the history of the so-called republics of the ancient world is not reassuring. Our Revolutionary fathers showed great faith in the principles of representative government when they launched our frail Ship of State on a sea where many another had perished. Though acquainted with the warning history of the past, they were firm in the belief that Providence had destined the establishment on this continent of a nation whose government should be the expression of a united people. So believing, they founded this government on two mighty principles, each of which had been tested separately, and "found wanting." The first comes to us from our classical kinsman, and has its genesis in the minds of those whose hopes were centred in the city on the Tiber.

During the days of her ascendancy, Rome, seated on her seven hills, ruled the world. Her power spread from tribe to nation and from nation to continent, and in her glory she gave law to the far corners of the earth. Hers was a lesson of centralization, which, as a part of our political life, stood its great test in the War of Secession. To the Roman there was nothing admirable in local patriotism. The state, typified by the Eternal City, was all, and Rienzi bewails her decadence in, "The day was when to have been a Roman was greater than to have been a King." But even when Roman arms had subjugated the world and the Roman mind was formulating schemes for

the welding of these people into a mighty empire, not even then did the principle of representation occur to the statesmen of the time. The absence of this principle from Roman political life accounts for its failure.

The second great principle of our government is Teutonic. The extensive political duties, so important to the Roman, were without charm to the Teuton. His interest centred in the town-meeting and the Witenagemot. This principle was preserved for us by our English forefathers, for, "Only England came out of the chaos and Romanizing influences of the Middle Ages with its local government intact." But in this principle are not the elements which constitute a great state. There must be a powerful central government which can act in matters between nations, and also possessing power of final action in controversies between the divisions of the commonwealth. The Teuton loved liberty, but it was personal, not national, and in its failure to grasp the principle of imperialism is found the weakness of Teutonic governments.

But to-day on the shore of this, the New World, is seen that state which unites in its governmental structure these two mighty principles. The permanency of this structure is dependent upon our development of the Roman form of mind in matters federal, and the Teutonic in matters local, and our success or failure depends upon the active coöperation of each citizen in both phases of the government. The American's love for his nation must find its pattern in the deed of Horatius; his love for his city must equal that for his own fireside.

Our rural communities are well governed; the local problem is not there. But the management of our cities may well lead us to question the efficiency of our method. Monarchies and aristocracies cope with municipal problems more successfully than do we. "And shall America,

after gaining a great victory for liberty over a foreign foe, suffer disintegration and decline because of internal disease which it is not able to expel or resist?" Is the fault in our municipal institutions? I trow not, for "institutions are but the outcome of forces at work in society." They possess no self-activity; they are but the expression of the active majority. "Political evolution goes hand in hand with social evolution, or civil strife occurs." We boast of the wide diffusion of knowledge among our people, of our public schools, our public libraries, but have we not learned that knowledge without action is as vain as action without knowledge is futile? Do we not know that government is moulded by the real desire or indifference of the average citizen?

Ours is not a victory of the lower strata of our cities after a hard-fought contest, but "a surrender of respectability and the schools." We have followed our own convenience rather than the call to civic duty, and corruption and disgrace stalk about our streets. Our cities should be first in adopting needed improvements, our public works should be competently supervised, the tenement districts should be cleansed, provision made for the public health, and local elections depend upon the qualifications of the candidates as men, rather than their identification with a party.

Untrue to the principles of our Teutonic fathers, the best men have remained in the mart or counting-house too intent on personal gain to hear the loud voices of the conspirators who divide the city's funds among them and drag its honors in the dust. Do we lack energy? Never were mightier forces at work in the world. We do not lack mental power, but we do lack the will to perform the duties which devolve upon each citizen as a member of a municipality. Ours must be the spirit of the Britain who would walk five or ten miles to vote for his representative

at the shire-meeting. Our cities can be clean, healthful, well paved, well lighted, well governed, but only by the activity, and the intelligent activity, of the average man.

But the American is not limited in his sphere of action to the locality; he is also a sovereign in matters federal. A pure democracy is not possible in a large state; there the few must represent the many. Need the democracy therefore become an oligarchy? Must the power slip from the hands of the people and be centred in the class? Is that fair dream of the immortal Lincoln, "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people," but an illusion? The history of the past gives good cause for apprehension, but only in those states where the lethargy of the people has allowed the power to slip from their hands, in whom it should reside.

The crises of the past have brought into bold relief the strength of American manhood. The battle-fields from Bunker Hill to Gettysburg witness that we hold our institutions as sacred trusts. To the Roman a seat in the Senate was above price; the roll of the English Parliament is filled with names whose lustre will never fade. Do we place in our congressional halls those who rank first in power and qualities of statesmanship? Do our representatives look upon their positions as trusts for the use of which they must give account? If not, we dare not cry out against them, for they can be no better than the people who delegated to them their power. Government is but the agent of the state, and back of the state is that bulwark of representative government — the people. Only their mind can change the government, and only their constant activity can make it serve its highest purpose.

With these two mighty principles — devotion to the city, patriotism to the state — our country stands forth in the roseate dawn of the twentieth century. Her strength, her achievements, her service, will be the theme

of the historian of the coming century. He will tell of the free institutions which allow of the highest development of society and the individual. His story will be of service — a service not only to our countrymen, but also to the millions who seek new homes on our shores, and who may become elements of untold strength in our young civilization. He will tell of justice which knows no color line, no special privilege, no mark of wealth or rank; of religion whose convictions spring from a knowledge of God and a man's duty as a child of God.

Gazing on such a future, like one beholding the dawning glory of a new morning, "let patriotism in us reach the height of self-sacrifice, and manhood flower in the glory of its divine potency as it has in every great crisis in the world's history."

AARON BURR: A SPLENDID FAILURE

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(Awarded first place in the Contest of the Texas State Oratorical Association, 1901)

NOT a few of the great souls that form the splendid constellations in the world's galaxy of virtue have appeared in the West. Many brilliant stars of the first magnitude have been contributed by our own glorious America. In the short history of this new nation are names which, shining apart in their isolated grandeur and peerless attraction, shall, like the fixed stars, glow with undimmed lustre while time lasts, making plain the pathway to fame, and inspiring men to nobler living. Our Western sky, however, has not been without its erratic meteors, "wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

I would speak this evening of one who has been called "The Lost Pleiad of the Nineteenth Century," but whom I prefer to designate as a splendid failure.

Among America's most honored sons once stood Aaron Burr, whose brilliancy bade fair to win immortal fame, but alas, whose name is well-nigh forgotten, and whose memory is cherished by none. When we consider the possibilities of his youth, we wonder that he did not become a sage and a seer; reflecting on the end of his career, we are bewildered, and marvel that one who had occupied a place so conspicuous in America's political arena could have descended to such depths of degradation.

Of the men who have attained prominence in American

politics none had a brighter prospect than did Burr. Favored by nature with her choicest gifts, endowed with a splendid intellect, and an indomitable will, his very being seemingly aflame with an unquenchable love of liberty, his early life betokened a future of inevitable success. There was something about him that fascinated men and bound them to him. With these natural endowments he began life under most auspicious circumstances. Events conspired to contribute to the gratification of his every desire. All nature smiled upon him, and beckoned him on to the fruition of his fondest hopes. No gust of chilling wind arose to disturb, no darkling cloud appeared to mar the serene horizon of his young manhood. Truly, the lines were fallen unto him in pleasant places. His life seemed destined to be one of prosperity, crowned with richest blessings. "What might he not have been had he made good the promise of his youth, and the full hero been finished in him!"

The beginning of the Revolution found him a young man of twenty, with a comfortable fortune, diligently applying himself to the study of law. But, with a readiness that was characteristic of him, at the first call of duty he sided with his country, and enlisted as a private to battle for national independence. During that long and bloody struggle there was no braver, truer soldier in the Colonial army. Nor did his merit long go unrewarded. His military prowess was soon recognized by his superiors, and promotion was rapid. On more than one occasion was he distinguished for his valor, and "Little Burr," as he was called, became a general favorite. Boldly he defended his country's cause at New York, where the struggle was long, and, for a time, extremely doubtful. At the charge of Quebec, when the American troops, having sustained heavy losses, were being forced down those rocky steeps, in disorder and confusion, from the spot

where the gallant Montgomery had fallen, Burr, heart-broken at the death of his general, ran back, and, raising up the body of the fallen hero, while shot and shell fell thick and fast around him, staggered under his heavy load until he was safe within the American lines. At Monmouth, too, when the day was all but lost, and his brigade, by a blunder of a superior officer, had been made to halt under severe fire, and was on the point of stampeding, he might have been heard, in his calm, cool voice, encouraging his men, and thus inspiring them with his own intrepid valor. There, 'mid bursting shell and canister, we see him stand like unflinching steel, while the rifle-ball, singing its fearful dirge, wreaks its dread destruction! Men are falling and fleeing all about him, yet he remains undaunted, and 'mid shrieks of the wounded and groans of the dying, calmly exhorts his men to stand. At length confidence is restored, his men rally, the brigade is saved, the victory won!

At the close of the war his name was on every tongue and became a synonym of courage throughout the land. Burr was the man whom the people delighted to honor. And in token of their appreciation of his heroic service they conferred on him some of the highest offices in the gift of the nation. In 1800 he came within one vote of the presidency, and it was only after thirty-six ballots that the House of Representatives decided in favor of Jefferson, making Burr Vice-President. Now we see him at the very summit of his glory, honored and praised by men, the second man in the nation! Ah, had his life but ended here, his name might still have been venerated, his memory revered among the great of this Republic, and as long as the American Union existed a great nation would have paid homage to his name. To this point his life had been one of successful achievements, but here he reached the acme of his career. And as his rise had been

rapid, and crowned with glory, his fall was headlong, and covered with ignominy.

A taste of honors fired his whole being, and he speedily became a slave to ambition. He lost sight of the nobler purposes in life, and sought only to gratify this inward longing for position. Ever and anon, with each fresh achievement, his restless spirit, not satisfied, cried out for greater things. Listening to the siren song of ambition, he sacrificed principle on her unholy altar. Higher motives were disregarded. Baser passions held full sway. Seeing that he could no longer hope to become President, he forced himself as candidate for governor of New York, and was defeated through the influence of Alexander Hamilton. On the dizzy heights of worldly honors he seems to have lost his self-poise. His prospects were destroyed, his fortune wasted, his laurels withered, and his fondest expectations were blasted. The brilliant statesman was transformed into the wild and wicked adventurer. Stung by a keen sense of defeat, and irritated by the opposition of Hamilton, he became envious of his formidable rival. In his anger he challenged him to a duel and saw him fall under the fire of his deadly weapon. Better for Burr ten thousand times had he but fallen there! Well has it been said that for him the echo of that shot never died away. Like Lady Macbeth, he tried in vain to cleanse his hands of this blood, but in his despair, like her, we hear him cry, "Will these hands ne'er be clean?" and down the valley of misspent years "the dirges of his Hope" give back the answer, "Never."

In his desperation he conspired against his country, which he once had bravely defended. Unsuccessful in his attempted conspiracy, he was forced to flee from America, and become a homeless, friendless wanderer in a foreign land. Who can tell the thoughts of this morose and melancholy man as he wandered on among the strange

scenes and faces of those distant climes? Did he long for the happiness of bygone days, when proudly he walked among his fellow-men, and with matchless stride climbed the mountain of achievement, on whose summit burst the glorious sunlight of fame? Or, did he suffer the pangs of a remorseful conscience, who, in all her gloomy strength, with the upbraidings of her awful voice, and the sting of her scorpion lash, wounded afresh his broken heart by reminding him of "what he was," and "what he might have been"? God alone can tell; but this we know, that at length, heart-sick and weary of his wanderings in his sorrow, he turns once more to his native land. Here he endeavors to reform and reëstablish himself in the confidence and affections of the American people. For a few years he struggles bravely, but all in vain. He has gone too far. He has descended too low. Reparation is impossible. Old age steals over him; sorrows crowd in upon him; the future rises in his path like a wall of impenetrable darkness; and out of that lurid gloom not a single ray of light emanates to cheer him in his despair, or serve as a beacon to point out coming Hope.

At length, hounded by the horrors of remorse, and unable to bear up longer under his ever increasing burden we find him, the once brave, honored, and illustrious patriot, dying as the poor, neglected, and despised traitor. Falling victim to his own folly, his violent passions, and betrayed by the sinister promptings of a too vaulting ambition, the soldier, the senator, the vice-president was lost in the criminal, the traitor, the vagabond. Oh, Burr, can it be true that thou, the hero of Monmouth, Quebec, and New York hast come to this? We shudder at the very thought; yea, our minds and hearts revolt against it. And yet we are brought to the realization of the truth when we consider how weak and how utterly helpless man is when his purposes cross the path of right.

Calling to mind, to-day, the life of that once illustrious man, we say with Emerson, "Character is more than Intellect. Goodness outshines Genius." And we are constrained to believe that native endowments, intellectual training, and great victories do not make men truly and permanently great. "Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." Men need character, which has been so beautifully termed "the product of heart-power." It is the prime requisite of achievement. Upon it as a foundation we may erect monuments as enduring as time itself, yea, lasting as eternity. Men who have builded thus are the bulwarks of society, and dying they live in the heart of the Nation —

> "The dead but sceptred sovereigns,
> Who still rule our spirits from their urns."

But none of this now. No man can point to Aaron Burr as a lover of humanity. "No fond father would ever choose him as a model for his son." As a majestic ship that is stranded in the shallows apprises mariners of imminent danger, so this colossal wreck on the shores of life's sea stands as a solemn warning to men of the present day. The closing years of his life present one of the saddest pictures in American history. Once among the foremost men of the nation, he died homeless and friendless, without a sympathizing "tear for his death or a flower upon his grave." Methinks I see him now "when mortal mists were gathering fast around him," and "the pavilions of life were closing their shadowy curtains" on the last sad scene of his unhappy life. On his furrowed cheeks are lines which tell of anxious cares and blighted prospects, of blasted hopes and bitter disappointments. No halo gathers 'round his silvered head. No loving hand is near to cool his fevered brow, no tender voice to cheer him in this, the supreme hour of his sorrow.

How fearful must have been the lashings of conscience at that moment! How gloomy the flying features of his visions for the future! And as he gazes for the last time on the fading forms around him, methinks I hear him murmur, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity." And the atmosphere of that dismal chamber is filling with the chanted requiems of countless misspent hours, trembling at the tread of thronging cohorts of misguided ambitions, marching to the dirges of a wasted life, when from the depths of eternity comes the doleful drum-beat of Fate, summoning the soul of Aaron Burr into the presence of his God. The clock in the Tower of Time tolls the final hour. The curtain falls on this splendid failure.

THE SYSTEM OF CHILD LABOR — THE MODERN MINOTAUR

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(Awarded first place in the Upper-class Oratorical Contest of Syracuse University, 1909)

THE Grecians have a legend of a Minotaur, that dwelt in ancient Crete; a hideous monster, who with fiendish greed sated himself on Grecian youths and maidens. Each year a black ship with its cargo of young men and maidens bound for death, left the Athenian shore to pay the savage beast his ghastly tribute. Each year upon the fatal day, as the despairing victims sobbing a last farewell, began that melancholy voyage, the groans of fathers maddened by their loss, the wail of mothers frantic with their grief, joined in a vain appeal to heaven, and over all the city hung a cloud of woe.

Only a legend, but how terrible! To sap a nation's life to glut a demon! To see a city yielding up its youth, — fourteen each year, — a sacrifice to Greed. How barbarous the age in which such a state could exist! But in our own land there is another monster, more horrible than Grecians ever knew. His tribute must be paid throughout the year, — each day, each night. In every state he makes his ravages. His maw is but enlarged with constant gorging. The victims of his greed are little children. He preys upon their bodies; he preys upon their minds; he preys upon their souls.

Witness a cavern where he forces tribute. Visit our country's mines, where you will find three times as many breaker boys not fourteen years of age, as there are stars seen with the naked eye. What is a breaker boy? A boy who sits in a black mine with his shoulders cramped for ten hours every day, shut off from all the splendor of the sun, the music of the birds, the fragrant flowers. A boy infolded with such clouds of deadly dust, clogging his lungs, that the light from the small lamp hung upon his cap scarcely reaches to the slate and coal which rushes by his feet. He strains his eyes to see this slate, which he must pick from the shooting mass, and when a piece more jagged than the rest gashes his nailless hands, the coal that hurries on is smeared with human blood. Suppose he stops to rest? There is no time for rest, as clinkers might, then, get into the coal. That he may not forget, sometimes a boss stands near with a threatening whip, to keep this small machine of flesh and blood from slackening his speed.

Or shall we travel south a space and visit the cotton-mill where little girls at five and six years of age become the slaves of toil? Not merely tens and scores and hundreds are at work, but thousands of these little ones go toddling to that mill, which sucks the very marrow from their bones. Suppose that we should fill each seat in our great stadium with children under fourteen years of age; and then suppose we filled it once again; yes, tripled it; there still would not be room for all the children under fourteen years of age who work within our cotton-mills. Amid a roaring Niagara of machinery, a storm of lint forever in their faces, they scurry back and forth before their looms to tie the broken threads. Progressive Science says, "A twenty-minute strain is long enough for the growing mind." "Progressive" industry forces the growing mind for ten hours every day to a monoto-

nous vigil for a breaking thread. When, at last, the little minds grow dull; when rebellious nature keeps tugging at the eyelids and lays weights upon the feet, cold water poured upon them by the "boss" spurs on the numb and tired forms to further effort, and the killing grind continues. It surely is not strange that "premature employment doubles the death-rate of our nation's children."

The Modern Minotaur is not appeased by feeding on the lives of little children. With vicious art he undermines the home. That shelter of youth, fortress of manhood, and haven of age, is but an object for his hungry lust. How different the homes once were, where now they pay him tribute. The stalwart man, the whole family's support, then, toiled with joyful expectation of

> "Wee things toddlin' stacher through
> To meet their dad with flichterin' noise an' glee —
> A clane hearth-stane, a thriftie wifie's smile
> A lisping infant prattling on his knee."

It was then that knowledge "more precious than rubies" was held to be "the principal thing." Then words of "fireside wisdom" moulded the minds of future citizens. Then honor, hope, obedience, and fear of God found very fertile soil, while from the heart there flowed the love of country.

But now, across the cradle rings a fiend-like cry! The startled baby hears that he who eats must work. The toddling child competes with his own father. The manhood wage sinks toward the child wage level. Individual livelihood comes to depend on individual labor, and even our home-maker, the mother, is forced to blunt her nature by exhausting toil. Oh, now what is this home! There is no home. It is only a rendezvous; an ill-kept place where tired bodies sleep; a place to stay, not to live; and where are now these products of the home, the honor,

hope, obedience, and fear of God? Choked by the weeds of hatred, malice, and despair. But where now is the moral standard formed? What are the child's ideals, the source of his ambitions? What influence now shapes his plastic mind? The criminal records of Pennsylvania are ready with this answer. "Our criminals are mainly those whose lives have been embittered by too early toil." An Indiana glass factory stands as a witness with this testimony. "Of one hundred and fifty boys, who came to work within these walls, there were but ten at the end of a season's firing who were not confirmed drunkards." The census, too, is willing here to show us, that the future illiterate is the child who is now toiling, and that the coming makers of the home are frequently to be diseased and dwarfed progenitors; parents of children who will be more wretched than themselves, for with each generation the curse grows. The adult is found to be an ever less efficient worker. Vitality is gone before maturity comes, and he who should have stood in his full length, the "noblest work of God," sinks in life's storm, a shattered human hulk.

This Modern Minotaur, in preying on the child and the home, strikes also at the nation. He vitiates the sources of its vigor. The ill-fate of a nation which did not protect these fountains of its strength stands as a warning to all other peoples. About a century ago, England began to feel the curse of toiling children. The little ones still at the age of frolic and of dreams, were sometimes chained within the mills lest they should run away. When protests were in vain Macaulay made this prophecy; "Such intense labor, beginning so early in life, will produce a feeble and ignoble race of men, the parents of a still more feeble progeny." Still England slept, and still the poison worked until at length a few Boer farmers dared to try the nation's power. Then, like a Samson shorn of his great strength,

England awoke. The nation's best were men not fit to fight. The usual enlistment tests were made more easy, until at last an army of anemic men, "the flower of England," took the field. They fed the hospitals before they saw the battle-ground. Diseased and tired out, they all but met final defeat. A nation of forty million that in years gone by could sweep the field at Blenheim, cripple the Invincible Armada, and humble even the mighty Napoleon, could now hardly defeat twenty-eight thousand Boers! The world, in wonder, sought to learn the reason. A royal commission, appointed to find out the origin of this degeneracy, "gave us a chief cause, the premature employment of the children." England, at length, had learned, as was prophesied before, that

> "The child's sob in the silence curses deeper
> Than the strong man in his wrath."

The nation's strength for war is not alone impaired. The evil eats at the very base of our free institutions. It makes illiterates, who cannot know the value of the ballot; voters with characters malformed, who do not seek to have the best men govern; voters who are but clay for the demagogue to mould; a bomb to shake our governmental structure. Stunted in body, mind, and soul, through no fault of their own, they do not have a real love for their country. Condemned while yet so young to lives of misery, they cannot think society their friend. They are the men who go to swell the ever growing ranks of discontent, producing a class distinction, and endangering the life of a government founded upon the equality of rights.

Child labor is already sapping the strength of our great land. This fungus growth must now be cut away before it spreads still farther. Our lawmakers have taken steps to save the nation from the mighty evil, but they

alone cannot abolish it; secret evasion of child labor laws so frequently occurs. The sword of Theseus to slay this Minotaur is an aggressive public; an earnest, bold, and persevering zeal, inspiring the rich and the poor, which will not wane until throughout our land each child is freed from premature toil. Then, in the greater America, the future citizens in looking o'er the annals of the past, will point with pride to the men who broke the shackles of the slave, will glory in descent from those who undertook a war to save the suffering Cubans, but with the greater joy of gratitude for personal benefit, they will extol the age which raised the mortgage on their happiness, and guaranteed to them a natural and complete development.

THE RISE OF THE SOUTHERN COMMONS

Thomas Allen Houston

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(Awarded first place in the Kentucky State and the Southern Intercollegiate Oratorical Contests, 1908)

More than three hundred years ago Captain Newport and his company of Cavaliers sailed up the James River and made the first permanent English settlement in America. Six years later the Knickerbockers founded a trading post on Manhattan Island, and seven years after the landing of the Dutch the Pilgrims disembarked from the *Mayflower*. Nearly three quarters of a century had passed away after the founding of Jamestown when William Penn laid out the city of "Brotherly Love." To-day Boston has her more than half a million people, Philadelphia has more than a million and a quarter, and New Amsterdam has become the metropolis of the great American nation; while the site of Jamestown is marked by a heap of stones and the largest city in Virginia has a population less than one-fifth of that of Boston. Almost a thousand miles west of New York there is a city with a population greater than that of the largest cities in all the eleven states of the Confederacy, and in a narrow strip of territory along the coast from Baltimore to Boston there is a population greater than that of all the Southern states east of the Mississippi. For more than half a century Massachusetts has been taking our cotton and returning to us the manufactured articles at an enormous

profit to herself. The North, in general, has been taking our raw materials, converting them into finished products, consuming the best or selling it abroad, and supplying us with the inferior.

What is the cause of such a difference between the North and South? Can it be found in the difference of climate or soil? When the Cavaliers sailed up that placid southern river, it seemed to them they had never felt a breeze so balmy; while the Pilgrims, either by perfidy or by Providence, were turned from a more southern destination to that cold and snow-covered coast of Plymouth. Let him who has seen them both say whether the valley of the Susquehanna is more beautiful or more productive than the valley of the Shenandoah. Is there a region in all the North as far famed for its fertility as that of the Blue Grass? The cause will have to be sought elsewhere than a difference of climate or soil.

Can it be found in the character of the Cavalier as inferior to that of the Puritan? Let the sons of Rolfe and Yeardley answer in the presence of the sons of Carver and Winthrop. Was it Washington who moved the nomination of Adams as commander-in-chief of all the colonial armies in 1775? Was it Hancock, or Lee, who moved that "These colonies are and of a right ought to be free and independent states"? Was it Franklin, or Jefferson, who wrote that liberty-inspiring document which has made its signers immortal and their nation a world power? Of the great trio of American orators and statesmen one was a Puritan and two were Cavaliers. It is true that Grant with dogged determination forced Lee backward and backward until at last Appomattox was reached, but to-day as a Southerner and as an American I shudder to think what might have been the condition of this great land of ours had the army of Northern Virginia been equal in number to the army of the Potomac.

There is one characteristic of the Puritan, however, which has told mightily for him; next to his religion he prized education; public, universal education, not only in books but in business, not only in intellect but in industry. Long ago the Northerners learned that it was not to their advantage to have ignorant slaves to do their work for them; so they sold their slaves to us and learned to do their own work better with their own hands, building their own factories, opening their own mines, cultivating their own farms, thus developing themselves industrially and accumulating their wealth with which to educate the masses, the common people, the foundation of a democracy, the bone and sinew of our body politic. Their system of education was a pyramid, with the primary and secondary schools forming a sure foundation, narrowing into the splendid high schools, and having the great university as the capstone. Not so the South. In her system — if a system it may be called — the great university was the Greek capital feebly supported by a column, stately but slender, of private schools, preparatory and primary.

To-day the South is half a century behind the North in the development of her resources and her industries. This condition is deplorable; but more so is the fact that the South has not now, as in former days, her leaders in the halls of Congress and her statesmen in the council chambers of the nation. Well might Virginia be called the "Mother of Presidents" when four of the first five were sons of her soil; but it has been more than three quarters of a century since one of the sons of Virginia was elected to the seat of the chief executive of our nation. Where to-day are the Marshalls and Randolphs, the Calhouns and Crittendens of a hundred or of fifty years ago? They have passed away and sons have not been found capable of filling their fathers' places. This is the desolation of the South, a desolation of men, a desolation of

agriculturists, of mechanics, of engineers, of citizens, of statesmen, a desolation of that upon which her industrial development depends.

Do we mean to say that Southern mental greatness is exhausted? That in all the "Dark and Bloody Ground" whether on mountain or Blue Grass or red soil there cannot be found to-day another "Mill-boy of the Slashes"? Do we mean to say that among all the hills and valleys of Tennessee there is not somewhere a "Young Hickory"? There are among the masses of the South to-day a score of Jacksons, a score of Clays. Shall we give them the freedom and power of education? Are we doing it?

What are the facts? Of these it is unpleasant to say much. If we call the roll of states and territories with reference to the illiteracy of the white population, sixteen of the Southern divisions will answer one after another from first to sixteenth. In 1900 more than one-fourth of all the white people in North Carolina were unable to read or write. Of the almost four million white children in the South we have been giving to each not more than five cents worth of education per day for less than one-fourth of the days in the year. In this Southland of ours, the land of jasmines and magnolias and orange groves, there are thousands of schoolhouses that are veritable "little low log cabins in the lane." And what might be said of the teachers to whom we have been giving for their services scarcely more than enough for sustenance? O my dear fellow-teacher, when you and I shall have passed beyond the beautiful river, if sadness beyond it can be, it seems to me that we shall be sad when we see there upon those characters which we have done so much to mould, those ugly finger prints which we shall recognize as ours, yours and mine. And yet we did the best that we knew.

It is true the Southern educator has labored under great disadvantages. In the beginning no sixteenth or thirty-

sixth section of public land was given for public education in the South. Later when the great war cloud had cleared away, devastation could be seen everywhere, but Southern pride has concealed forever from the world the absolute desolation of heart and home that awaited the Confederate hero returning from Appomattox. And after the war came the carpet-baggers as jackals for the carcass. By the Emancipation Proclamation the shackles were loosed from the hands of the negro, and by the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution a certificate of citizenship was given him. Could men have seen then what they see now, not a Southerner would have refused him the former and not a Northerner would have given him the latter, for the safety and strength of a democracy lie in the intelligence of its citizens.

Thus the presence, in the same community, of two races whose least difference perhaps is the color of their skin, makes necessary the maintenance of separate systems of education. This is a question which with us is settled. We do not care to discuss it. We believe that separation is better for both races, and besides, there is something within us that says it must be so. The negro has been having the same for his children that we give to ours, and he may still have it. He may have his share of the choicest of viands from our larders and of the sweetest of sweetmeats from our pantries, but he must partake of them in his own quarters.

Moreover, education in the South is the education of a sparse and rural population; while that in the North is the education of a dense and concentrated population. Massachusetts may build a schoolhouse for each square mile of her territory and have sixty-five children to put in it; while in Georgia, in an equal area, there are only eleven children, and five of them are black.

These and such as these are the wrongs and difficulties

of the South, but half a century is time enough for us to have forgotten all our wrongs and to have overcome such difficulties. Ye men of the South,

> "Let the dead past bury its dead;
> Act, act in the living present."

This we have begun to do.

For three long years and a half, the drought had lasted in Israel. But on the evening of the contest on Mt. Carmel, the old prophet bade his servant go to the top of the mountain and look toward the sea. In vain did he go and return until the seventh time, when he saw a little cloud rising out of the sea as small as a man's hand; and soon the sky was black with clouds and filled with wind and rain.

For years there has been a drought of education in the South with scarcely more of moisture than the dampness of a dew; but in 1898 a few educators from both North and South met at Capon Springs, West Virginia, in the first Conference for Education in the South. Insignificant as its influence may have seemed at that time, it was a little cloud from which there has arisen one of the most tremendous and far-reaching storms of educational awakening and enthusiasm our country has ever felt. Rising as it did in West Virginia, it swept over the Old Dominion, on into the Carolinas, gathering momentum as it passed over Georgia and Alabama, fairly submerging the lowlands of Florida, Mississippi, and Louisiana; surpassing the dykes which contain the Mississippi, it rolled over the "Father of Waters" into Texas and Arkansas; raging up the valley into Tennessee and slowly climbing the eastern slopes of the southern Appalachians, it is tardily pouring down into our own Kentucky.

Do you say that this is hyperbole? What then does it mean that in one year South Carolina increased the

attendance upon her common schools more than 18,000; that Georgia has established an agricultural school in each of her congressional districts? What does it mean that North Carolina has been completing very nearly one schoolhouse per day for the last five years, and that Alabama is giving annually $67,000 for the building of rural public schools? What does it mean that South Carolina is raising annually almost $300,000 by local taxation, and that there are now more local tax districts in one country in North Carolina than there were in the whole state before the organization of the Southern Educational Board? What does it mean that in one short year and a half Virginia has increased the number of her high schools from nineteen to one hundred and seventy, and that in 1906 Little Rock erected a magnificent high school building at a grand total cost of $150,000? What does it mean that in Louisiana the teacher's monthly salary has during the last three years been increased annually $7.99, and that in Mississippi since 1903 the maximum salary of the county superintendent has been raised from $800 to $1800 and that the salary of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Arkansas has been increased so that now it ranks next to that of the Governor? What does it mean that Virginia is giving annually for the improvement of her schools $400,000 in addition to her regular state taxes for education; and that, of the budget of Alabama in 1904 amounting to $5,200,000, more than 72 per cent was for public education? What does it mean that during the last two years, for her State University and Normal schools, Kentucky has made special appropriations amounting to more than $600,000? It means that from each annual conference men returned to their homes to organize and to systematize, to agitate and to legislate, and that they found the people ready for organization and responsive to agitation. It means that the South is

awakening to a realization of the fact that an American child is the most productive thing in the world and that to develop her natural resources and her industries she must educate the masses of her people.

What does it mean that governors and ex-governors, senators and ex-senators are serving as members and chairmen of educational improvement committees and that the question of school improvement for both whites and blacks becomes an issue in a gubernatorial election in Mississippi? What does it mean that 6000 Tennesseeans come together in one audience to listen to the discussion of educational questions and that education receives more than twice as much attention as any other subject on the programme of a great religious assembly in Virginia? What does it mean that the press opens a column regularly for the agitation of school improvement, and when the State Bar Association of Arkansas devotes one whole session to the discussion of the needs and demands of the public schools? It means that the South has begun to comprehend the harmony of the two great forces of this age, divine spirits born in heaven and expressed on earth, democracy and universal education; the one, equal privilege; the other, equal opportunity. It means that the Southern commoner is coming into the possession of his power, potential in a character inherited from Angle and Saxon through sire and dame for a hundred generations and strengthened by hardship through ages of contest and strife.

Twenty-five years ago it was impossible for a young man of the South to wear a pair of overalls during the day and a dress suit in the evening; but to-day a hundred thousand young men, sons of the best families in the South, are filling or preparing themselves to fill positions in the industrial world. Society has not been degraded, but labor has been dignified.

That patriotic Southern woman who during the war for independence brought to Colonel Lee a bow and arrows to throw fire upon the shingled roof of her home in which some redcoats had taken refuge — that courageous, self-sacrificing woman was a mother, and her daughters are with us to-day, as ever patriotic, as ever courageous, and as ever self-sacrificing as she. As loving as they are lovely, and loving home, they have gone into schoolhouses, the homes of the school; and by their zeal and by their love, a thousand tumble-down hovels, which for a score of years have been the refuge of ignorance and indifference, have been either remodeled and beautified, or razed to the ground and replaced by modern scientific structures; and by their hands and by their care, a thousand barren school yards have been made to bud and blossom as the rose.

And so the conflict has been raging, many battles have been fought, and many victories won, but it is not yet time for congratulations. The Southern commoner is rising, but he has not yet fully risen. Imagine, if you can, a great city such as Chicago populated with men, women, and children, not one of whom can read or write; and yet, in this Southland of ours, in the land of Dixie, there are, ten years of age and older, and born of native white parents, enough such people to populate such a city. There are in the South to-day 300,000 strong men, an army larger than ever followed Lee or Grant, upon each of whom lies heavily the yoke of illiteracy, and whose hands are bound with shackles of ignorance and incompetency. Thermopylæ had her survivor to bear the news to Sparta, but the story of the Alamo had to be learned from the enemy. These men of whom I speak are men in whose veins flows the blood of men who died at the Alamo; and the sons of these men are going into life's battle as young Samsons shorn of their locks. O ye men of the

South, has the spirit of Jefferson and Lee frozen in your veins, that ye have been standing this long time idle and indifferent, while ignorance has been enslaving you and your children with a slavery which cannot be abolished by any mere proclamation of authority?

True indeed were Adams's words when upon his dying couch he said, "Thomas Jefferson still survives"; and so he does even now and will forever; but seemingly many have failed to catch the spirit of Jefferson's words, "A system of general instruction which shall reach every description of our citizens from the richest to the poorest, as it was the earliest so it shall be the latest of all public concerns in which I shall permit myself to take an interest."

It is in the training and education of her common people that the South has been negligent; and to-day, in poverty and ignorance, in mob-rule and barn-burning, she is gathering the fruits of her negligence. This is the present task of the South, to train men industrially and intellectually. To establish a primary, industrial, and grammar departmental school in every district, a high school in every precinct, a great university in every state, a normal school within reach of every teacher, and a teacher in every schoolroom in the land — not a keeper, but a teacher; a teacher who lives and thinks and feels and loves, whose master touch reveals to the child its kinship to Divinity and whose tender love draws it and binds it to the Divine.

This is the labor for the South, a labor for you and for me. It is great, but it is grand; it is immense, but it is imperative; it is stupendous, but it is supreme. Shall we do it? Will we do it? Shall we fail? Will we falter? Shall we tire? As well might the angel standing at the gate of heaven tire, though each time he swings the gate ajar a soul is ushered into paradise.

MEN OF DESTINY

MARTIN MUSSEN

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

(Awarded first place in the Interstate Oratorical Contest, held at Moscow, Idaho, June, 1906.)

EVERY epoch in history has had its master minds — its men of destiny. In the days when the civilization of Greece stood toppling before the colossal power of Persia, Miltiades stepped forth like a god from Olympus to drive back the invading host. The ever conquering horns of the Crescent were gradually closing upon the European world, when Charles Martel met the enemy on the plain of Tours, and with the mighty blows of his battle-axe checked for all time the advance of the Saracen hosts. In imagination Napoleon saw the Fleur-de-Lis triumphant throughout Europe, but the man of victory was not revealed until the Duke of Wellington sealed forever the fate of France on the field of Waterloo. The British Ministry had been forging chains of tyranny about the rights and liberties of the American colonies, until British subjects, on American soil, inspired and led on by the invincible Washington, struck those chains asunder, and made effective the Declaration of Independence.

These men of destiny have been marked by four great characteristics, — conviction, purpose, preparation, and patience: conviction, the essence of clear vision; purpose, the determination to carry out a conviction; preparation, the necessary equipment for real achievement; patience, the ability to stand amid conflicts, difficulties and strife,

disasters and misfortunes, and wait for the psychological hour to strike.

Man without a conviction, like a derelict, is buffeted by the winds of chance. To-day he is on the wide sea, holding an uncertain course; to-morrow he lies on the beach, abandoned. But the man of conviction stands upon the solid rock of truth. Time and the elements beat upon him in vain. In the dark days of ignorance and superstition, to think, to speak, was but to invite death. Yet even then was heard the voice of the zealous Paduan: "Awake, thou that sleepest, and truth shall give thee light." True to the inner man, Savonarola hurled anathema upon anathema at the Papacy. Pope Alexander VI resolved to silence him, and employing the subtle weapon of bribery, ordered a bishop "to give him a red hat and to make him at once a cardinal and a friend." The humble preacher replied from his pulpit at San Marco, "I'll have no other red hat than that of martyrdom, colored with my own blood." Chagrined and humiliated, the Pope resorted to more violent acts, even sentenced to death this man who dared to think for himself. Savonarola received the news while on his knees praying, but he was not to be severed from his devotions by a sentence of death. He was cast into a dungeon, and every day led forth into the streets, where he was scourged and reviled like the Man of Galilee. Though his body was quivering with anguish, his courage never faltered. Coals of fire were applied to his bare feet, yet his spirit never flinched. For the sake of truth — a great conviction — he bled and died in martyrdom.

But conviction, without purpose, is almost useless. Purpose is the vitalizing power that lifts man above the brute, and makes him a partner of the Divine, a co-worker with the Almighty. A man without purpose is like a locomotive without steam. But a man with a purpose

is all-powerful. A friend, observing the habitual thoughtfulness of Milton, asked him the subject of his meditation. The young man, who from childhood had cherished the purpose to write the epic of creation, replied: "God help me, of immortality." Diligently he held himself aloof from the evils of the age; and after blindness, old age, and adversity had crept upon him, this master of passion burst forth in the immortal "Paradise Lost." William Lloyd Garrison was incarcerated for libelling slavery. But imprisonment only inflamed the more his unflinching spirit. From that moment he spoke with greater vehemence, denounced the system of human bondage as infamous, and hurled stinging maledictions at the foes of freedom until his words were made effective and his purpose realized in the emancipation of the slave.

Yet, without a thorough preparation, conviction and purpose may, for the time, be thwarted. Behold an uncouth, stuttering lad, delivering his maiden address amid the jeers and hisses of an Athenian mob. Thoughts of failure flash across his youthful mind; but with an indomitable spirit, he determines that he will be heard. For weary months he hides himself from the gaze of the world; toils and struggles in the travail of study and meditation. Now standing on yonder beach, he thunders to the white-capped breakers, until at last his eloquence is heard above the roar of the sea. Twenty centuries have come and gone, but the name Demosthenes still stands as a symbol of matchless oratory. In like manner, careful attention to the details of naval technique for thirty-five long years won Dewey success in the supreme hour. The battle of Manila was not won in a single day. The difference between success and failure is preparation. By thorough preparation men of destiny "have made themselves creators of circumstances; others have become the creatures of circumstances."

Patience is that poise of soul and force of will that holds in abeyance the power of action until the psychological moment arrives. Lincoln's defence of unpopular measures and his inflexible opposition to the extension of slavery while in Congress, prepared the way for his political retirement. What mattered that to him? The waiting years were his servants, ministering unto his great soul all needful sustenance, strengthening and girding him for the work he was called to do. The awful burden of that epoch ushered in by the Civil War, weighed upon his spirit far beyond our power to comprehend, but with Christ-like patience he waited for the hour that brought the preservation of the union.

From the dawn of creation's morning these characteristics, working through men of destiny, have wrought out the world's civilization. Incarnated in the individual, they have decided battles, changed the map of nations, created epochs, and produced world-wide reforms. Blazing the path through the forests of ignorance and superstition, sending into mediæval darkness the light of liberty, these incarnate virtues have given to the world the priceless heritage of modern civilization.

As in the past so in the present, civilization must be nourished and protected by men of destiny. The growth of civilization, however, shows a gradual evolution toward democracy, which has given to the world an increasing leadership, — multiplied men of destiny. Democracy means that every man has within himself the possibilities of a master mind; that within him slumber reason and intelligence. Empire says we want more men; democracy, more man. Democracy believes that there is nothing great in this world but man, and that every man is a potential man of destiny. Americans believe that the salvation of humanity rests upon the general diffusion of democratic principles. Cherishing this con-

viction with a jealous pride, they look forward to the final triumph of these principles, to a greater civilization.

But we should not forget that the realization of this dream depends upon fidelity to the ideals of democracy interpreted by the wisdom of our forefathers. Democracy having reared a mighty nation, is now lamenting the dangers that threaten. Swept on by the unparalleled progress of a century, the nation has forgotten that the individual is a man of destiny. The doctrine of "equal rights to all and special privileges to none," has been mercilessly trampled on by an unrestrained commercialism that menaces society and threatens the life of individual enterprise. The reign of twentieth-century industrial vikings is prostituting the good and establishing the corrupt. Democracy is attacked by both capital and labor. Trusts levy tribute upon the producer; railroads, by discrimination and rebate, make and unmake towns and cities, and defy the law of the land. The trade union, intoxicated by victory, seeks to gain its ends through mob violence and murder. In the political arena, the evil forces are even more subtle and dangerous. The demagogue buys a vote, and purchases the manhood of his victim. The legislator sells the liberty of the people, that the corporations may continue their plunder and spoliation. Addicks controls Delaware; the Pennsylvania railroad owns New Jersey; Tammany rules New York City; Guggenheim buys a seat in the United States Senate, while the "third house" moulds public opinion, writes legislative enactments, and bulldozes the National Congress.

These subtle forces, working greed and selfishness, threatening the fundamentals of democracy, are the Goliaths against whose invasions the age is calling for men who believe in the sovereignty of the people. Appeal after appeal is being raised for men of purpose and character,

active soldiers of the common good. Shall we play the part of master minds and, going forth as one man, perpetuate democracy and create epochs in civilization? or "shall we acquire the means of effectual resistence by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?"

Permanent reform cannot be achieved through surface remedies. In a democracy civilization cannot reach a plane higher than the average plane of the people. Social progress depends upon the harmonious growth of all the elements of the organism. Soldiers in the battle for democracy must be servants of an ideal acquired through moral vision and mastered by preparation. The undisciplined mind is overwhelmed by the awfulness of social wrong. True preparation signifies accuracy of perception, sense of value. Better conditions can be realized only as the patient faith of every man sees beyond the evils of the hour the elements that, properly directed, will bring reform.

Already may be seen the signs of promise prophetic of a better day. The spirit of reform, inspiring the common man with a nobler vision of the possibilities offered by democracy, is raising leaders who embody the intelligence and conscience of the people. These leaders are throwing themselves into the battle for humanity with an enthusiasm supported by the patience of an unwavering faith. The efforts of patriotism and duty are as effective to-day as in '76. Charles Evans Hughes enforces the law against the corruption of insurance corporations and the race-track promoter. Francis J. Heney, disclosing the alliance between the trust magnate and the political boss, puts to flight the corrupt forces of a great commonwealth. Theodore Roosevelt, bringing to the solution of the intricate problems of industrialism, the preparation of thorough scholarship, and the purposeful conviction of a career

dedicated to the services of the state, enforces the law with unswerving impartiality, establishes a new standard of public service, and guarantees a "square deal" to every citizen in the land.

If the fundamental principle of democracy that every man is a potential man of destiny is to be passed down through the ages, the republic must have multiplied men like *Folk*, and *Hanly*, and *Roosevelt*. The republic must have men of conviction, purpose, preparation, and patience, men with ideals born of moral vision, men of action who dare to fight for the realization of ideal, men who are willing to pay the price of preparation, men who can work and wait. Then, and not till then, will the promise of democracy be fulfilled and every man become a man of destiny.

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE'S DEBT TO SOCIETY AND THE STATE

LESLIE CRAVEN

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

(This address was delivered at the laying of the Memorial Class Plate in the inner quadrangle of Stanford University, during the Commencement Exercises of 1909.)

TO-DAY when every fleeing hour draws us nearer to the time we are to leave the university for the last time, we come here to dedicate to our Alma Mater the memorial plate. It is a custom as old as Stanford itself, a custom hallowed by the previous generations of Stanford men, who have always come here, as we have, on the eve of graduation, and with reverence in their hearts for all that Stanford means, have forged their links in this chain of bronze whose short beginning we see here, but which eventually is to surround the Quad. There has always been, fellow-classmates, a deeper significance attached to this custom than the mere laying of a plate in the cement of these cloistered arcades to remind those who are to come that the class of '09 eventually succeeded in dodging the scholarship committee and graduated. Four years ago we gathered here from the earth's four corners. Now we have run the course of our college lives. We have lived the Stanford life. We have become infused with the ideals of the founders and of our president, who is as much a founder of Stanford as they. We are blessed with the stamp of Stanford upon us. We realize the blessing of that stamp, the value of what Stanford has given us, and

yet as a class we have done nothing to show our recognition. That is the significance of this plate. It is a mute token of our appreciation. Realizing what we owe to Stanford and in deep reverence to all that Stanford means to us, we dedicate it here, a token of that love which the true Stanford man has for Stanford, in recognition of our debt, with the pledge that the duty that this debt involves shall be performed, a pledge to live up to the Stanford ideals, to vitalize our lives with the spirit of Stanford just as the Stanford spirit vitalizes Stanford life, and by that means and by service to society and the state to discharge our debt to Stanford, representative of all that is best in society and the state.

When I say that we must pay the debt, I mean it in almost the literal sense, for as college men we must realize that education is not free. We hear a great deal these days about free libraries, free colleges, education free to all. Emerson's doctrine of compensation is true. There is nothing in the world given away, and a price must always be paid. Throughout nature there is a system of checks and balances. "A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life." You men who accept from society an education owe a debt to society for that education. Society demands the payment of that debt. You cannot shirk. Education means a burden of responsibility. Acceptance means obligation, and the debt must be paid. The world taunting us as feeble, scholarly recluses calls for the payment, and the great question is, are we debtors not deaf to the call?

In this democracy of ours, this government of the people, we hear the call from every phase of its great life. Ours is a democratic government of public opinion. No other form offers to the college man so glorious an opportunity. The people as a mass are not made to rule themselves. There has always been, and there always will be until

evolution goes a great way, a ruling class, a superior class, to direct the movements of the mass. In the monarchy you see that class in the aristocracy of birth; in our republic you see it in the aristocracy of brains. This class directs the thought and sways the decision of the great mass of the people. We say that the people rule. As a matter of fact the great mass simply ratify the rule, — the thought, the ideas, of the smaller class. The mass are much like a ball on a level floor. A little pressure on one side starts it in almost any direction. The aristocrats of brains apply that pressure. They are or should be the leaders of their communities. By their editorials they mould public sentiment. They make public opinion from pulpit and platform. In the class room they mould the ideas of the younger generations. They direct the policies of the state; they direct the legislation; in politics they get up party platforms with nicely worded and meaningless planks, and the people vote them through, voting very much like sheep, Republicans because their fathers happened to be or because the Republicans happen to be in power, and they have not the courage to be on the losing side.

Thus I say that the voice of the people is neither the voice of God, as the French republicanists believed, nor is it the voice of the people. It is the voice of the leaders of the people; and in our democratic government it is imperative that those leaders shall be the right kind of men, because they rule the voice that rules. The great cause of our present-day corruption is not that the American people are corrupt. It is that the wrong people direct that voice, that the college men of true ideals are not leading their communities, that the college man forgets the ideals of his Alma Mater, that he leaves the Harvard spirit and the Yale spirit and the Stanford spirit behind him on the campus, that he forgets the obligation

which he assumed to society and to the state when he accepted an education, — that the debt is not paid.

So to-day, remembering what we owe to Stanford and society, remembering the obligation under which we rest as we pass out from the campus gates, remembering the cry and the call for men of the true ideals and of the stamina which college education breeds, with a pledge that in our communities in whatever line of work we find ourselves we will not forget the debt, we dedicate to Stanford the class plate in recognition of our obligation.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES IN UNDERGRADUATE LIFE

JOHN C. BRODSKY

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

(A valedictory oration delivered at the Commencement Exercises of New York University, 1909)

THE educational forces playing upon our youth in American colleges are worthy of the deepest interest and keenest attention. One hundred and fifty thousand young men are ignoring the proffers of the business world and devoting themselves for four years to studies and pursuits which they hope to make the basis of greater individual efficiency and civic worth.

The test of a college education is: does it turn out men of character? Does it found in the young man the elements of perfect manhood? To meet this test the American college has set up two fields of effort. First and fundamentally, is academic work. The other field is student activities; and these include collegiate activities, such as student government, publication, music, dramatics society, intercollegiate activity, such as athletics, chess, and debating.

Complaint is now voiced that in the mind and application of youth student activities usurp the dominant place. Educators demand their restriction, yes, even their abolition. The resolution to restore studies to their own is wise and just. But is it well to cast aside student activities? The problem is not the survival of the curriculum

and extinction of student activities, but rather how to secure from college men the rational distribution of their energies between the curriculum and the student activities.

But what value have student activities as a factor of education ? This — that in them lie forces which mould character. To begin with, student activities give the undergraduate practical training. Studies fill him with facts, principles, theories, but give nothing on which to apply them. In carrying on student activities, say, managing a team, playing a game, writing for a paper, the student learns to apply what he is being taught. He does it himself, and thereby develops his judgment and discrimination in a way entirely wanting in the curriculum.

The student activities develop responsibility, that rarest of undergraduate senses. We know of students who do not hesitate to appear before a professor unprepared or to cut his lectures. Yet the athlete dares not cut practice, the debater knows every side of his question, the editor gets his copy to the printer on time. In general, the curriculum does not emphasize strongly enough the need for responsibility. Student activities demonstrate the need of meeting obligations, and thus develop the undergraduate sense of responsibility.

In the third place, student activities profitably fill up recreation hours. Thirty years ago a large part of spare time went to horse-play, even fighting ; in later years surplus energy of students was dissipated in hazing. But hazing, too, is passing out of our colleges, and the extra energy of students is occupying itself in the more profitable student activities. Student activities are bringing about appreciation of the value of time, are preventing much idleness; and that means fewer slips of the moral nature and ultimately a better and stronger man.

Again, student activities are valuable, for they teach

coöperation — even unselfishness and self-sacrifice. In every team, publication, fraternity, in every activity, the individual is subordinated to the whole. The man is valuable as part of a construction. He is taught by experiment the principle of modern progress that coöperation is wise. He is taught that unselfishness and self-sacrifice are noble. Student activities hold up before the young man unselfishness and self-sacrifice, and lead him to put into practice those ideals,— ideals so often swamped in the vortex of the business world. Whatever in the education of the youth will add these elements to his manhood should not be just tolerated, rather encouraged.

The curriculum emphasizes the intellectual; student activities add development of the moral side of the young man. With the tendency of student activities to make youth practical, to develop his sense of responsibility, to teach him to appreciate the profitable use of time, to inculcate the ideals of unselfishness and self-sacrifice, who will deny that student activities tend to make the young man more efficient, to build in him a larger character, ultimately to make him of greater worth to the state?

Activities are a valuable factor in the college. Complaint that they are encroaching upon the curriculum means that a feature of college life, at bottom good, is simply being overdone. The remedy, then, should not suppress student activities. But first, distribute rationally the time and energy of undergraduates between the student activities and the curriculum; and second, have each undergraduate take part in some activity.

How will restriction of a man's time and energy toward student activities prevent those activities from dominating college life? In the first place, when the time and energy which a man may bestow upon athletics, or publications, or music is limited, neglect of studies from that cause is lessened.

Or again, the idea of duty to Alma Mater is overemphasized by many students. The credit which the student will do his university in later years as a result of hard study is now inconspicuous to him in the perspective of the future. Therefore he does what he can to raise her name in intercollegiate activities now. The spirit is unselfish, but when carried too far detracts from academic work. Restriction in activities will set bounds to this duty to Alma Mater and will take away the student's fear that he has not done enough for his college.

The third advantage in restriction is wider distribution of offices and places, resulting in opportunities for more men. Now, an efficient or popular man holds two or even more offices. Let him hold one, or at most two, and to meet the new conditions more men will be forced into activities, or for want of men the activities will themselves be reduced.

So much, restriction of effort toward student activities will do. The second part of the plan to rationalize student activities is to bring all undergraduates into some activity. Only about half now engage in them. Nevertheless there is every reason to shake these students from their sloth, and ultimately their participation will make them better and more efficient men. Further, if there is a duty to Alma Mater, to fight for her on the gridiron, in the regatta, or in debate, — and what young heart here to-day, or what old heart that still pulses with the memory of college days, will deny that there is this duty? — then it should be shared by every man. The one capable of making Phi Beta Kappa should stand not only at the head of the honor roll, but also at the head of some studied activity. Then is his duty done.

Thus restriction of the overzealous and introduction of the non-participants into college activities is our remedy — a remedy to be applied by the students themselves.

I say by the students themselves, for it is the tendency throughout our educational institutions to grant to the student the invaluable practice of self-government. And what is more, student legislation can as effectively as faculty ruling restrict the number of activities with which a man may identify himself. To bring about the participation of students now indifferent, student public opinion must be relied upon. To compel a man in the exercise of his tastes is neither in accord with the spirit of modern legislation nor conducive to college spirit. There need be little fear but that when the energies of some are limited, the desire for success in student activities will bring sufficient pressure to bear upon the non-participants to force them into the field of student activities.

Our question, friends, concerns the adjustment of values in college life. Academic effort is primary in college education; student activities are secondary, but yet a valuable educational force, in that they add to a man's intellectual growth those moral forces which will better fit him to meet the problems of life. By limiting the enthusiasm of some students toward activities and instilling the lacking enthusiasm into others, the energy of the young men of our colleges will be distributed between the student activities and the curriculum. The academic work will get that recognition which it must ever have, namely, of being the dominant feature of education; and student activities will take their proper place as a most valuable, yes, inspiring adjunct in moulding well-rounded and manly character.

But one word remains — priceless is the value of student activities as associations. What feelings of affection go out to those with whom we fought in this game, with whom we worked for this or a hundred other things. In later years the aging brow will light up with memories of days spent here upon the campus, with collegemates and

classmates, of years spent in the tender care of Alma Mater.

Happy have been our days with you, Alma Mater; happy will be our thoughts of you; happy be our service for you. Mother ours, farewell.

THE GERMAN-AMERICAN

Richard E. Wenzel

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA

(Awarded first place in the contest of the Western League of Oratory, 1909)

This nation is not the achievement of one people. However proud the descendant of Puritan or Cavalier may be, the true American is not the offspring of one race. Wherever the woodsman felled the forest, or the pioneer hunter made his home; wherever the trapper followed the trail, or the planter prodded the virgin soil, — there Anglo-Saxon energy, Celtic imagination, German thoroughness, reliability, and faithfulness had their share in keeping this land ever sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind. And thus to-day, wherever the flag of this great nation flies, there Hollander and Huguenot, Swede and Creole, English and German, may rightfully unite and sing, "*My* country, 'tis of thee," and claim the name "American."

And those of whom I wish to speak to-night are not the least of all the elements that have gone into this crucible of the nations to make the typical American. The German has played his part in every phase of our development — in war and in peace; in commerce, industry, and politics. He has drawn to the full from the riches of this land, but he has given, and given wisely, in return, for he has given himself, in loyal service to the building of manhood and the state. He was up and about this continent in those early days of which the histories tell us, — when

it was but an endless forest; when your forefathers went to church with a prayer book in one hand and a musket in the other; when in the blood sweat of their brows men did eat their bread — and the honest historian, who does not yield to prejudice, but gives to truth a proper hearing, makes mention of the fact that he was a sober German Protestant, as quiet, frugal, industrious, and pious as the first Pilgrims at Plymouth.

His mission was as worthy as the Englishman's. The same causes which brought the English Pilgrim brought the German Protestant. These were economic rather than religious. It is true both sought religious freedom, but the earliest English settlers were usually groups of unemployed who were sent out by the London merchant and the west country gentleman, sent out to set up trading communities in the newly discovered world. The small farmer had fallen upon evil days. The expansion of English commerce and the consequent adventures in trade were altering men's lives, occupations, and ambitions. The city merchant turned his lands into pastures for sheep. The older landowner enclosed the Commons to give him room for his flocks and herds. "Your sheep that were wont to be so meek and tame," said Sir Thomas More, "are now become so great devourers and so wild that they eat up and swallow down the very men themselves. They consume, devour, and destroy whole fields, houses, and cities."

Thus it was with the Germans. Economic rather than religious were the causes that called them to the west. The advent of the Reformation and the Renaissance had inspired the common masses with the hope of better conditions; but just as they were prepared to enjoy the fruits which the plenteous harvests of peace and prosperity alone could bring, war's destructive discord once more rang through the land, and the middle of the seventeenth cen-

tury left them crushed and bleeding in a country torn in the name of religion. Flourishing cities were reduced to rifled ruins. Commerce was broken. Trades and industries were swept out of existence. Capital, that great wage fund, was no longer adequate to meet the needs of the peasant and the mechanic. The Fatherland was no longer a desirable home for the toiler; and as emigration from it was far preferable to starvation in it, the more rugged and ambitious Teutons turned their faces towards the new Canaan, a land literally flowing with milk and honey. America, the land of Opportunity, became their goal.

Differing in race, speech, and often in religion from those who already possessed the more desirable spots along the Atlantic coast, they pushed out into the wilderness, following the lines of least resistance, along the valleys of the Mohawk, the Shenandoah, and the Cumberland, from Schenectady to Stone Arabia and to German Flats, from Easton to Endless Mountain and to the Piedmont. Year after year beheld their patient toil. Year after year the virgin wilds presented a more fruitful field for the development of those stern, strong, virtuous qualities with which Tacitus had found them fenced about in the fastnesses of their own Black Forest. Clinging to the customs of their Fatherland, they naturally seemed somewhat clannish to the larger groups of their English neighbors, likewise intolerant of alien ideas; but the fire of freedom lay smouldering in their hearts. Why, freedom of thought had been the life element of these people for centuries. Since the days of Luther the Germans had started nearly every movement towards greater freedom and independence. Yes, even before the time when the legions of Vaus were broken by the rush of Hermann's wild warriors, as they swarmed out of the dark woodlands of the Rhine and the Danube, they had been inspired by

the love of liberty. Centuries before Lexington they had been thinking the thoughts which now transformed the pious New England Puritan and the easy-going Virginia Cavalier.

Scarcely had the war message of the seventies been hurled over the Hudson before these plain but patriotic pioneers, true to their Teutonic spirit, rose to the preservation of that liberty of which a despotic ministry was more and more depriving them. There are writers, it is true, who have accepted the traditional misconception of these people, and who declare them to have been indifferent to the colonial cause; but there are also writers of prominence who question whether there could have been a united colonial rebellion or any United States of America but for the patriotism of the Germans in the colonies. Whatever the justice of the latter's claim may be, is not for me to say. The truths of history afford the best encomium, and facts like these appeal to every candid mind.

A London paper of June, 1770, speaks in no uncertain tones of their willingness to sacrifice their lives and property for the preservation of colonial liberty. The 20th of May, 1775, found the Germans of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, declaring themselves a free and independent people, recognizing only the authority of God and the Continental Congress; and the granting of the elective franchise to the Germans of Pennsylvania in June of the following year transformed its Tory majority into a majority for the friends of freedom, and the Declaration of Independence was a direct result.

And when war was actually begun, it was Baron Steuben, a German, who created a disciplined and well-drilled army. It was a company of Pennsylvania Germans that first arrived to the aid of Boston. It was a company of Virginia Germans that first arrived from the south. It was a German regiment that was the last to

leave Long Island in that famous "Thermopylæ of the Revolution." It was the Germans who equipped the military hospitals, smelted the ore, cast the balls and cannon, and manufactured most of the rifles for the Continental army. It was the well-filled barns of the Germans that furnished a large portion of the food supplies for the ill-clad forces at Valley Forge. And finally, it was a division of Germans that planted the new-born starry flag in triumph over the British redoubts at Yorktown.

When again in '61 the summons went forth from the nation's chief, the watchfires along the Delaware, the Ohio, and the Mississippi were once more kindled. Once more they offered their lives upon the altar of freedom. Two hundred and fifty thousand of them, born under another flag, rendered to the flag of their adopted land their last most loyal service, sacrificing their lives, their all, that that adopted land might live; and that the historian might write upon the dark and bloody pages of the book of warfare that henceforth no man should have a property right in even a black man's body, that liberty was in truth the inalienable right of *every* man.

You well remember how the first faint rumblings of the oncoming storm found Missouri in the hands of Southern adherents. Family and political ties naturally bound her to the South. Governor Jackson declared Lincoln's requisition as illegal and inhuman; and with fifty thousand state militia under him, a legislature working in harmony with him, and three million dollars of state funds at his disposal he was prepared to carry out his threat that Missouri should never furnish soldiers to fight her sister states. But again the Germans had to be considered. The timely and determined stand of their four regiments upset the well-laid plans of the rebels, the tide of popular feeling was stayed by the irresistible influence of right, and before the close of that consuming conflict Missouri, the

Compromise state of 1820, had contributed more soldiers to the Union cause than Massachusetts, the "*Rock* of anti-slavery."

War, however, is not their only field of service. They are above all a people of peace. "Nothing can be more honorable and blessed," said one of the greatest of their number, "than any effort to create and nourish a public spirit abhorring the resort to war, a sentiment inspiring a statesmanship bent upon devoting the keenness of its eye to the discovery, not of the things that irritate and divide, but of the things that conciliate and unite." The lapse of time forbids that I should dwell upon the author of those words, —

"Suffice it that he never brought his conscience to the public mart,
But lived himself the truth he taught, white-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart,
His statecraft was the Golden Rule, his right of vote a sacred trust.
Clear, over threat and ridicule, all heard his challenge, 'Is it just?'"

— Karl Schurz, the soldier, the statesman, the prophet, the greatest congressional orator of his time, the man who taught the American voter that it is possible to be a partaker in self-government and yet not be a partisan, who taught the managing politician that the man who wants nothing is the most embarrassing problem, and who taught us all that the still small voice of right and duty must and may be heeded above the din of political outcry or the noise of a nation in battle.

And in this time of ceaseless conflict, when the eternal rush for money seems to put a stamp of selfishness upon our every action, when we ourselves see our parties in the hands of bosses, our economic world controlled by trusts, and the whole country under the spell of the yellow journal, when the foreigner characterizes us as a nation of men

with vulgar tastes and brutal manners, saying that we care only for education, art, justice, or public welfare as they mean money to us, with which we in turn buy courts, legislation, and government, we turn again to the record of the German-American, and find that he has devoted himself to guiding the plough, the noble instrument of peace, with the same patriotism that he wielded the sword, the righteous weapon of war — reminding us of the fact that the common weal of this new empire of the West demands the application of every noble endeavor, the thinking mind, and the active, toiling arm in all things and at all times, in order that its purpose in the great world plan may one day stand accomplished.

Thus in endless deeds of praise runs the story of these German pioneers, a story not garnered from the writings of their race-proud countrymen, but gleaned from the reluctant testimony of their English contemporaries. Men's memories are clear, and remember well that our charter of freedom was first written in the *Mayflower;* but they grow dim in trying to recall those days when the New Englander sailed the seas engaged in a traffic destructive of the very principles there set forth. Boston is ever heralded as the birthplace of American liberty, but it is seldom mentioned as the place where it was well-nigh throttled by a mob. "All men are created equal," said the Puritan, but his conscience did not forbid slavery until the price of human flesh had fallen to sixpence a pound in the open market. For the *German* as well as for the *Saxon* the past is secure. This *also* is the story of a people whose claim to recognition is based upon the record of its achievements.

But the message I would leave with you to-night is not that the true American is a German, but that the German is a true American. We are an English-speaking people, but we are not a nation of Englishmen. We are Ameri-

cans. I am an American. You are Americans. I have told you the story of Americans, for I have told you the story of a people who have given themselves in loyal, patriotic service to the building of a nobler American manhood and a grander American nation.

Go back, if you will, to the earliest days of our history, and you find them blazing a path for the nation's progress. You find them first among those who penetrated the wilderness, standing the brunt of the fight with the Indians on the Mohawk, the Shenandoah, the Ohio, and the lower Mississippi. The bones of their sons, falling in the struggle for home, independence, and the equal rights of men, lie mingled with the sacred soil of every state, from Maine to Florida, from the Alleghanies to the Rockies. To them we are indebted for much of the prestige of our earlier civilization. To their sons we may safely intrust the future progress of the land. They have been the organizers of our armies, the heroes in our wars, the planners and builders of our great bridges. Their inventions are numbered by the thousands and have added millions to the ranks of trade. Their music fills our homes, their literature our libraries, their paintings grace the rotunda of the nation's capitol; and as if in recognition of their patriotic service to the land of their adoption — a fitting tribute to a faithful people, and a memorial and incentive to the millions yet unborn — the emblem of their strength, the great black eagle, stands emblazoned on our nation's seal.

THE TRUE GREATNESS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

William Erdman

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(The following oration was prepared and delivered in connection with a course in oratorical composition at the University of Kansas, 1909.)

In their discourse upon the greatness of nations and of the world, writers and speakers invariably depict a structure made strong by material and political achievements, and made beautiful by spiritual and intellectual advancement. They would have us gaze upon a picture enhanced with human accomplishments and made perfect by divine blessings. They would conceal the things that detract from the world's greatness, ignore the misery-breeding conditions which sap the life-blood from a people's happiness. They would keep from our notice the unsolved problems, the unfinished tasks, and have us see the picture of the world's progress as a perfect one. They would have us look upon it with an eye sensitive only to the beautiful, the grand. But such discourses are narrow and misleading, such treatises prejudiced and deceptive.

In picturing the world's greatness, let us treat it from the standpoint of the optimist. Let us employ the same tints that he would employ and place the lights and shades where he would place them. Then the picture finished, let us dash against it the slime of the pessimist, dim it with the cloud of discontent, rend it with the broils of nations; and if after such treatment its colors are yet unpaled, its accents yet discernible, then its beauty will be more beautiful, and its greatness more great.

We have, by this time, not only crossed the threshold, but swung well into the new century. If we look forward, our view is lost in the cloud of possibility; if we glance backward, we are made dizzy by the sudden height we have attained. Some scientists hold that there is a gradual process of evolution in the progress of the human race, but surely in the last century we have cleared at one bound the evolution of ages. One hundred years ago, man travelled as they did in the time of Christ; eighteen hundred years had shown no improvement. To-day the lightning express and the ocean-liner speed away, scorning continents and disdaining oceans. Benjamin Franklin remarked, a short time before his death, that naught would please him more than would a return to earth a hundred years later to view the changes time would have wrought in the interval. But even Franklin, with his vast experience, his wide knowledge of the past, his mature judgment, and his vivid imagination, could not have conceived changes so numerous and striking as those which characterized the hundred years succeeding his death.

During this period the prolific genius of man has cast a spell over the entire world, touched with the double wand of electricity and steam all the pursuits and industries of the race, endowing them with new life, and causing them to assume a thousand undreamed-of forms. It has pierced the mountains and spanned the cañons beyond, making straight and easy the highways of commerce and civilization. It has laid bands of steel across the redman's hunting-ground and through the Zulu jungle. It has spun across continents a web of commerce, starting wheels whirling and forges glowing to turn out the necessities of life in generous plenty. It has touched the soil, and populous cities have sprung up. It has quarried the earth, and lifted the glittering store to the

feet of a worthy civilization. It has hitched the roaring cataract, and made it turn ponderous wheels hundreds of miles away. Inventions are following rapidly one upon another, until to-day the wireless message is flashed three thousand miles across the waters, the horseless carriage is no longer a toy, and the airship no longer a folly.

But not merely in the material world has there been advancement. A century ago a weak sisterhood of states was struggling to establish the first republic. From that sisterhood the twentieth century boasts a union of forty-six magnificent commonwealths, embracing half a continent, and shaping the destinies of ninety million souls. Across the Atlantic, people of one blood have become one nation: from a score of pygmy German principalities has been born a united Fatherland. After decades of struggle between church and state there has been brought back a combined Italy. There are now, roused from the sleep of ages, a progressive Japan and an awakened China. We have entered upon a century of the people. The idea of the divine right of kings has been buried forever. Representative government, once an experiment, has shown to the world that man can be trusted, and that self-government is possible.

Side by side with the material and political achievements of the past century, we find intellectual advancement, perhaps the source of all, yet keeping step with every phase of modern progress, until to-day rural schoolhouses dot the land in almost every clime. Countless colleges and universities mark the threshold of higher learning. Normal schools for the training of teachers, colleges for the professions, and industrial schools for the crafts, constitute the sources of future citizenship and manhood.

And yet is this greatness unmodified? Have we in recounting the achievements of the past century sounded

the whole scale of truth? Have we reached the highest pinnacle of success? or are there still cankerous conditions which challenge the greatness of the new age? Perhaps all will agree that the past has done everything that can be expected, but are there not still heights before us that tower far above those of past achievements? is there not work undone? are there not problems unsolved? and is it not our duty to strive toward attaining the unaccomplished possibilities, to complete the unfinished and to right the wrongs as far as possible in order that man might more fully enjoy the things that God has placed at his command?

This century comes burdened with problems as great as those which harassed civilization in the nineteenth, for even that age of unparalleled progress did not bequeath all that is necessary for a world's happiness. It revealed the secret of producing wealth; but on the twentieth devolves the problem of distributing it. All through the ages, from the earliest record of man to a few decades ago, the problem of poverty was primarily that of production, but such a condition no longer exists. The factories are now turning out the necessaries of life in such enormous quantities that the cry is that of over-production. There is an abundance to supply the needs of all, and yet the cry for bread by the starving millions is growing louder every day. While a part of the world's population revels in wealth and luxury, another part is starving.

Some would have us believe that the cause of this condition is the trust — soulless, towering above the individual like a colossus. It is true that the trust has secured a powerful grasp upon the commercial and political world, and that when at the beginning of this century there was effected the capitalization of nearly a billion dollars, having the financial support of nearly three times that amount, there was hardly a quiver in the body politic,

and no doubt this condition is widening the gulf between the rich and the poor; but in reflecting upon the deplorable condition of so large a class, let us not forget the suffering that is caused through idleness, debauchery, and above all intemperance. These still rank among the problems of the age. However, in this discourse I shall not endeavor to give solutions for these unsolved problems, for each of these would require a treatise in itself. I shall merely point out the existing evils to see in how far they challenge the world's greatness.

Want of respect for law constitutes another hindrance to civilization. It actuates the anarchist in Europe and the mob in America. It has been said, and I believe with truth, that the present age has better and more efficient laws than any preceding age has possessed, but it is also true that there never has been such disregard for law as the present time shows. True, the man who steals a dollar frequently becomes the inmate of a prison, but he who steals a million dollars or a people's rights is too often crowned a hero. It is these conditions that cause people to lose faith in the purpose of law, and induce them to join the ranks of the anarchist or the mob and bring about the disgraceful results which stain the pages of recent political history. This lawlessness has wrecked kingdoms and republics, and, if ever the strength of this nation does fall, it will be when a maddened people thrust aside its judiciary.

But the evils just mentioned appear comparatively small when we recall how during the past century the whole world has trembled beneath the most dreadful curse of civilization — war. It has sapped the life-blood from people's happiness. It has stalked from continent to continent and circumnavigated the whole world, leaving its trail of death and blood. Under the rage of this monster the noblest attempts of peoples have been crushed

to earth. States in their bloom of life have had their fields ravaged, their cities razed to the earth, their homes destroyed, and all left in a state of ruin, in order to satisfy the greed of an enraged people, or to gratify the desires of an ambitious monarch. To-day the Christian world is exemplifying the teaching of its founder by having thirty million, one-half its able-bodied men, trained to wield the deadly weapon against their neighbors. Never before in the history of the world has the art of killing been cultivated on such a gigantic scale. Every Christian nation is watching with a suspicious eye the movements of its neighbor states, and stands prepared to rush into a deadly conflict at a moment's notice, as if blood were the most noble prize for man to acquire.

These problems, an aggregate of unsolved difficulties, denying in a way the world's greatness, comprise the unfinished work of the new age. They seem to be a mighty barrier between us and the heights that tower before us, but when we observe how commerce is surmounting obstacles, how social problems are holding the attention of all classes, and how arbitration and the international courts are receiving the respect of the nations, is it too optimistic to hope that by the close of the twentieth century the solution of these problems will be recorded in history? Wars have already become so unpopular that the motive of the warring nation is questioned and often condemned by the critic world. A sense of justice is crying out against these evils. The humanitarianism of the nineteenth century, which reformed the prisons, abolished slavery, and gave birth to an incalculable amount of philanthropic effort, is moving forward with such tremendous force that all these, the momentous problems of the age, must give way before its onward march. If we but stand united, not over-confident, but with the hope of victory before us, a sense of justice to guide, an enthusiastic spirit to urge us

on to renewed efforts, and an undaunted courage to fight well the battles, we cannot fail to win the victory. The rays of hope are already piercing the clouds that have been darkening the future. With religion ridding itself from scores of mystic superstitions, with education and culture flourishing as they have never done before, with the modern spirit of investigation seeking unprejudiced for new truths in every field of social life, the result is inevitable, the barriers to progress must fall and the victory be complete. When we count the battles won, when we remember that we have more music, more beauty, more learning, more happiness, more seeking for truth, and more charity than ever before, we might well anticipate this victory before the close of the century. All these are but factors in hastening the time when the war drum has ceased to throb, when there will be but one trust, when lawlessness will be outlawed, when justice will be enthroned, when one patriotism, the patriotism for humanity, shall swell every bosom, and all mankind be inspired to one united effort for the betterment of society. These efforts cannot fail to bring desired results, decrease human suffering and bestow an everlasting blessing upon humanity — and then we may say, twentieth-century greatness is truly great.

CULTURE AND SERVICE

Isaac Thomas

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

(Awarded first place in the Contest for the Baird Prize in Oratory, 1909)

In these days college men must defend culture. The spirit of mercenary materialism, in spite of vigorous, hostile preaching, still runs rampant. The farmer's boy or merchant's son with a studious turn of mind, yearning vaguely to rise above his uncongenial surroundings, is urged to pursue a scientific, technical course of training, whereby he may gain more of this world's goods than is possible in the field of his favorite classics and humanities. No one may better combat this American over-emphasis of commercialism than the man who has been educated in a place like this, who reverences the ideals of his academic ancestors, and loves his college for its partial aloofness from the main currents of active national life, its pervasive charm, and its rare spirit of sentiment, all linking him mysteriously to the great men of the past, yet pointing him to the problems of the future.

It is our purpose, however, not to defend culture, but to define it, to point out its dangers, and to consider it as related to public service. Before most college men there stretch careers that will test their culture to see whether it is a cloistered virtue, or whether it can approve itself in the turmoil of life. Shall culture merely open before a man vistas of intellectual delight forever closed to others? Does it tend to separate him from the rank

and file and teach him to despise his less fortunate fellows? or does it render him more widely sympathetic and more useful?

First of all, the culture of books should be a perennial source of joy in quiet hours, a respite from the toil of days spent in the dust and heat of routine work, and a solace in the time of bitter need. Familiarity with the great poets and appreciation of the masterpieces of art and music are more than idle luxuries. The truly educated man does not close his books on leaving college, for he remembers visions that came to him in his study of the seers and sages, and recalls moments when he felt

> "like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken."

These memories he takes with him as permanent possessions that are beyond the harm of Fortune's turns or man's ingratitude. And to the commanding heights whence he gained these views he returns again and again, held in pleasant thraldom and bound by ties "lighter than air and stronger than iron." Brutus, in his tent at close of day, entangled in the meshes of Roman politics, vexed with quarrels, and broken in spirit by Portia's death, seeks a favorite book to beguile the dead watches of the night, until slumber lays its leaden mace upon him.

Such in the main was Matthew Arnold's culture, though he reacts it in a mould of militant intellectualism and sought to propagate it. There is need of the leaven of such a culture, but in it there is also a dangerous tendency to put its disciples out of sympathy with democracy and the common people. Brutus failed when he closed the book and planned the battle. Matthew Arnold, great as he was in gazing steadfastly upon his own theories of culture, became blind to the hidden poetry and pathos, the comedy and tragedy in the monotonous lives of the great dull

majority not numbered among "the remnant." Even in literary criticism his judgment became narrowed so that he could not appreciate in its full splendor the merry England that lives in Chaucer's keen, humorous realism, nor the simple beauty of peasant life immortalized in the songs of Burns. While culture with Matthew Arnold was not a mere æstheticism, there was in his culture an intellectual chill which congealed the streams of human love that flow from great men's hearts.

Arnold's master, Goethe, was the apostle of a broader, better-rounded culture. His self-training of more than half a century allowed for the harmonious growth of religious instincts, will, emotions, and intellect. He breathed into the Greek ideal of culture the rugged power and unresting energy of his German nature. Self-culture was his business in life. In following the gleam he was led through the realms of literature and science, then away from his desk where often the moon, shining down over the ancient towers of Frankfort at midnight, found him in his intellectual ferment and spiritual unrest, out over the wild mountains to commune with the Earth-spirit in crashing storms or in halcyon days to loiter in rural quiet along the paths of romantic love. He yielded himself to the spell of dim cathedrals where the organs pealed forth solemn music and the last enchantments of the mystic Middle Ages lingered like sweet incense. Then he was drawn into the whirl of public life as statesman and adviser at the court of Weimar, where he knew something of the joys and cares of active service. His culture was a pyramid, a lifetime went to its systematic building, and into it were fitted the choicest blocks of Parian marble. His story is the monumental record of a great soul, and in so far as a gigantic human figure of harmonious beauty may become a beacon to humanity to show "what man can make of man," Goethe's life of culture contains the elements of service to mankind.

No one doubts that Arnold and Goethe were highly cultured men, nor that their preëminent records are a boon to later generations. But they do not represent the union of a great culture with a democratic spirit of usefulness. Is such a combination possible in one personality, or are culture and service conflicting ideals? Let us turn to one more historic figure, Alfred the Great, the Saxon king.

Measured by our standards, Alfred's actual culture and learning are pathetically meagre. Fragments of philosophy and the ethics of the early Church Fathers, Anglo-Saxon poetry, and a little Latin — these were the subjects of his study. His life was so hard that few could have endured it. Some cruel malady pursued him till death; his people were scattered, and his kingdom harried by the ruthless Danes; care and defeat haunted him like evil spirits. But through it all, from the days when he pondered with boyish delight over quaintly illuminated manuscripts to the few years of sunset calm at the end of his life, he found hours for quiet study, for writing out his simple poetic musings and profound sermons, or for casting into English old idylls of Greek and Roman mythology. It was ever his prayer that he might "have tranquillity enough" to finish his translation of "useful books" into his own tongue. He had an unbounded love of learning and an infinite genius for culture.

In one respect, however, Alfred's culture differs fundamentally from Arnold's and Goethe's. We have seen how Arnold in his culture was narrow, aristocratic, over-intellectual, indifferent to the problems of common men. Alfred knew and loved his humblest peasants. We have seen how Goethe in all his splendid, many-sided culture was self-centred, and made self-development the goal of his ambitions. The central purpose of Alfred's culture was to make himself a more efficient servant of his people.

It was for his people that he studied, wrote, summoned scholars from beyond the sea, and defended the seats of learning in the battle's front where "byrnies gleamed and arrows sang their grewsome death-songs."

In Alfred, then, we find the union of culture and service, our apparently conflicting ideals. In him we find service tempered and rendered sane and efficient by culture, and culture crowned and glorified by a life of practical usefulness. In him we find the "sweetness and light" of Arnold, the "wide and luminous view" of Goethe, serenity of spirit and breadth of judgment, and a capacity for self-spending service nobler than all the mere culture of the finest scholars. Freeman calls him "the most perfect character in history." This union of culture and service made us the heirs of Anglo-Saxon learning, made him the beacon light of all the ages.

THE CALL OF THE MINISTRY

J. M. Howard

YALE UNIVERSITY

(Awarded first prize in the Senior Oratorical Contest at Yale University, 1909)

If I were a preacher to-night, I should take a text. And my text would be that verse where John says, "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong." The call of the Christian ministry to the undergraduate in Yale College — what is it?

One of the purposes of the founders of Yale was to secure able men for the ministry. For a long time a large proportion of the graduates became clergymen, but in our own generation the number has become a mere handful. And this situation is typical of that in most American colleges. There is not time to enumerate the various explanations that have been offered, but the fact remains that we are confronted with a scarcity of able men in the ministry.

Now why is it important that more able men go into this particular profession? Are we not continually hearing of the crying need in law, in politics, in business, in medicine, of men consecrated to the service of the people? This is an age of education; is it not imperative that our teachers be men of the highest stamp? It is — imperative. But in these days of social unrest, of material progress, of the tremendous development of this country, the ministry is imperative, and, more than any other

calling, it offers peculiar opportunities for the man who would make his life count.

First of all, look at the country districts. How much we hear now about the degeneracy of rural life in America. The old days of rustic simplicity are gone. Railroads, telephones, labor-saving farm machinery — all such things have wrought a change in the character of country life, and in too many cases the Church has failed to keep abreast of the times and has lost its hold upon the people. Doubtless every one here to-night can think of communities within his own ken that are on a low moral plane, and that are raising up mean, sordid, small men instead of the honest and generous-hearted citizens we look to the country districts to produce. And has the country church, then, passed its period of usefulness? Listen to the testimony of the commission appointed by the President to investigate rural conditions. "We miss the heart of the problem," their report says, "if we neglect to foster personal character and neighborhood righteousness. The best way to preserve ideals for private conduct and public life is to build up the institutions of religion. The Church has great power of leadership. The whole people should understand that it is vitally important to stand behind the rural church and help it become a great power in developing concrete country life ideals." Mark you, *the heart of the problem: personal character, neighborhood righteousness, ideals for private conduct and public life.* And the solution, according to these government investigators, is — the Church.

Another great opportunity lies in the more recently settled parts of the land. When the original colonies were planted here, people came largely for religious reasons. There is no doubt that much of the proud heritage we claim from our ancestral communities is due to the hold the worship of God had on the people. In America to-day,

what has led us to people the plains and mountain regions of the "new West"? In practically every instance it has been opportunity for material advancement. And *now*, while our new territories and states are still near enough to the pioneer days to be plastic, it is of transcendent importance, as President Roosevelt has said, that the highest Christian ideals shall dominate and determine their civilization. But can't a man live a clean, true life in these new communities without the aid of the Church? Perhaps he can, but he cannot keep the community clean and true without an *organization* of the forces of right, and that is what the Church stands for. Many of us here at Yale will go out West when we graduate because we shall find there better opportunities for *getting* a comfortable living. Suppose you and I go to *give* our lives to the leadership of the institution which goes to the heart of the problem by developing "personal character, neighborhood righteousness, ideals for private conduct and public life"?

How about the cities? Here live thirty-three per cent of our entire population. Here is centred most of our wealth. Hither are flocking the Italians, Poles, Jews, Chinese, bringing their strange languages, their customs, their prejudices, their ignorance, and crowding our factories and tenements and sweat-shops. From whom are they going to learn our customs? What power is going to break down their prejudices and bring light to the darkness of their ignorance? These people have been uprooted from their old associations and are thus peculiarly open to both good and evil.

I asked an eminent investigator of American social conditions if he thought the Church had a definite work to do among the poor in our cities, especially among the immigrants. For answer he turned to his desk and handed me a leaflet. It was a catechism, published by the

Bohemian society. And here is a sample of what is to-day being taught to over twelve thousand Bohemian and anarchist *children* in the Middle West: —

"What is God? God is a word used to designate an imaginary being.

"Has man an immortal soul? Man has no soul; it is only an imagination.

"Is adultery a sin? No, because intercourse with the opposite sex is natural to every person.

"Does Christianity stand for right? No; it stands for and supports all that is wrong.

"Should we pray? If we are given to prayer, we gradually become imbeciles."

Shall such an organization as this propagate its doctrines to pervert our people's minds and destroy all that we hold sacred, and shall the Church sit passive? Are the demons of sin and doubt and despair to be allowed free rein, and is Christianity with its message of faith and hope and love not to exert itself?

But not only in the slums does the Church's field lie. You can't open a newspaper without being made aware of the corruption, the misused wealth, the misspent lives, that are common among our so-called upper classes. Personal character and neighborhood righteousness need fostering on Fifth Avenue as much as in the country store or in Oklahoma.

Of course the Church is bitterly criticised. There is no time to take up individual accusations, but this much may be said: Practically every adverse criticism reduces to one fundamental idea, namely, that the Church has neglected its social responsibility. Now to a considerable extent that is true. But a great many churches realize it. Look at the wideawake churches to-day — you will not find them sitting idle. They are going into the poor districts and showing the people how to live. They are

working to mitigate the bitterness of class feeling. They are getting hold of the children, rich and poor, and training them up in the ways of knowledge and truth and right living. They are maintaining institutions where young men and women from among the immigrants themselves are being trained to teach their people how to live.

But there is no danger that the Church will go too far and usurp functions which belong rightly to the State? We are to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." Yes, but what can Cæsar do? Well, he can legislate. That is, he can oppose a check to the existing forces of evil. He can punish detected corruption; he can make wife-beating a criminal offence; he can compel tenement-house owners to put in sanitary plumbing; he can close the saloons, if you like. But can Cæsar make men honest? Can he make husbands less brutal? A bath-tub in a tenement-house makes an excellent coal-bin — can your government official persuade the tenants to bathe in it? Will closing the saloons do away with men's desire to drink? Effective laws are useful, and indeed they are indispensable, *but no set of regulations imposed from without is going to reform society.* That is where the socialist makes his mistake. He believes that the existing order is wrong, and that the way to right it is to change existing institutions. He is mistaken. The evils of society are the natural result of the evil in men's hearts. Man does wrong because his motives are wrong, and nothing will make him do right until right motives are planted in him.

It is well enough to talk about being guided by reason and the folly of giving way to emotion; but in the last analysis the motive power of the will lies not in the brain but in the heart. And nothing on earth can move man's heart to permanent good except religion. Professor Emery has said that the ministry offers greater opportunities for improving economic conditions than any other

profession because of this very fact, that religion alone supplies the motive for right living to the individual. Without the motive there will be no change in the life, and without changed lives there can be no better society. Christianity offers the ultimate solution of every problem confronting the American people.

What a visionary idea! To reach every member of society — what a stupendous, what an impossible, task! But we forget; all things are possible — with God; and the man without vision has no place in the Christian ministry.

Do you think it is an easy profession? There are doubtless many easy pastorates and many lazy pastors. But to become a good minister requires as long and as careful and as exacting a preparation as to become a good lawyer. And once in the profession, the pay is small, the work is hard and often petty and discouraging. It is a difficult profession.

But to bring men into personal touch with the God that Christ revealed — what more glorious profession! To bring strength to the weak, relief to the distressed, comfort to the afflicted, yes, and health to the sick — oh, what infinite possibilities are open to the minister! To bring fun to children who would otherwise be deprived of it, to bring joy and hope into homes that have known only depression and despair, to show people

> "How good is man's life, the mere living, how fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy."

Difficult, did I say? Do you remember what Paul wrote to the Corinthians? He wanted to stay at Ephesus because, he said, "a great door, and effectual, is open unto me, and there are many adversaries." There is the call to the ministry! The door is open; the adversaries are many! To the Yale man who, like Paul, can take that

opportunity and face those difficulties, who can see the vision of future possibility, and who believes in a victorious God who can bring that vision to pass — to him come the words of that other great apostle: "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong."

"MERCY THAT CONDEMNS"

Robert William Prescott

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

(Awarded first place in an Intercollegiate Contest with seven other colleges, 1908)

The perpetuity of any nation depends upon the stability of its government, and the integrity of any government rests upon the security of its foundation principles and their rigid application. The fundamental principle of government is justice, and the operation of justice demands law. Anything which perverts justice, which undermines law, is sooner or later destructive. Tyranny perverts justice and so is destructive. Pity and kindness themselves, when they stay justice, are devastation to the very cause they would nurture.

The man living far from his fellows is a law unto himself. Give him companions, and it becomes necessary to restrain his actions, because the satisfaction of all his impulses would infringe upon the rights of his companions. And so we have customs and laws, and because the welfare of the whole depends upon their strict observance, they are held sacred. Yet it is a recognized principle that law in itself must not be made a fetish; in so far, only, as it enables all men to have their rights should we hold it inviolable.

But Americans of to-day are passing from this conception to the one which holds that laws may be broken if they interfere with personal desires and ambition, that laws may be modified in order to save humiliation and suffering

to the unfortunate criminal and his unhappy family. Laws are over-ridden almost with impunity. The man of finance buys United States senators; the great trust defies the government; the rebater, the bank defaulter, the petty criminal, the murderer, each successfully plies his trade. It must be admitted that a great deal of the fault for this condition is due to imperfections in the laws themselves, and to a system in our courts whereby technicalities are given precedence over the merits of the case. But even when there is no direct obstacle to justice, the American juryman is prone to let a foolish sentimentality break the iron of his will and the inviolability of his oath. He waits to sympathize with the accused, secures for him pardon finally, and so undermines the moral forces of the state.

Human life is fast becoming a cheap and worthless thing. Too often can a murderer successfully plead the unwritten law or insanity, appealing to the sympathies of the public heart. In Oregon last year there were fifty-six homicides, and from seventeen cases already tried for murder but three convictions. Indeed human life has become a trifle and law a puerile thing. Contempt for law and immunity from punishment loosen the bonds of unity between man and man, between man and the state, so that gradually men lose faith in their government.

In the light of sanity and reason, would we not better face about from a ruinous policy of inaction and indulgence toward law-breakers, and seriously try to set things right while we are yet able to do so, before the blind fury and passion of a class strife lets itself loose upon the nation, and the spirit of the mob takes hold? The spirit of the mob is already abroad. What true American fails to view with grief and horror the revelations in the Steunenberg trial? That such things can be in this land of ours is almost beyond belief. William Haywood was acquitted

of the charges brought against him, justly acquitted, let us hope. Yet in the eyes of law-abiding citizens he stands convicted of treason to the principles of his country, not by evidence brought out in the trial, but by his own words when he said that the reason for his acquittal was because the Unions, when united, are invincible. Invincible! Where is the boasted justice of America? Is this the land of Liberty when the leaders of the sons of toil teach the spirit of violence, when they would have might to be the right, and fling with sacrilegious lips the name of justice in the dust? Such a spirit identifies itself with that which thrice in the span of forty years has rent the pages of our history and stamped upon its leaves in characters of blood the names of Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley. Here at our very doors the red-handed are at work. Harvey Brown, an officer of the commonwealth of Oregon, who never flinched from his devotion to the right, with a stainless life, in the full bloom of a strong and useful manhood, on the threshold of his own home is hurled into eternity. And in Colorado the eyes of men are still wet with the tears that flow in memory of the good Father Leo. The blow not only cut off from life him with the beautiful character, but it reached out to a world of men, leaving them stricken and dumb, shaken with an unnamable emotion. Have we become so imbued with a false idea of what justice and personal liberty are that we permit without check, without rebuke, the grim spectre of anarchy boldly stalking over our borders to disseminate amongst us its teachings of violence, death, and destruction? What are we coming to, when through indifference, inaction, negligence, through lack of a controlling public opinion, we militate against the security of our Presidents, against the safety of any man who stands for law and order, even against the sanctity of our firesides and our altars so that they are desecrated by the bloody hand of the lawless?

Integrity of the nation requires that we have common laws and universal administration of those laws. Integrity of character requires that a man demand of himself and his neighbor uncompromising, unflinching justice. Is there, then, in the development of character, or in the life of a nation, no room, no place, for the administration of mercy? A thousand times, yes, for true mercy; but for mercy untempered by justice, never. "The quality of mercy is not strained. . . . It is twice blessed: it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." And there is something wrong with the man who has not this melting sympathy, this forbearing compassion in his heart. It is a gift from heaven that droppeth as the gentle rain, reviving the spirit crushed and beaten down in the harsh struggle of life. The heart of man has recorded in the institutions that govern him a higher law than blind justice, a law of equity and mercy.

But we have forgotten the meaning of that word mercy. Too often our so-called mercy sets the guilty free, regardless of national welfare. Because the guilty man was previously a respected member in our midst, we hesitate to punish him, to dishonor him, to bring shame to his family, and so we seek extenuating circumstances. But in a larger sense, is this extenuation merciful? Merciful to whom? True mercy sternly punishes as often as it sets at liberty. The most tender mercy of the mother is that which inflicts just punishment upon the child. Counterfeit mercy knows neither the welfare of the subject nor the good of the state. It is sentimental, politic, and condemns, — thrice condemns: condemns the giver in that he loses his power to discriminate between right and wrong; condemns the receiver by confirming him in his contempt for law; condemns society by contributing to the general disregard for law, by making it a light thing to violate the law. Though all the forces of my soul,

crying out against the sin and blackness of man, impelled me to slay my neighbor, could I demand at the hands of my countrymen my life? Rather should not that life be given to my country, given in the light of a holy sacrifice to the larger need of the nation? Justice must have her course that a nation may live. "The very mercy of the law cries out most audible."

The ever growing need of our country is a broad-minded, deep-thinking patriotism. She needs the services of sons and daughters who look below the surface and farther than the needs of the hour, who recognize as a foe to permanent government the palliation of wrong, the indiscriminate and blind mitigation, that overlooks the right, forgets the needs of the nation, and clothes the wrong-doer with a sentimental destructive pity. Our eyes are closed to the portent of this evil because it is cloaked in the hypocritical garment of a false virtue. But it is upon us, as a vampire in the night, drinking the life-blood of the nation, perverting justice, undermining law, destroying national unity. It is not enough that a President and a few brave followers should enforce the laws. Alone they cannot fight the fight. What will it avail if the great sentiment of the American people is not back of it all, working deep and earnestly toward the very root of the evil? The men first to lay their lives on the altar of their country to protect her flag from insult, here too, could they only realize the danger, would respond. So again let go out that old-time call of Liberty and Union. Hearing, let us see, and seeing, meet the foe. We cannot evade, we cannot deny. We dare not extenuate, we dare not palliate, at the cost of national existence. When we perish from the earth, it will be from causes within. "Yet the will is free; strong is the soul, and wise, and beautiful. The seeds of godlike power are in us still." We need fear no foreign foe so long as we hold fast to the principles

that were in the hearts of our fathers when they founded this republic, the principles by which our institutions were conceived in purity, our standards of right and wrong made stainless and high, and our laws held inviolable. Lest we forget, let us as of old "go to the limpid fountain of unadulterated patriotism, and performing a solemn lustration, return divested of all sordid, selfish, and sinister impurities," and most of all return with eyes clear to see the right, and will strengthened to stand for that righteousness that exalteth a nation, so that in reality this nation may not perish, but on through the ages live to perform its heaven-appointed functions for mankind.

THE REIGN OF THE TECHNICALITY

Aaron White Pleasants

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

(Awarded second place in the Contest for the Skinner Prize in Oratory, 1909)

One of the gravest dangers that threaten the stability of our institutions and the perpetuity of our liberty is the increased lawless spirit which is sweeping the country, — the growing tendency to deal out summary justice, and to utterly disregard the established methods of settling the wrongs of society. The gravity of this situation must be obvious to every observant man. The manifold mob outrages and acrimonious race riots vividly illustrate the outward manifestations of this inward discontent. The safety of every man, woman, and child in this broad land is imperilled.

What causes this alarming and deplorable condition of affairs? Can it be attributed to a deterioration of American manhood? Are we retrograding in our ideals and standards of morality and justice? Have we forsaken the blessed heritage bequeathed to us, and disregarded the teachings of our illustrious forefathers, whose patriotism and intense devotion to law and order caused a civilization to be carved out of a virgin wilderness? Are we in a transitory period? Are the sophistries of the anarchists being received and assimilated as the future creed of our political religion?

To each of these questions, I answer in the negative. The cause lies not there. The American citizen of to-day

is the American citizen of yesterday. The same cardinal virtues, patriotism and loyalty to principle and duty, that inspired the acts of the minute-man, that characterized the deliberations of the constitutional convention, which reached its culmination in the establishment and perfection of a masterly form of government, is the same spirit that dominates the twentieth-century American. The cause lies not in the shortcomings of the individual, but in our palpably defective system of criminal jurisprudence. There may be found the explanation of this perilous situation, — the interminable delays that mark the progress of a trial, the tendency to sacrifice justice on the altar of technicality.

Truly, in our temples of justice, this arrogant and imperious monarch rules with a despotic hand, blocking the ends of justice, and furnishing the inspiration for the reign of lawlessness with its increasing gravity and alarming possibilities.

No system devised by man is perfect. The fallibility of human nature is exemplified in every work of man. But our system of criminal jurisprudence has not attained that close proximity to perfection that the progressive spirit of the century should accomplish. In this unprecedented era of enlightenment and advancement in all branches of thought, it seems strange that the American people, ever jealous of their established institutions, should tolerate such an obviously inadequate system.

The veteran Georgia lawyer, Colonel Reuben Arnold, declares in a recent address before the Bar Associations that seventy-three per cent of all cases are decided on technicalities. Pray reflect upon that statement. There is deep significance in it. It means that nearly three-fourths of all law cases are not decided on their merits. Can such a system be meeting the requirements of justice? Statistics show that during the last fifteen years the num-

ber of annual homicides has increased from three thousand to about ten thousand, and that at the present time only one murderer in seventy-four suffers capital punishment. Can such a system be subserving the ends of justice?

In past ages, the accused man was too cruelly treated. He was inhumanly tortured to make him confess. To escape the frightful suffering many innocent persons convicted themselves of crime. The sun of human liberty was in eclipse, and the impenetrable darkness of despotism enveloped the land. Men were thrown into prisons on trivial pretences. None of the priceless jewels of our system (and far be it from my purpose to contend that our system is wholly devoid of praise and commendation), and none of the present safeguards of liberty, such as the writ of habeas corpus and trial by jury, characterized their administration of justice. In swinging away from this barbarous treatment of the prisoner, the pendulum of human tenderness swung too far the other way. To-day every step in a criminal trial is hedged about with technicalities, many of which mean nothing to the layman, and all of which tend to provide loopholes of escape for the protection of criminals, rather than to protect society against murderers.

In this connection, it is passing strange that with a system of jurisprudence founded on that of England, and with a procedure essentially the same, the administration of justice in America should be attended by so much greater delay and uncertainty. Justice Brown, recently retired from the United States Supreme Court, declares that our criminal courts are all wrong, and that so far as the administration of criminal justice is concerned, we are generations behind England. Only a few months past, he is reported as saying: "One who has watched day by day the practical administration of justice in an English court cannot but be struck by the celerity, accuracy, and

disregard of mere technicalities with which business is transacted. One is irresistibly impelled to ask himself why it is that, with the reputation of Americans for the doing of everything, from the building of bridges over the Nile, or battleships for Russia or Japan . . . a court in conservative old England will dispose of a half dozen jury cases in the time that would be required here in despatching one."

The cause is not far to seek. It lies in the prompt interposition of the court to prevent delay. The trial is conducted by men trained for that special purpose, whose interest is to expedite it, and not to prolong it. No time is wasted in immaterial matters. Mere oratory is at a discount, and new trials are rarely granted.

In our practice, the state is not permitted to ask the accused any questions at all, unless the prisoner voluntarily goes to the witness-box. Isn't this obviously nonsensical? Why should any innocent man object to going to the witness-box, and why should any guilty man be allowed to escape because he alone can establish his guilt? In most states the defendant can make statements and say anything he pleases relevant to the case, but the state cannot ask him a single question. As a result of this unjust discrimination, guilty parties are acquitted because the state cannot prove some particular fact essential to its case.

One of the most signal triumphs of this dictatorial technicality occurred recently in the notorious grafting case in the city of San Francisco. The Mayor, Schmitz, and the Boss, Abe Rueff, compelled certain saloon and restaurant keepers to pay them large sums of money in order to be allowed to conduct their establishments under the customary licenses. A revelation of these facts produced a sensation in the entire nation. Upon trial in the lower court, a jury returned a verdict of guilty and sentenced

them to a long term of imprisonment and compelled them to pay a heavy fine. All the country rejoiced with California in the great moral victory. But, alas, it was only temporary in its duration. Upon appeal to the higher court, that tribunal held that there was no crime committed. With astounding effrontery, the court said that, although Schmitz and Rueff did threaten these saloon and restaurant keepers, and did thereby force money from them, "the indictment is insufficient because it does not show that the specific injury was an unlawful injury." Think of it! The court acknowledges the sufficiency of the facts to establish the guilt of the accused, but, tenaciously adhering to a technical rule, reverses the case because the indictment failed to charge an unlawful injury. It would seem that some of our courts, eager to screen miscreants, have evolved a new species of injury, namely, a lawful injury. No wonder our established forms of administering justice have lost the reverence and respect formerly accorded them. This California case is by no means unprecedented; the reports of the various courts are furnishing similar examples.

What we need is a more liberalized code, in order to destroy the tendency of technical rules to defeat justice. At present a courthouse combat is too much like a tournament, where the lawyers come and tilt for their clients, while the crowd waits there to acclaim the victor, and the judge presides to award the prize. In no instance should a case be reversed, notwithstanding the violation of some technical rule, unless it clearly appears that the interests of the parties have been prejudiced.

Of course, an attempt to decide cases absolutely on their merits, without rules to govern, would be impracticable. No uniformity of decisions could exist, and a chaotic condition would result. But it is practicable and absolutely necessary that there be a liberalization and

simplification of the codes of procedure. The lost prestige must be regained and the lawlessness checked. We want "justice tempered with mercy," to be sure, but not mercy tempered with justice.

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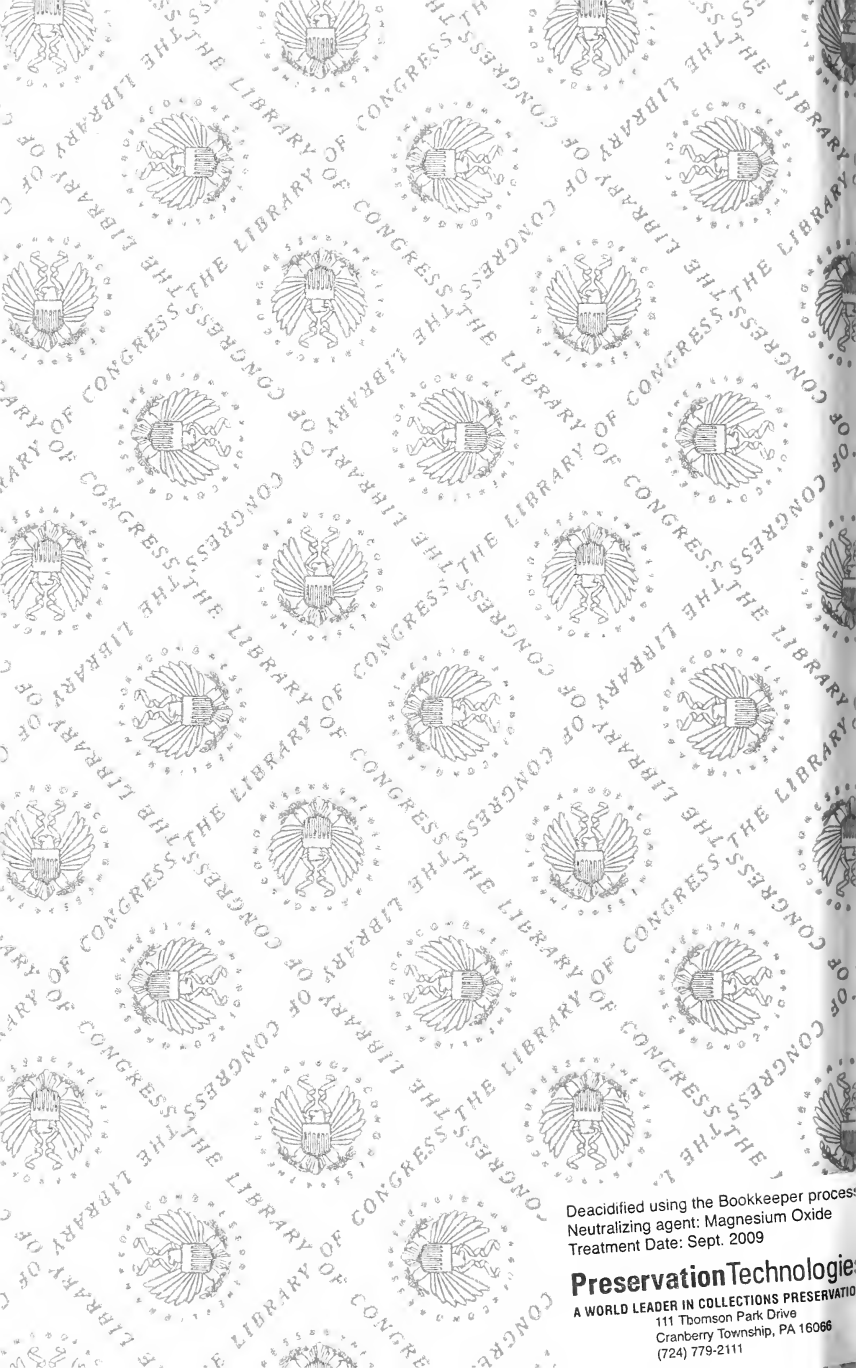

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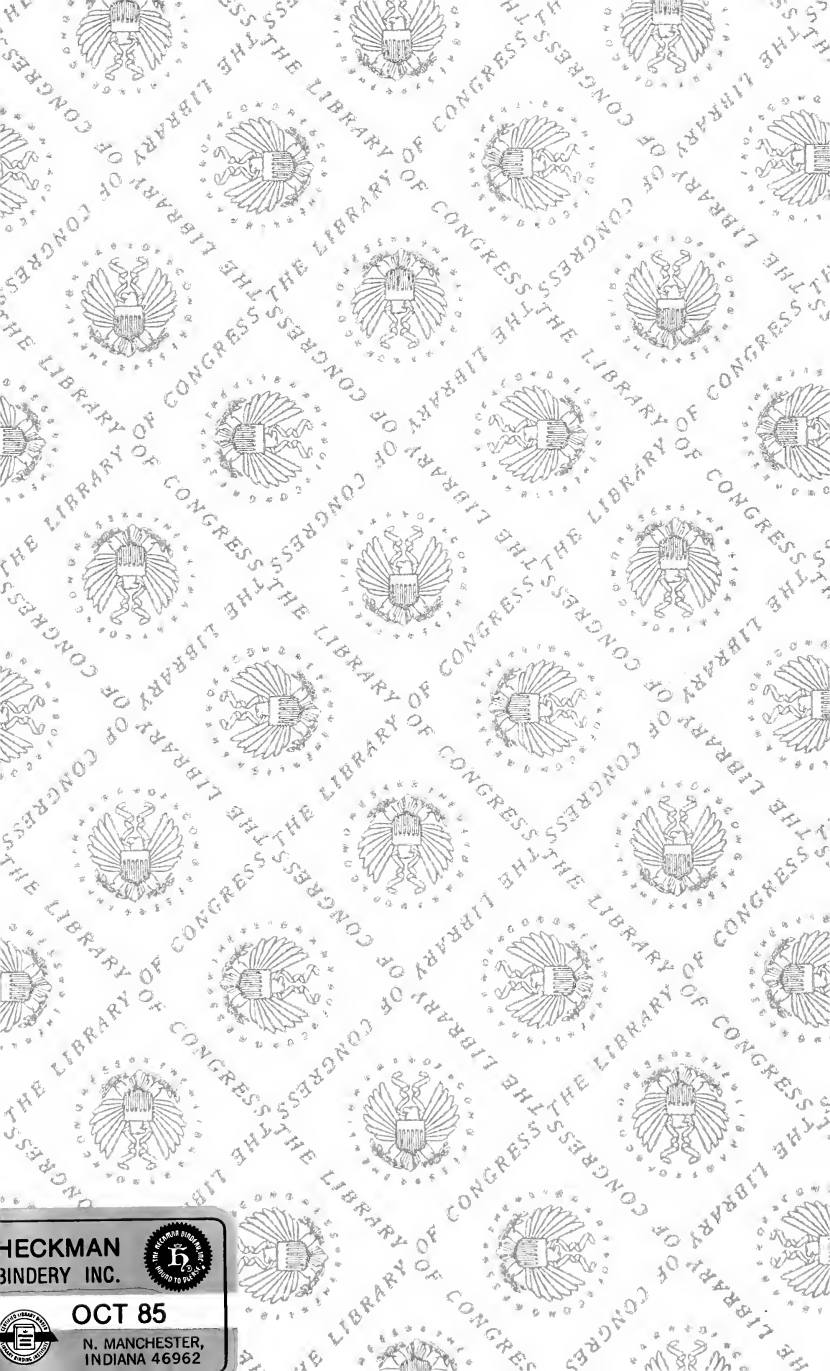

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